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THE EXPLOITS OF EDMOND GENET IN THE UNITED STATES.

IT seemed an odd freak of destiny that sent Edmond Genet, a *protégé* of Marie Antoinette, to represent the Republic of France in the United States. Gouverneur Morris, in his neat, uncompromising manner, sums up this young diplomatist, aged twenty-eight, in 1793, as "a man of good parts and very good education, brother to the queen's first woman, from whence his fortune originates." Even so. He was a brother of that worthy and capable Madame Campan, first *femme de chambre* to Marie Antoinette, and, after the queen's death, renowned through Europe as the head of a seminary for young ladies in Paris. It was she who wrote a hundred circulars with her own hand because she had not money to get them printed, and received sixty pupils the first year, — Hortense, ere long, from Napoleon's own hand.

The father of this respectable, energetic family was, nearly all his life, under the influence of English and American ideas and persons. He lived in England many years, where he acquired familiar command of the English language and a fond, wide

acquaintance with English literature. Upon returning to his native land he seems — if we may judge from the long catalogue of his publications — to have adopted it as a profession to make England known to France. Beginning with two volumes of Pope's best letters in 1753, he continued to publish translations from the English, and original works relating to England, until, in 1765, the list embraced twenty-two volumes. A few years later, when he held the post of chief clerk to the department of foreign affairs, he was in frequent intercourse with Dr. Franklin, Silas Deane, Beaumarchais, and all the American circle. His house, too, from 1765 to 1781, when he died, was one of those agreeable haunts of men connected with literature and art which had, at that period, an *éclat* rivalling that of the great houses, where Power in its cruder forms of wealth and rank was represented. From such a home, it was natural enough that Henrietta Genet, at fifteen, should be invited to fill the place of reader to Mesdames the sisters of Louis XV., to be in due time advanced to a place of real impor-

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tance in the *régime* of the period, — that of “first woman” to the young queen.

Nor was her brother's career quite such a caprice of fortune as it seemed. If, as a boy, he was noted in the palace for the warmth of his republican sentiments, it was only that he was in the mode. Did not the queen smile benignantly upon Franklin and chat familiarly with him while she held the cards waiting her turn to play? Who more distinguished at court than Lafayette, the stern republican of nineteen? When the queen desired to give young Genet a start in the diplomatic career, his grand republican sentiments were rather a point in his favor than otherwise; and, at twenty-four, he had reached a position in the diplomatic service to which only court favor of the most irresistible description could have pushed so young a man. He was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg; whence, according to Morris, he wrote in so republican a style, that his despatches, read after the dethronement, made his fortune with the chiefs of the Gironde, who named him ambassador to Holland; his appointment bearing date November 14, 1792.

Suddenly the programme was changed, for a reason never conjectured till within these few months past. The Holland commission was revoked in December, and M. Genet was appointed to represent France in America. Genet, it appears, was at once a Girondist and a grateful friend to his royal benefactors, whom he was now in the habit of styling “Louis and Madame Capet.” The Girondists had adopted the scheme proposed by Thomas Paine of sending this hapless pair and their children to the United States, and Genet, as we are now assured, was selected for the purpose of promoting the project. A well-known writer, who has made a particular study of that period, and who apparently derived his information from the American family of M. Genet, holds this language and emphasizes it by the use of italics: —

“*M. Genet was selected for the mis-*

*sion to America, by the more moderate republicans in France, because of his friendship with the deposed monarch, and for the express purpose of conducting the imprisoned king and the royal family secretly to America. This arrangement was entered into at a meeting of the leading Girondists, at which our own Thomas Paine assisted; and it was at that meeting that M. Genet was tendered the mission and accepted it, playfully describing, in response, to what occupation such and such of the royal exiles could be appropriated, on their arrival in America.”**

But it was no longer in the power of the more moderate republicans to control the course of events. If France was mad, England was not sane; and the man in England whose voice was mightiest, who should have been the great tranquillizing influence of the hour, was the maddest public man in Europe. “I vote for this (alien) bill,” said Burke in Parliament, about the time of Genet's appointment, “because I consider it as the means of saving my life and all our lives from the hands of assassins. When they smile, I see blood trickling down their faces; I see that the object of all their cajoling is blood.” How was the mighty fallen! Here was genius stooping to clothe in powerful language the imbecile panic of ignorance. The raving of Burke, by infecting the policy of England, was among the influences in the French Convention that decided the king's fate. Louis was exiled to the other world, instead of going with Genet and Paine to the shores of the peaceful Delaware. A few hours after the news of his execution reached London, the British government, in effect, declared war against France; and as soon as this intelligence reached Paris, February 1, 1793, France declared war, in form, against England.

Thus began the bloodiest struggle the modern world has known, which only ended after Waterloo. There

* New York Historical Magazine for February, 1871, p. 143. Article by the editor, H. B. Dawson.

was no pretext for the war which will bear the light of to-day. All thrones, it is true, were menaced in the fall of the French throne; and no king felt so sure of his head after January 21, 1793, as he had before that memorable date. Here was motive enough for the king of England, but not for the realm of Britain. The reason why Great Britain struck France in 1793 was, as the world is now informed, because France was weak. Such is the explanation given of the origin of this infernal war by a work that speaks to foreign nations with an authority semi-official. France was sorely afflicted, distracted, anarchic. "All Europe was now leagued against her. Within she was divided by faction, and without she was assailed by immense hosts of the best disciplined soldiers of Europe, conducted by the most skilful leaders, to whom she had nothing to oppose but an undisciplined multitude, led on by inexperienced chiefs. In this state of things it seemed a *safe* measure to make war against her. To do so was only to retaliate the conduct she had herself pursued when she effected the dismemberment of the British Empire by assisting our revolted Colonies."* Such is the nature of dynastic rule. Such was that "British form," of which British Hamilton was so enamored.

It was from the frenzy and delirium of all this that Citizen Genet sailed in the frigate *L'Embuscade* for the United States. He had, indeed, been ranked with the more moderate republicans; but in February, 1793, moderation was a quality unknown to the heart of civilized man. He was a Frenchman; he was a republican; he was twenty-eight; he was bearing to America the news that England, too, had sided in arms against his country. Long was this frigate tossed upon the wintry deep. She was driven far to the southward of her course, and the great tidings which she brought reached President Washington before *L'Embuscade* was heard of at the seat of government.

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. V. p. 547.

The genius for rectitude which General Washington possessed was never so manifest as on this occasion. Passion spoke but one voice. Here was our ally struck by the great naval power of the world because she seemed prostrate and helpless! Here was France threatened with dismemberment because she had helped *us* in the crisis of *our* destiny! Here was the king who warred upon Americans, because they had demanded to govern America, presuming to deny the right of Frenchmen to govern France! Generosity, justice, gratitude, pride, and even policy appeared to call upon the two republics to make common cause against the common foe. Was not England the common foe? Did she not hold the United States by the throat? What was the retention of the seven posts but suspended war? Such were the thoughts that naturally rose in the minds of a vast majority of American citizens when the news was circulated. The President had but to remain passive, he had but to linger another month at Mount Vernon, and every vessel that could have carried half a dozen guns and forty men would have been afloat in quest of British prizes. And, to this hour, if you will imbue yourself with the spirit of that time, and shut out all those larger and nobler considerations which alone should control the decisions of a government, you will often find yourself ready to exclaim, O that he had!

Then, there were our treaties with France to be considered; treaties that seemed to many all the more sacred now because they were made when France was powerful and we were weak. Knotty questions started up as men in 1793 read those two treaties of 1778, — one of "Amity and Commerce," and the other of "Alliance," both bearing the name of Franklin, both signed by dead Louis. By the first, French men-of-war and French privateers *might*, and British *might not*, bring their prizes into American ports. By the second, the United States guaranteed "to his Christian Majesty the

present possessions of the crown of France in America."

General Washington was at Mount Vernon when Mr. Jefferson's letter reached him announcing the declaration of war between France and England. All the peril of the crisis flashed upon his mind. Its difficulties, too, occurred to him as he travelled post-haste to Philadelphia; and on his arrival he drew up, for the instant consideration of the Cabinet, a list of questions embracing the situation: Shall we warn our citizens not to interfere in this contest? Shall we formally proclaim ourselves neutral? Ought we to receive the coming Genet? And, if we ought, how? Do our treaties with the late king hold? If we have the right to renounce or suspend the treaties, is it best to do so? Would it be a breach of neutrality to consider the treaties still in operation? Supposing the treaties in force, what precisely are the rights of France and what precisely are our duties to France? If the French royal family should send us a representative, shall we receive *him* too? Ought Congress to be convened? And, if it ought, on what grounds should the call be placed?

The Cabinet met at the President's house on the following day, April 19. Upon one of the questions there was a substantial unanimity of opinion: it was agreed to notify American citizens that they could only join in the fight at their own peril. Mr. Jefferson, however, prevailed so far as to keep the word "neutrality" out of the proclamation. He preferred that his country should not needlessly declare itself neutral in a contest concerning which its heart knew no neutrality. But on the other questions there was a difference of opinion in the Cabinet which could not sufficiently argue itself in words spoken across the table of the President's office. To warm debates there long written papers succeeded, in which Hamilton displayed more of his fatal ingenuity than usual, and Jefferson all the wisdom that comes of a man's central principle being sound.

The President's questions relating to France resolved themselves, it was found, into one, namely, Does the decapitation of Louis absolve the United States from obligations contracted nominally with *him*? In other words, Are the treaties still valid? Was it with France or with Louis that we made them? Here is M. Ternant, the resident French plenipotentiary, whose commission bears the king's signature; and somewhere on the ocean is Citizen Genet, coming to supersede him, whose commission has been issued neither by Louis nor by his heir.

Shall we receive Genet? *Of course*, said, in substance, the two Republican members, Jefferson and Randolph. *We must*, reluctantly said the two Federalists, Hamilton and Knox. But how? As plenipotentiaries are usually received, or with reserves and qualifications? It was in discussing this question that the two fighting-cocks of the Cabinet joined battle, and fought out their difference. Hamilton's opinion was, that before M. Genet was admitted to an audience with the President, the government should "qualify" that reception by declaring that the question of the validity of the treaties was "reserved." In supporting this opinion he took the ground which George III. had taken in making war upon France: he presumed to sit in judgment upon the acts of the French people. He arraigned the Revolution. "No proof," said he, "has yet come to light sufficient to establish a belief that the death of Louis is an act of national justice." He also said: "It was from Louis XVI. that the United States received those succors which were so important in the establishment of their independence and liberty. It was with him, his heirs and successors, that they contracted their engagements, by which they obtained those precious succors." Amplify these two statements to a vast extent; support them by a prodigious number of curiously subtle and remote reasons; throw in the usual citations from Vattel, Grotius, Wolf, and Puffendorf; add some

remarks upon the danger of guaranteeing to France islands that might be taken by the English; and you have the substance of Hamilton's paper upon the reception of Genet.

Jefferson replied to it at much length. Besides giving his colleague an ample supply of Vattel, Puffendorf, Grotius, and Wolf, arranged in parallel columns, executed with singular neatness, he favored him with some passages of pure Jefferson, which have become part and parcel of the diplomatic system of the United States.

"If," said Mr. Jefferson, "I do not subscribe to the soundness of the Secretary of the Treasury's reasoning, I do most fully to its ingenuity. . . . I consider the people who constitute a society or nation as the source of all authority in that nation; as free to transact their common concerns by any agents they think proper; to change those agents individually, or the organization of them in form or function whenever they please; that all the acts done by these agents, under the authority of the nation, are the acts of the nation, are obligatory on them, and inure to their use, and can in no wise be annulled or affected by any change in the form of the government, or of the persons administering it. Consequently, the treaties between the United States and France were not treaties between the United States and Louis Capet, but between the two nations of America and France; and, the nations remaining in existence, though *both* of them have since changed their forms of government, the treaties are not annulled by these changes."

He admitted, however, that, as there are circumstances which sometimes excuse the non-performance of contracts between man and man, so there are between nation and nation. "When performance, for instance, becomes impossible, non-performance is not immoral; so, if performance becomes self-destructive to the party, the law of self-preservation overrules the law of obligation to others. For the reality of these principles, I appeal to the

true fountains of evidence, the head and heart of every rational and honest man. It is there Nature has written her moral laws, and where every man may read them for himself. He will never read there the permission to annul his obligations for a time or forever, whenever they become dangerous, useless, or disagreeable."

It seems strange to us that principles like these could ever have been subjects of debate in the Cabinet of a President of the United States. The President's decision was, that Genet should be received without qualification, that is, without insulting the authority that commissioned him. As to the treaties, General Washington told Jefferson that he had never had a doubt of their validity; but, since the question had been raised, he had thought it best to have it considered.

The proclamation which announced to mankind that the duty and interest of the United States required that they should "pursue a conduct friendly and impartial towards the belligerent powers," and warning American citizens to avoid all acts inconsistent with that policy, was published on the 22d of April, 1793. On that very day, as it chanced, news reached the government that *L'Embuscade*, with Genet on board, had put into the port of Charleston, and that the Minister, wearied of his long voyage, would tempt the main no more, but would send the frigate to Philadelphia and perform the journey himself by land.

The people of the United States were troubled with no scruples in regard to Genet's commission. They gave him a reception like that which, in recent years, astounded and deluded the Hungarian Kossuth. It was on the 8th of April that *L'Embuscade*, of forty guns and three hundred men, "Citizen Bompard" commanding, cast anchor in the harbor of Charleston, forty-five days from Rochefort. M. Genet was so little identified with the extremists in France, that, on his way to join his ship, he had been arrested on a charge of being concerned in a

plot to convey the Dauphin to the United States. The ship, on the contrary, made extravagant professions of loyalty to the Revolution. Her figure-head was a liberty-cap. On her stern there was a carved representation of the same. Her foremast was also converted into a liberty-pole by being crowned with that emblematic article of attire. Around her mizzen-top was a sentence to this effect: "WE ARE ARMED TO DEFEND THE RIGHTS OF MAN." Her maintop bore the following: "FREEMEN, WE ARE YOUR BROTHERS AND FRIENDS." Her foretop was a warning to tyrants: "ENEMIES OF EQUALITY, RELINQUISH YOUR PRINCIPLES OR TREMBLE!" Besides being thus decorated, she came into Charleston Harbor with a British prize in her wake, a pleasing foretaste of the rich pickings to which the ocean invited men of enterprise who were also lovers of liberty.

Charleston was then a city of greater commercial importance than it has been within living memory. Many French merchants resided there. Amid the *fêtes*, dinners, balls, receptions, which hospitable Charleston exchanged with a frigate enthusiastic for liberty, these French merchants thronged about Citizen Genet, full of zeal for their country, and extremely desirous to display that zeal in the profitable form of privateering. They were willing to fit out vessels at their own expense; all they asked of Genet was authority. Only give us commissions, said they, and we will do the rest. Citizen Genet consulted Governor Moultrie on the subject. The governor, a better soldier than lawyer, and probably not uninfluenced by the prevalent "exaltation," told him he "knew no law against it," but begged that, whatever he might do in the way of commissioning privateers, he would do without consulting further the governor of South Carolina. What could Genet desire more? Two vessels, bought and equipped by French merchants, manned in part by Americans, were commissioned by Citizen Genet; and

L'Embuscade used also to leave her anchorage in the morning, cruise off the harbor all day, and return to safety in the evening. Not a British vessel dared stir. Citizen Bompard publicly offered a lieutenancy in the French navy to any competent American who would engage to pilot the frigate along the coast. He obtained a pilot on these terms, and stood out to sea, returning to Charleston no more.

On her short passage to Philadelphia she captured two British prizes,—a brig named the *Little Sarah* and a valuable ship called the *Grange*. Seldom has staid Philadelphia known an afternoon of such thrilling excitement as when these vessels cast anchor in the Delaware, opposite one of the principal wharves. The frigate's thundering salute of fifteen guns—one for each State—could only be returned by two field-pieces on Market Street Wharf, and these worked by volunteers; but the cannonade sufficed to summon all the movable population of the town to the river-side. The shipping was dressed in flags and streamers. Cheers from the spectators saluted the frigate as she glided past each dock, answered by cheers from the ship; and when she had dropped her anchor, her crew swarmed up into the rigging, manned the tops and yards, and gave what a reporter of the period styled "three or four concurrent cheers." The most rapturous moment of all, according to Mr. Jefferson, was when the *Grange* was descried with the British colors upside-down and the flag of France flying above them. The thousands and thousands of the yeomanry of the city, he tells us, who crowded the wharves, "burst into peals of exultation." It was about five in the afternoon when L'Embuscade cast anchor. Every procurable boat put off to her crowded with passengers, until there were as many Philadelphians on board as Frenchmen. Each boat-load, we are assured, was welcomed with effusion. Philadelphia "fraternized" with L'Embuscade. "I wish," said Jefferson, in a confidential letter to Mon-

roe, "we may be able to repress the people within the limits of a fair neutrality."

Some days after arrived the Citizen Genet, not the plenipotentiary, but one of the privateers which he had commissioned at Charleston, bringing in two more prizes, both British. This was cheering indeed. But now Citizen Genet himself was at hand. Five weeks had elapsed since his landing at Charleston, — so many dinners had he been compelled to eat, and so many ovations to undergo, in the cause of liberty. From Charleston to Philadelphia, wherever there were people to make a demonstration, the people were only too glad to demonstrate. Nay, more, merchants of Alexandria and Baltimore offered to sell to a beleaguered ally provisions below the market price. Six hundred thousand barrels of flour were offered Citizen Genet on terms more favorable than those granted to the most favored customer.

On the 16th of May the rumor was spread abroad in Philadelphia that the representative of the French Republic was approaching the city from the south. The bells of Christ Church rang out a peal of welcome. By every road crowds hurried towards Gray's Ferry; but they were too late; Genet was so fortunate as to get over the river and into the city, even to the City Tavern, before any great number of the people could intercept him. A committee of seven distinguished Republicans, headed by the venerated Rittenhouse, had been appointed to address the plenipotentiary on his arrival. This committee, preceded by their chairman, marched toward the hotel, three abreast, joined as they went by other citizens, who also walked in threes; until there was a long line of gentlemen trailing after the committee. These entered the hotel and were presented to M. Genet, while a prodigious crowd filled the street and rent the air with cheers. The address was read. It was fortunate the Minister was familiar with the English language, for, being unprepared for

such a reception, he was obliged to reply extempore. His youthful appearance, his bearing, at once affable and distinguished, the responsive warmth of his demeanor, and even the French accent with which he spoke, all served to heighten the enthusiasm.

"I am no orator," he began with faltering tongue, "and I should not at any time affect the language of eloquence. But even in uttering the genuine and spontaneous sentiments of my heart, on an occasion so interesting and so flattering, I experience some embarrassments, arising from my defective acquaintance with the language in which I am about to speak. But this defect, I am certain, freemen will readily excuse, if they are convinced of the sincerity of the sentiments which I shall deliver. I cannot tell you, gentlemen, how penetrated I am by the language of the address to which I have listened, nor how deeply gratified my fellow-citizens will be in reading so noble an avowal of the principles of the Revolution of France, and on learning that so cordial an esteem for her citizens exists in a country for which they have shed their blood and disbursed their treasures, and to which they are allied by the dearest fraternal sentiments and the most important political interests. France is surrounded with difficulties; but her cause is meritorious: it is the cause of mankind, and must prevail. With regard to you, citizens of the United States, I will declare openly and freely (for the ministers of republics should have no secrets, no intrigues), that, from the remote situation of America, and other circumstances, France does not expect that you should become a party in the war; but, remembering that she has already combated for your liberties (and, if it were necessary, and she had the power, would cheerfully again enlist in your cause), we hope (and everything I hear and see assures me our hope will be realized) that her citizens will be treated as brothers in danger and distress. Under this impression, my feelings, at this moment, are inex-

pressible ; and when I transmit your address to my fellow-citizens in France, they will consider this day as one of the happiest of their infant Republic."

When M. Genet ceased to speak, the feelings of the auditors, if we may believe the newspapers of the day, were such as could not be adequately expressed by shouts. Some natural tears were shed. In response to the cheers from the street, M. Genet turned to a window and delivered a short but most moving speech to the concourse below. The committee then took "an affectionate leave," and all the company withdrew "in peace and order" ; "every man," adds a reporter, "departing with this virtuous and patriotic satisfaction, that he had, at once, testified his gratitude to a faithful ally, in the hour of her distress, and demonstrated his attachment to those republican principles which are the basis of the American government."

The next day Citizen Genet issued a general thanksgiving to the people who had greeted him so cordially on his journey. He sent also a formal reply to the citizens' address of the day before. "My conduct," he said in this reply, "shall be to the height of our national political principles. An unbounded openness shall be the constant rule of my intercourse with those wise and virtuous men into whose hands you have intrusted the management of your public affairs. I will expose candidly to them the great objects on which it will be our business to deliberate ; and the common interest of both nations will, I have no doubt, be the compass of our direction ; for, without such a guide, what would become of both nations, exposed, as we mutually are, to the resentment, the hatred, and the treachery of all the tyrants of the earth, who, you may rest assured, are at this moment armed, not only against France, but against liberty itself?"

This was but the beginning of Philadelphia's entertainment of the plenipotentiary. Deputation succeeded deputation ; dinner followed dinner. First,

the officers of the French frigate were invited to a grand banquet, at which one hundred gentlemen assisted. The Marseillaise was sung, of course, all standing, and all joining in the chorus. In the midst of the effusive toast-giving, a delegation of the "mariners of L'Embuscade" entered the dining-room ; for at this happy epoch, sailors, too, were citizens and even fellow-citizens. Such was the "effusion" of the hour, that Philadelphians were seen "embracing" the mariners ; and then again the whole company burst into a patriotic song. A few days after, Citizen Bompard entertained the Governor of Pennsylvania and a distinguished company on board the frigate, with the usual "hymns to liberty" and toasts. Again the mariners bore a part, which a reporter thus describes :—

"As the American citizens were preparing to leave the frigate, Citizen Dupont, the boatswain, addressed them in the name of his messmates, in a short speech replete with feeling, and nearly as follows : 'You see before you your friends, the French. Several of us have shed their blood to establish your liberty and independence. We are willing, if necessary, to shed to the last drop of what remains for the maintaining of that freedom which, like you, we have conquered. We are still your good friends and brethren, and if you should again want our assistance we shall always be ready to give you proofs of our attachment.' The Governor answered this artless and energetic address by expressing his most sincere wishes for the happiness of the French nation, and the success of the frigate L'Embuscade."

Then came the grandest festival of all,—a banquet to M. Genet, attended by two hundred gentlemen, tickets four dollars ! The toasts, on this occasion, betray the touch of abler hands than those which had penned the sentiments given at the other feasts. If Mr. Jefferson did not indite some of these sentences for an anxious committee, they certainly bear a strong resemblance to some that occur in his writings. The

toasts contain the Republican code of the period : —

1. The people and the law. 2. The people of France : may they have but one head, one heart, and one arm in support of the righteous cause of liberty. 3. The people of the United States : may liberty only be their idol, and freemen only be their brethren. 4. The Republics of France and America : may they be forever united in the cause of liberty. 5. May principles, and not men, be the objects of republican attachment. 6. May France give an example to the world, that the balances of a government depend more upon knowledge and vigilance than upon a multifarious combination of its power. 7. In complaining of the temporary evils of revolutions, may we never forget that the greater evils of monarchy and aristocracy are perpetual. 8. The spirit of seventy-six and of ninety-two : may the citizens of America and France, as they are equal in virtue, be equal in success. 9. May true republican simplicity be the only ornament of the magistrate in every elective government. 10. Confusion to the councils of the confederated despots, and dismay to their hosts : may they never be able to form a centre of union or of action. 11. May France prove a political Hercules, and exterminate the Hydræ of despotism from the earth. 12. Peace, liberty, and independence : may the tyrants and traitors of all countries be punished by the establishment of the happiness which they wish to betray or destroy. 13. May the systems of the United States be entirely their own, and no corrupt exotic be ingrafted upon the tree of liberty. 14. May the defects of individuals teach us to place our hopes of the safety and perpetuity of freedom on the whole body of the people. 15. May the clarion of freedom, sounded by France, awaken the people of the world to their own happiness, and the tyrants of the earth be prostrated by its triumphant sounds.

The reader observes that the toasts are fifteen in number; the recent ad-

mission of Tennessee and Kentucky to the Union having broken the spell long attached to the number thirteen. He also remarks that principles are toasted, not men. The birthday of George III. occurring during the same week, there was a banquet on that occasion too, the toasts of which seem to have been designed as a reply to this remarkable series. This feast derived additional éclat from the recent marriage of the English Minister, George Hammond, to a young lady of Philadelphia. Four Georges were toasted, — George III., George, Prince of Wales, George Washington, and George Hammond; and, to mark the contrast, a neat sentiment was offered, more human and more wise than the republican toast, at which it was aimed : "Men *and* principles : may neither be forgotten, if deserving remembrance." The other toasts were less brilliant than characteristic. One of them was as much designed to single out Alexander Hamilton for honor, as though he had been mentioned by name : "The proclamation of neutrality : may the heart that dictated and the head that proposed it live long to enjoy the blessings of all true friends to humanity." Other toasts were these : "All good Americans : may moderation be their principle, neutrality their resolution, and industry their motto." "The cap of liberty : but may those who wear it know there is another for licentiousness."

In the mere matter of toasts, it must be owned, the republicans of 1793 succeeded somewhat better than "the monarchs." For the moment it seemed as if all petty distinctions had melted away in the fiery heat of the popular sympathy with France, encompassed, as she was, by the armies of conspiring kings. And interesting it is to note, that the events, which had united the American people in sympathy with France, had rallied the people of England to their king's support. The declaration of war, following instantly the execution of Louis, appeared to destroy the prestige of the opposi-

tion, and to give the Tories the command of a congenial mob. Thomas Paine, notwithstanding his adroit and courageous effort to rescue France and the republican cause from the dishonor of putting the king to death, became odious in England. It was a kind of fashion in country towns to burn him in effigy, — a ceremony in which the county magnates and municipal officers joined with Sunday schools and parish clergy. At Bristol, for example, in February, 1793, there was a performance of this kind that is worthy of remembrance as a curiosity of human folly.

"The cavalcade," as the Bristol Journal, exulting, relates, "proceeded through our principal streets in the following order: Four constables headed about one hundred of the biggest boys from their Sunday schools, with colors and banners, having different mottoes, as, 'God save the King,' 'Church and King,' 'King and Constitution,' 'Sunday Schools,' etc., decorated with blue and orange-colored ribbons, and white staves in their hands. Then followed on foot many hundreds of colliers, etc., belonging to several friendly societies or clubs, with blue cockades in their hats, large, elegant silk colors, with their respective devices and mottoes in letters of gold. After them followed twelve javelin-men, and the under- and high-sheriffs on horseback, the horses richly caparisoned. Next came the prisoner, seated in a chair, drawn in a coal-cart guarded by twenty-four constables, and dressed in a black-trimmed coat, white waistcoat, Florentine breeches, white stockings, cocked hat with a French cockade, bag wig, etc. On his right hand stood the d—l, a well-made figure, about six feet high, with his left hand on Paine's shoulder, and under his right arm a real fox. On Paine's left hand sat a person in a clergyman's habit. The hangman followed on horseback with his black axe; amidst the acclamation of such a concourse of nobility to bring up the rear as, we believe, was never before seen on the like occasion. They made a stand at

the Exchange and Custom-House, and sung God save the King, then proceeded to a place called Truebody's Hill, in their own parish, where the figures were first hung on a gallows near thirty feet high, and then burnt."

All of which was done, the editor states, without eliciting a dissentient manifestation of any kind. Dr. Priestley, whose house had been destroyed, and his library scattered over the land by a Tory mob the year before, now shared with his friend Paine the honors of many a scene like that of Bristol. He was discovering that England was not a comfortable dwelling-place for a republican.

All went well with Citizen Genet as long as there was nothing to be done but receive enthusiastic deputations and assist at effusive banquets. Those British prizes, too, did not come amiss. Waging war in the sacred cause of liberty is not arduous so long as the sea swarms with unwarned prizes, and there are no hard knocks to risk in taking them. It was not until M. Genet read the President's proclamation of neutrality, that he experienced a premonitory chill. He thought the President should have waited to hear what he had to communicate before taking a step so decisive. It was at Richmond that he read the proclamation, and Governor Henry Lee endeavored to convince him that, in adopting the policy of neutrality, the President had served France. Genet seemed to acquiesce; but he thought the safety of the United States depended on the success of France in the war. If, said he, the Bourbons are restored, the kings of Europe will unite to crush liberty in the United States. On his arrival at Philadelphia he heard that the President of the United States, a few days before, had gone to the length of admitting to a private audience two *émigrés* of the most pronounced quality, the Vicomte de Noailles and M. Talon. M. de Noailles had served in the American war, by the side of Lafayette, under Washington's own eye, and had been among the most decided

republicans in France, until terror had precipitated the Revolution into chaos and massacre. Then he had resigned his rank in the army, and became an émigré. M. Talon had actually assisted the king's flight, and escaped to America only after lying in close concealment for many weeks. And these men had been admitted to a *private* audience! M. Genet was losing his head; else he would have felt how particularly welcome both these gentlemen must have been to General Washington, and what a claim one of them had to cordial recognition from a President of the United States.

Citizen Genet stood, at length, in the impassive, and perhaps slightly austere, presence of General Washington. He observed that the room was decorated with what he was pleased to style "medallions of Capet and his family," then regarded in France as emblematic of the most extreme "reaction." M. Genet, who owed his advancement to the favor of "Madame Capet," had reached such a pitch of exaltation as to be, as he said afterwards, "extremely wounded" at this exhibition. Controlling his feelings, however, the plenipotentiary made his bow, and delivered a speech, conceived in a style of magnanimity which is inexpensive, indeed, but congenial to the "Latin" mind. "We know," said he in substance, "that, under present circumstances, we have a right to call upon the United States for the guaranty of our West India islands. But we do not desire it. We wish you to do nothing but what is for your own good, and we will do all in our power to promote it. Cherish your own peace and prosperity. You have expressed a willingness to enter into a more liberal treaty of commerce with us. I bring full powers to form such a treaty, and a preliminary decree of the National Convention to lay open our country and its colonies to you for every purpose of utility, without your participating in the burden of maintaining and defending them. We see in you the only people on earth who can love us sin-

cerely, and merit to be by us sincerely loved."

In short, as Mr. Jefferson remarked at the time, "he offers everything, and asks nothing." The President responded to this effusion in a manner which was not pleasing to M. Genet. Warmly as he spoke of the friendship of the people of the United States for *France*, he said nothing of the Revolution. Not a revolutionary sentiment, as M. Genet complained, escaped his lips, "while all the towns from Charleston to Philadelphia had made the air resound with their most ardent wishes for the French Republic."

The President may well have been somewhat graver than usual during this interview. The spectacle of the British ship *Grange*, with the British colors reversed, and the glorious flag of France flying over them, was thrilling to the republicans of Philadelphia; but Mr. Hammond, the British Minister, did not find it agreeable. Several days before Genet's arrival he had sent in a remonstrance. Many of the sweet hours of his honeymoon he was obliged to spend in writing memorials and despatches, and in toying with Vattel, Wolf, Grotius, and Puffendorf. He was a polite, but urgent and strenuous diplomatist; who, as Mr. Jefferson remarked, "if he did not get an answer in three days or a week, would 'goad' a Secretary of State with another letter." He demanded the surrender of the *Grange* to her owners. He objected to the proceedings of M. Genet, and required the surrender of all the prizes taken in consequence of those proceedings. He complained that a French agent was buying arms for France in the United States. These demands had been most anxiously considered by the President, and debated in the Cabinet by Hamilton and Jefferson with a warmth and pertinacity worthy of the importance of the crisis. A crisis we may well style it, for, in truth, the independence of an infant nation was never so menaced as that of the United States was then; and the moral questions involved presented

real difficulties. The passion of the country was to help France ; but that involved war with two powers, each of which had the United States at a disadvantage. England retained the seven posts, and was mistress of the sea. Spain held Florida and the mouth of the Mississippi, which gave her ascendancy over the Creek Indians, the most numerous, powerful, and warlike system of tribes in North America. As the ancient alliance between France and Spain had been dynastic only, not national, the Revolution had dissolved it, and thrown Spain into the coalition of kings. The Creeks were already threatening the frontiers. The mouth of the Mississippi, never too wide open for the convenience of Kentuckians, showed symptoms of closing tight to American commerce ; and the tone of the Spanish government in its intercourse with that of the United States was such as usually precedes the invention of a pretext for open hostility.

In these circumstances, President Washington could see but one course, which was sanctioned both by prudence and morality, — absolute neutrality. The country was shut up to that policy. The government could not be said to have a choice ; because, even if it had been shown that the United States were morally bound to help France in her dire and pitiable extremity, it was manifest that the United States were powerless to do so by arms. No man saw this more clearly than Jefferson. The difference between him and Hamilton was this : Hamilton's sympathies were wholly and warmly with the coalition of kings, and Jefferson's with the French people. Both accepted neutrality as a necessity of the case, and both with reluctance : Hamilton, because he longed to help England ; and Jefferson, because he yearned to help France. In every question that came up, therefore, Jefferson desired to do as much, and Hamilton as little, to oblige and gratify France as Vattel, the treaties, and eternal justice would permit. Be-

tween them sat Washington, a just man, who, *because* his inclination was toward France, was all the more on his guard against any influence favoring that side.

FIRST QUESTION. — Shall we give up the ship *Grange*? Yes ; because she was taken when lying at anchor off Cape Henlopen, within the jurisdiction of the United States. Genet was requested to surrender her accordingly.

SECOND QUESTION. — Is it right and lawful for our citizens to sell arms to agents of France? It is. They may sell to either power. "Our citizens," wrote Jefferson to Hammond, "have always been free to make, vend, and export arms. It is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings, the only means perhaps of their subsistence, because there is a war exists in foreign and distant countries, in which we have no concern, would scarcely be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice." But if any of these American arms are taken on their way to a belligerent port, the American vender has no redress.

THIRD QUESTION. — May privateers be fitted out, manned, or commissioned in American ports? Decidedly not. No citizen of the United States may enlist under either flag. Besides the duty we owe to other nations, "our wish to preserve the morals of our citizens from being vitiated by courses of lawless plunder and murder" would induce us to use all proper means to prevent this, "with good faith, fervor, and vigilance."

FOURTH QUESTION. — Well, then, ought we to surrender the prizes which Genet's Charleston privateers have brought in? On this point the difference between Hamilton and Jefferson was irreconcilable. Hamilton thought that the commissioning of those vessels by Genet was an affront and a wrong to the United States, for which apology and reparation should be demanded from France. It was his opinion also, that, since the privateers were unlawfully commissioned, the

captures were unlawful, and should be restored by the United States. Jefferson contended that, although Genet's conduct toward the United States was improper, yet he *had* a right to issue commissions to privateers. Genet had done a right thing in a wrong place. The *commissions*, therefore, were valid, notwithstanding the offence against the United States; and hence the captures were lawful and might be retained. Edmund Randolph, the Attorney-General, gave an ingenious opinion, to this effect: The French may lawfully sell their prizes, but the privateers themselves cannot remain in American ports. They must be ordered away, not to return to the United States "until they should have been to the dominions of their own sovereign, and thereby purged the illegality of their origin." This opinion was the one which the President adopted. Genet was notified of the President's conclusion, and informed that he was expected to act in accordance therewith. The prizes he might sell, but the privateers he must order away.

FIFTH QUESTION. — M. Genet asked, as a favor to his beleaguered country, that the United States should advance some instalments of its debt to France, which he proposed to send home in the form of produce. Hamilton advised that this request be bluntly refused, without a word of explanation. Jefferson's opinion was, that the request should be complied with so far as it could be done lawfully; and if it could not be done lawfully, then the refusal should be explained so far as it could be without compromising the credit of the United States. It was found that the debt could not be advanced without violating both the letter and the spirit of the law; that is, without borrowing at six per cent to pay a debt at five. Mr. Jefferson's advice was followed.

M. Genet was shocked and amazed at the course of the administration. His reception had bewildered him. Though belonging to a nation given to "demonstrations," he was as completely deceived as Kossuth was; and he

was the more misled because he had just come from a country where the people and the government had been for years belligerent powers. The United States, he concluded, had a Capet! Interpreting America by the light of France, he fell naturally into the delusion that, though he was, as a matter of form, accredited to the President of the United States, yet it was with the people of the United States, the Sovereign People, that he really had to do. The ship *Grange*, indeed, he gave up, though not without a wry face, nor without making a merit of the act. When, however, Mr. Jefferson informed him that he was expected to send away the privateers to purge the illegality of their origin, he merely shrieked. And yet there was some method in his shriek. It was a shriek of insulting defiance which alone would have justified the President in asking his recall.

"If," wrote Genet, "our merchant vessels or others are not allowed to arm themselves, when the French alone are resisting the league of tyrants against the liberty of the people, they will be exposed to inevitable ruin in going out of the ports of the United States, which is certainly *not the intention of the people of America*. Their fraternal voice has resounded from every quarter around me, and their accents are not equivocal; they are as pure as the hearts by whom they are expressed; and the more they have touched my sensibility, the more I wish, sir, that the Federal government should observe as far as in their power the public engagements contracted by both nations; and that by this conduct, they will give, at least to the world, the example of a true neutrality, which does not consist in *the cowardly abandonment of their friends* in the moment when danger menaces them, but in adhering strictly, if they can do no better, to the obligations they have contracted with them."

And, soon after, when he learned that two Americans who had gone privateering in the *Citizen Genet* were

in prison awaiting trial for the offence, he shrieked again. The crime laid to their charge, he said, was one which his pen almost refused to state, and which the mind could not conceive. Their crime was serving France, and "defending with her children the common glorious cause of liberty." With both treaties open before him, he declared, and kept declaring, that the United States were *bound* by treaty to permit the equipping of privateers in American ports, and to allow all citizens who chose to take service in them. There is not a word in either treaty which gives support to the position.

This was bad diplomacy, even for a tyro; nor did it promote any of M. Genet's objects. Mr. Hammond might well congratulate himself upon having such a competitor. The President's conduct, on this occasion, would have been exquisite art, if it had not been simple truth and fidelity. After listening to many a hot discussion in the Cabinet between Jefferson and Hamilton on the questions of international law at issue, he resolved to refer the whole subject of the rights and duties of neutrals, and the true interpretation of the French treaties, to the judges of the Supreme Court, summoned expressly for that purpose. Twenty-nine questions were drawn up for their consideration, which covered the whole field of inquiry. But, as the solution of so many problems would take time, the entire fleet of privateers and prizes, seven vessels in all, were ordered not to depart, "till the further order of the President." M. Genet would have done better to sell his prizes while he could.

"Never, in my opinion," wrote Jefferson to Madison, July 8, 1793, "was so calamitous an appointment as that of the present minister of France here. Hot-headed, all imagination, no judgment, passionat , disrespectful, and even indecent toward the President in his written as well as his verbal communications, before Congress or the public they will excite indignation. He renders my position immensely difficult. He does me justice personally, and

giving him time to vent himself and become more cool, I am on a footing to advise him freely, and he respects it; but he will break out again on the very first occasion, so that he is incapable of correcting himself."

When these words were written Citizen Genet was "breaking out" in a manner unexampled in the annals of diplomacy. Not by words only, but by an open and unequivocal act, he had resolved to defy the administration! Among the prizes captured by L'Embuscade was a vessel named the Little Sarah, then lying in the Delaware, within a mile or two of the President's house. After having been most distinctly and at great length informed by Mr. Jefferson, officially, that no vessel could lawfully be equipped in a port of the United States for a purpose hostile to a nation at peace with the United States, M. Genet changed the name of the Little Sarah to Le Petit D mocrate, pierced her for fourteen guns, armed and equipped her for a cruise, placed on board of her a crew of one hundred and twenty men, and was about to send her to sea. This act was the more flagrant because it was done while the President was absent at Mount Vernon. Colonel Hamilton, who was the first officer of the government to discover the project, caused the governor of Pennsylvania to be notified. Governor Mifflin, Republican as he was, gave orders on the instant (it was late Saturday evening, July 6) to call out a body of militia to prevent the Little Democrat from sailing. The Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. G. J. Dallas, another Republican, suggested that, perhaps, M. Genet would be found accessible to reason, if he were approached in a friendly spirit. Before summoning the militia, therefore, Mr. Dallas was requested to try the effect of argument and persuasion upon the mind of the plenipotentiary.

M. Genet and Mr. Dallas met at eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, at M. Genet's house. They talked till midnight, or, rather, M. Genet stormed till midnight. He utterly refused to

detain the vessel, ending with these words: "I hope no attempt to seize her will be made; for, as she belongs to the Republic, she must defend the honor of her flag, and will certainly repel force by force."

Early on Sunday morning Mr. Jefferson, at his house on the Schuylkill, received a despatch from the Governor to the effect that the vessel was to sail that day, and requesting him to detain her at least until the President's return, which was expected on Wednesday. An hour or two later Mr. Jefferson was at Genet's house, listening to a repetition of the tempest with which Mr. Dallas had been favored the night before. But Jefferson knew his man. "I found it necessary," he records, "to let him go on, and, in fact, could do no otherwise; for the few efforts which I made to take some part in the conversation were quite ineffectual." The storm showed, at last, some signs of abating, when the angry diplomatist said that as soon as the President arrived he meant to ask him to convene Congress. Mr. Jefferson availed himself of the lull to give him a little elementary instruction in the nature of constitutional government. He explained to him how it was that Congress could have no voice in the questions which had arisen, since they belonged to the executive department of the government. "If Congress were sitting," said the Secretary of State, "they would take no notice of them." "Is not Congress the sovereign?" asked Genet. "No," replied Jefferson, "Congress is sovereign in making laws only; the executive is sovereign in executing them; and the judiciary in construing them when they relate to their department." "But," said Genet, "at least Congress are bound to see that the treaties are observed." Again Mr. Jefferson set him right. No, said he, the President is to see that treaties are observed. "If," asked Genet, "he decides against a treaty, to whom is a nation to appeal?" "The Constitution," replied Jefferson, "has made the President the last appeal."

This idea, which was new to the plenipotentiary, seemed to him utterly preposterous. He bowed to Mr. Jefferson, and said that he "would not make him his compliments upon such a Constitution!" He expressed the utmost astonishment at it; and the contemplation of such an absurdity was so amusing as to restore him to good-humor. Mr. Jefferson seized the happy moment to expostulate with him on the impropriety of his conduct. Genet took it in good part. "But," said he, "I have a right to expound the treaty on our side!" "Certainly," replied Jefferson, "each party has an equal right to expound their treaties. You, as the agent of your nation, have a right to bring forward your exposition, to support it by reasons, to insist on it, to be answered with reasons for our exposition where it is contrary; but when, after hearing and considering your reasons, the highest authority in the nation has decided, it is your duty to say you think the decision wrong, that you cannot take upon yourself to admit it, and will represent it to your government to do as they think proper; but, in the mean time, you ought to acquiesce in it, and to do nothing within our limits contrary to it."

M. Genet, inexperienced as he was in the diplomatic art, could not object to this statement. His silence appearing to give assent, Mr. Jefferson came to the point, and pressed him to detain the Little Democrat till the President's return. "Why detain her?" asked Genet. "Because," replied Jefferson, "she is reported to be armed with guns acquired here." No, said Genet, the guns are all French property. Mr. Jefferson, however, insisted that the vessel should not sail, and said that her departure "would be considered a very serious offence." After some hesitation, M. Genet, partly by words, partly by look and gesture, intimated to Mr. Jefferson that the Little Democrat, not being yet ready for sea, would not sail till the President's return. "But," said he, "she is to change her position, and fall down the river to-day."

"What," asked Jefferson, "will she fall down to the lower end of the town?" M. Genet's reply was: "I do not know exactly where, but somewhere there for the convenience of getting ready some things; but let me beseech you not to permit any attempt to put men on board of her. She is filled with high-spirited patriots, and they will unquestionably resist; and *there is no occasion, for I tell you she will not be ready to depart for some time.*"

Mr. Jefferson said he would then take it for granted that the vessel would not be ready before the President's return, and in the mean time the government would make inquiries into the facts of her armament, for the President's information. He immediately reported this conversation to the Governor, who dismissed the militia called out in the morning.

The next day there was a Cabinet meeting on the subject at the State House, the Governor having asked advice as to the steps he should take in the absence of the President. The Governor informed the Secretaries that two of the Little Democrat's new cannon had been, as he had good ground for believing, bought in Philadelphia. Colonel Hamilton and General Knox advised that a battery should be thrown up on Mud Island and manned by militia, and if the vessel should attempt to leave before the pleasure of the President should be known, she should be prevented by force. Jefferson dissented. He dissented strongly, and he has left us the reasons of his dissent, expressed with a blending of dignity and passion, of lawyer-like coolness and philanthropic fire, which speak to us both of the man and the time. He was satisfied, he said, that the vessel would not sail until the arrival of the President, who was known to be but forty-eight hours distant; and it was not respectful to him to resort to a measure so unusual and so extreme, when he was so near at hand. The erection of the battery, too, would probably *cause* the departure it would be designed to prevent; and the vessel

would sail after having added blood to the other causes of exasperation. Blood usually closed the hearts of men and nations to peace. Besides, a French fleet of twenty men-of-war and a hundred and fifty merchant vessels was hourly expected in the Delaware; it might arrive at the scene of blood in time to join in it. And if the Little Democrat should sail to-day, how easily we could explain the matter to the belligerents! How capable of demonstration *our* innocence! And suppose there *are* fifteen or twenty Americans on board of her; are there not ten times as many Americans on board English vessels, impressed in foreign ports? Are we as ready and disposed to sink British ships in our harbors as we are to fire upon this French vessel for a breach of neutrality far less atrocious? How inconsistent for a nation, which has been patiently bearing for ten years the grossest insults and injuries from their late enemies, to rise at a feather against their friends and benefactors; and that, too, at a moment when circumstances have knit their hearts together in a bond of the most ardent affection! And how monstrous to *begin* a quarrel by an act of war! England wrongs us deeply and essentially; we negotiate; we submit to the outrage of her insolent silence; but let one excited Frenchman do us an injury which his government would instantly disavow, and we are ready to precipitate a war!

"I would not," said Jefferson, "gratify the combination of kings with the spectacle of the only two republics on earth destroying each other for two cannon; nor would I, for infinitely greater cause, add this country to that combination, turn the scale of contest, and let it be from our hands that the hopes of man received their last stab."

The battery was not erected upon Mud Island. The Little Democrat dropped down the river as far as Chester, where she lay at anchor until the President's return to the seat of government. As soon as the President could master the facts of the situation,

he caused M. Genet to be informed that, since all the questions in dispute were referred to the judges, "it was expected" that the Little Democrat, as well as the other prizes and privateers, would remain where they were until further notice. Within three days after the date of this communication Le Petit Démocrate put to sea. It was then that the administration, formally and distinctly assuming the responsibility of all the damage she might do the belligerents, adopted the doctrine of international obligation which has recently been applied, with such happy and hopeful results, to the case of the Alabama. Mr. Jefferson officially notified M. Genet that, in case the Little Democrat made any prizes, the government of the United States held itself bound to restore the same or to compensate the owners; "the indemnification to be reimbursed by the French nation."

M. Genet behaved like a man who has crossed the Rubicon, and means to press on to mastery or destruction. It was evident that he was bent upon fully executing his threat of appealing to the people. Besides assisting to form Jacobin clubs in the Atlantic cities, distributing considerable sums of money for the purpose, besides organizing a troop of mounted Frenchmen with whom he paraded Philadelphia on festive days, besides playing other pranks of the same histrionic nature, he continued to defy and frustrate the government in its resolve to hold the balance even between the warring powers. Other vessels, in New York and Baltimore, he was getting ready for cruising in quest of British prizes. He was still intent upon organizing an expedition in Kentucky for an attempt upon New Orleans; and this in the teeth of Mr. Jefferson's emphatic notification that "his enticing men and officers in Kentucky to go against Spain was putting a halter around their necks." This Kentucky scheme of Genet's was set on foot at the very moment when it seemed as if Spain was only waiting for a pretext to de-

clare war against the United States. Jefferson's famous despatch to Madrid, the most energetic of all his official papers, in which he warned Spain to let the Creeks alone, was crossing the ocean at the time. Never before, never since, has the government of the United States taken a firmer or a loftier tone than at this threatening crisis. "We confide in our strength," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "without boasting of it; we respect that of others without fearing it. If we cannot otherwise prevail on the Creeks to discontinue their depredations, we will attack them in force. If Spain chooses to consider our defence against savage butchery as a cause of war to her, we must meet her also in war, with regret, but without fear; and we shall be happier, to the last moment, to repair with her to the tribunal of peace and reason." What a time was this for Citizen Genet to be, not merely fomenting war with Spain, but preparing to wage war by attacking a Spanish post!

All Cabinet questions were now merged into one, — What shall we do with Genet? "Send him out of the country," said robust Knox at the Cabinet meeting of August 1, when this dreadful question was first discussed. "Publish the whole correspondence," said Hamilton, "with a statement of his proceedings, thus anticipating him in his threatened appeal to the people." Jefferson's advice, supported warmly by Randolph, was this: To send a history of his doings in America, with copies of the letters between Genet and himself, to the French government, and request, with all the delicacy possible, the recall of Genet. For two days the subject was debated with a heat and passion unexampled, Hamilton twice haranguing his audience of four individuals for three quarters of an hour, in a manner, as Jefferson reports, "as inflammatory and declamatory as if he had been speaking to a jury." He dwelt upon the new Jacobin Society just formed in Philadelphia, on the model of the dread club to which Robespierre owed his power. The publication of Genet's letters, Hamilton thought, would crush

this terrible organization. Jefferson, on the contrary, thought that the club would die out of itself if it were only let alone; opposition alone could give it undue importance.

The President was, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." If we may believe the exaggerating memory of Mr. John Adams, a vast multitude of the noisier part of the population of Philadelphia sided with Genet at this moment. Years after we find him writing to Jefferson of the terror of 1793, when "ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia, day after day, threatened to drag Washington out of his house, and effect a revolution in the government, or compel it to declare war in favor of the French Revolution and against England." The Republican newspapers, too, were all that Genet could have wished. The President was no longer spared, either in prose or verse, and there was even a burlesque poem in which he was represented as being brought to the guillotine. At one of these Cabinet meetings, irritated by Knox reminding him of this pasquinade, he lost his self-control for a moment. Voltaire wickedly remarks that Newton "consoled" mankind for his unapproachable supremacy in the realm of science by coming at last to write on the Prophecies. George Washington occasionally solaced the self-love of *his* admiring friends by getting into a good honest passion, like an ordinary mortal. Bursting into speech, he defied any man to produce a single act of his since he had been in the government which was not done from the purest motives. He declared that he had never repented but once of having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since. "By God!" he exclaimed, using the familiar oath of the period, "I would rather be in my grave than in my present situation! I would rather be on my farm than be made emperor of the world; and yet they are charging me with wanting to be a king!" That rascal Freneau, he continued, sent him

three of his papers every day, as if *he* would become their distributor, and he could see nothing in this but an impudent design to insult him.

Happy the mortal who has no worse fault than a rare outburst of legitimate and harmless anger! It was embarrassing to get back to the question after this explosion. The subject was, however, resumed, and the President decided to follow Mr. Jefferson's advice, of appealing to the French government and asking Genet's recall; reserving the expedient of appealing to the American people to a later day. With all the discretion conceivable, and with a most happy mixture of frankness, friendliness, and decision, the Secretary of State performed this difficult duty. In due time M. Genet was recalled, and his proceedings were discovered; but France was a long way off in 1793, and some months elapsed before the letter of recall reached the plenipotentiary. In the mean time he continued his course of reckless defiance. He executed his threat of appealing to the people by publishing a portion of his official correspondence with Mr. Jefferson; and the people, with a near approach to unanimity, condemned him.

This summer of delirium at Philadelphia ended in the panic and desolation of the yellow fever, from which every member of the government fled, Jefferson last of all. In New York, where M. Genet then resided, love softened his heart and assisted to restore serenity to his mind. Miss Cornelia Clinton, the daughter of that stanch Republican chief, George Clinton, Governor of the State of New York, was the young lady to whom he paid his court; and paid it with such success, that, when he received his recall, he married her, and settled in the State. He spent there the rest of his days, a good citizen, a worthy gentleman, though never quite able to understand how it was that the American people cherished such veneration for the character of their first President. Everything would have gone well with his mission, he

thought, had it not been for the invincible resolution of President Washington. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1834, after contributing much to agricultural improvement and the progress of science. His virtues were his own; his errors were those of the time in which he was called upon to act.

Meanwhile Jefferson was longing for retreat with ever-growing desire. Hamilton, too, wearied of the vain effort to maintain his prodigious family upon his little salary, had made up his mind to return to the New York bar, and only remained for a while longer, like Jefferson, in compliance with Washington's earnest entreaty. Hamilton, however, was not so painfully situated as his colleague, for he had society on his side. The people he oftenest met approved his course and valued his character. Jefferson had few adherents among the rich and the educated. It is only the human race in general that is the gainer by the ideas of which he was the exponent. Classes may be benefited, or may think themselves benefited, by abuses, by privilege, by "protection," by "caste"; and those classes often know enough to flatter and retain the occasional gifted men — the Cannings, the Peels, the Hamiltons — whom birth, breeding, or circumstances throw in their way. Fair play and equal rights are the common and eternal interest of human nature. No man has ever been so loved in the United States, nor loved so long, as Thomas Jefferson was by those who had no interest apart from this common interest, and no hope or desire except to share the common lot of man. But the elegant class of Philadelphia in 1793 held him in aversion; for the commerce of the United States, by which they were chiefly sustained, was in British hands. Genet was warring upon that commerce, and Jefferson had to share the odium of his irrepressible zeal. His letters to Madison and Monroe of this year show us that he felt acutely the alienation of the people around him, and saw, too, how powerless he was to stem the tide of reaction which the guillotine in

France and Genet in America had caused.

"The motion of my blood," he wrote to Madison in June, 1793, "no longer keeps time with the tumult of the world. It leads me to seek for happiness in the lap and love of my family, in the society of my neighbors and my books, in the wholesome occupations of my farm and my affairs, in an interest or affection in every bud that opens, in every breath that blows around me, in an entire freedom of rest, of motion, of thought, owing account to myself alone of my hours and actions. What must be the principle of that calculation which should balance against these the circumstances of my present existence, — worn down with labors from morning to night, and day to day; knowing them as fruitless to others as they are vexatious to myself, committed singly in desperate and eternal contest against a host who are systematically undermining the public liberty and prosperity; even the rare hours of relaxation sacrificed to the society of persons in the same intentions, of whose hatred I am conscious even in those moments of conviviality when the heart wishes most to open itself to the effusions of friendship and confidence; cut off from my family and friends, my affairs abandoned to chaos and derangement; in short, giving everything I love in exchange for everything I hate, and all this without a single gratification in possession or prospect, in present enjoyment or future wish."

All his confidential letters of 1793 are in this tone. But as often as he alluded to the necessity under which he rested of retiring, General Washington urged him to remain with such importunity that he knew not how to resist. When the President discovered that he could not prevail, he begged him at least to defer his resignation; for, said he, "like a man going to the gallows, I am willing to put it off as long as I can." Jefferson remained in office through the year. "Yesterday," he wrote to his daughter, December 22, 1793, "the President made what I

hope will be the last set at me to continue ; but in this I am now immovable by any considerations whatever." So indeed it proved. He *could* not continue without ruin ; and such was the urgency of the case, that his going home did but postpone the catastrophe. The President accepted his resignation January 1, 1794. "The opinion," wrote General Washington on this occasion, "which I had formed of your integrity and talents, and which dictated your original nomination, has been confirmed by the fullest experience, and both have been eminently displayed in the discharge of your duty." Five days after he was on his way to Monticello, having held the post of Secretary of State two months less than four years.

Strange to relate, he went out of office in a blaze of glory to which even the fine ladies and gentlemen of "the Republican court" were not wholly insensible. When Congress met, the correspondence between Thomas Jefferson and the two plenipotentiaries, George Hammond and Edmond Genet, was published in a massive pamphlet. The intense interest of the public in the recent transactions, now fully disclosed for the first time, caused this collection to be widely disseminated and most eagerly scanned. What candid person has ever read that correspondence without enjoying Jefferson's part of it ? It shows him at his best. His singular diligence and skill in gathering information was happily displayed ; and all men saw that he had never — not in a single phrase — gratified his feelings as a man at the expense of his duty as a public officer. It was evident that he distinguished between France and her plenipotentiary, and that he did not withdraw his sympathy from that distracted nation at the moment of her extremest need. And whatever wrath may have swelled within him at the conduct of the English government toward his country, he preserved always the conciliatory tone which renders easy the adoption of a worthier policy. The people of the United States appreciated the merit of his

despatches, and many of them recognized the difficulties which so warm a partisan as he must have overcome in producing them. His opponents, as we are informed by the most respectable of them all, Chief Justice Marshall, were conciliated for the moment. Their prejudices were "dissipated." They even flattered themselves, while under the spell of his benign and large intelligence, that the sentiments which Hamilton, their idol, had contested and reviled in the Cabinet were *their own* ! "The partiality for France," says Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, "that was conspicuous through the whole of the correspondence, detracted nothing from its merit in the opinion of the friends of the administration, because, however decided their determination to support their own government in a controversy with any nation whatever, they felt all the partialities for that Republic which the correspondence expressed. The hostility of his enemies, therefore, was, for a time, considerably lessened, without a corresponding diminution of the attachment of his friends."

Genet might have destroyed the Republican party, if the Republican chief had not, with so much tact and right feeling, repudiated the plenipotentiary while conciliating France. The reaction of the following years no man could have prevented. The reaction was necessary. France had torn down, without having acquired the ability to construct. Not a community on earth was yet ripe for the republican system, except that of the American States, wherein a majority of the people were accessible through their understandings. It was necessary for Christendom to wait another century before assuming revolution at the point where the Terror interrupted it in 1792.

In reading the records of those years, we discover in Jefferson some human foibles, some morbidness, some impatience with virtuous stupidity, some misinterpretation of men and events. He did not, indeed, misconceive the Federalists as grossly as they misrepresented

him ; and yet he did misconceive them. On one occasion, when he was attributing to some of them an intention to avail themselves of the first opportunity to convert the government into something like monarchy, Washington set him right in half a dozen words : *Desires there may be, but not designs.* This we now know was the truth ; but we know also how easily desires become designs, and we know the contempt and utter distrust in which the leading Federalists of the day held the republican system which Jefferson loved and which is evidently destined to govern the world. We know that Hamilton passed the remaining years of his life awaiting the crisis which should call him to contend in arms for the ideas which he had vainly struggled for in the Cabinet and the Convention.

Jefferson was clear in his great office, and he lived up to his great principles. Being asked by a neighbor to write something that should help him into Congress, Jefferson said, "From a very early moment of my life, I determined never to intermeddle with elections by the people, and have invariably adhered to this determination." Much as he loved his old friend and secretary, William Short, he would not assist him to sell the little public stock which he possessed, saying, "I would do anything my duty would permit ; but were I to advise your agent (who is himself a stock-dealer) to sell out yours at this or that moment, it would be used as a signal to guide speculation." Invited to share in a promising speculation, he

declined, on the ground that a public man should preserve his mind free from all possible bias of interest. When the fugitives from the St. Domingo massacre arrived in 1793, destitute and miserable, he wrote to Monroe : "Never was so deep a tragedy presented to the feelings of man. I deny the power of the general government to apply money to such a purpose, but I deny it with a bleeding heart. It belongs to the State governments. Pray urge ours to be liberal." In his French package came one day a letter from the wife of a groom in the stables of the Duke of Orleans in Paris, addressed to her sister, a poor woman who lived fifteen miles from Monticello. He was careful to enjoin it upon his daughter, not merely to forward the letter, but to send it to the woman's house by a special messenger.

We observe, too, that he still looked wistfully to the unexplored West. As a member of the Philosophical Society, he took the lead in 1792 in raising a thousand guineas to send Andrew Michaud to grope his way across the continent and find out all he could of the great plains and rivers, the Indians and the animals, the bones of the mammoth, and whatever else a Philosophical Society and an American people might care to know. Andrew Michaud did not find the Pacific Ocean, and the task remained undone till Jefferson, ten years later, found the predestined man in Merriwether Lewis, a son of one of his Albemarle neighbors.

James Parton.

THE WOOD LAKE.

FROM garish light and life apart,
 Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,
 With delicate mists of morning furled
 Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
 The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
 So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
 'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dream-like, in curves of palest gold,
The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
Part in long rifts, through which I view
Gray islets throned in tides as blue
As if a piece of heaven withdrawn —
Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn —
Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dream-like, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
I hear the distant west-wind rise,
And, down the hollows wandering, break
In gurgling ripples on the lake,
Round which the vapors, still outspread,
Mount wanly widening overhead,
Till flushed by morning's primrose-red.

Dream-like, each slow, soft-pulsing surge
Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge,
Sending, where'er its tremors pass,
Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass;
Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
Or melt in rich, low warblings made
By some winged Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn, the mock-bird's lay
Grows stronger, mellower; far away
'Mid dusky reeds which even the noon
Lights not, the lonely-hearted loon
Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
Of half its sadness; day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
Casting o'er both a glamour known
To *their* enchanted realm alone;
Whence shines, as 't were a spirit's face,
The sweet, coy Genius of the place.
Yon lake, beheld as if in trance, —
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel — whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering eyes,
Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely by-ways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

Paul H. Hayne.

MARJORIE DAW.

I.

*Dr. Dillon to Edward Delaney, Esq.,
at The Pines, near Rye, N. H.*

August 8, 187-.

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for three or four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately, the bone was very skilfully set by the surgeon who chanced to be in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. *Flemming is doing perfectly well physically*; but I must confess that the irritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily, what a soul of restlessness and energy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal. He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, piled up by his sofa, to throw at Watkins whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he no sooner set his eyes upon these lemons, than he fell into such a rage as I cannot describe adequately. This is only one of his moods, and the

least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb, silent, sullen, despairing. When this fit is on him — and it sometimes lasts all day — nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat, does not even read the newspapers; books — except as projectiles for Watkins — have no charms for him. His state is truly pitiable.

Now, if he were a poor man, with a family dependent on his daily labor, this irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an inflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have anæsthetics and lotions, to make people sleep and to soothe pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common-sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You are Flemming's intimate friend, his *fidus Achates*. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by his present confinement. If he has you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, etc.

II.

*Edward Delaney to John Flemming,
West 38th Street, New York.*

August 9, —.

MY DEAR JACK: I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced

to learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage, you are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will only have patience and follow his counsels. Did you get my note of last Wednesday? I was greatly troubled when I heard of the accident.

I can imagine how tranquil and saintly you are with your leg in a trough! It's deuced awkward, to be sure, just as we had promised ourselves a glorious month together at the seaside; but we must make the best of it. It is unfortunate, too, that my father's health renders it impossible for me to leave him. I think he has much improved; the sea air is his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walks, and requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to you, dear Jack, but I have hours of unemployed time on hand, and I will write you a whole post-office full of letters if that will divert you. Heaven knows, I have n't anything to write about. It is n't as if we were living at one of the beach houses; then I could do you some character studies, and fill your imagination with hosts of sea-goddesses, with their (or somebody else's) raven and blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have rooms in a farmhouse, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

I wish I were a novelist. This old house, with its sanded floors and high wainscots, and its narrow windows looking out upon a cluster of pines that turn themselves into æolian-harps every time the wind blows, would be the place in which to write a summer romance. It should be a story with the odors of the forest and the breath of the sea in it. It should be a novel like one of that Russian fellow's

— what's his name? — Tourguénieff, Turguenef, Toorguniff, Turgénjew, — nobody knows how to spell him. (I think his own mother must be in some doubt about him.) Yet I wonder if even a Liza or an Alexandra Paulovna could stir the heart of a man who has constant twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of our own Yankee girls of the best type, haughty and *spirituelle*, would be of any comfort to you in your present deplorable condition. If I thought so, I would rush down to the Surf House and catch one for you; or, better still, I would find you one over the way.

Picture to yourself a large white house just across the road, nearly opposite our cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, built, perhaps, in the colonial period, with rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, and a wide piazza on three sides, — a self-possession, high-bred piece of architecture, with its nose in the air. It stands back from the road, and has an obsequious retinue of fringed elms and oaks and weeping willows. Sometimes in the morning, and oftener in the afternoon, when the sun has withdrawn from that part of the mansion, a young woman appears on the piazza with some mysterious Penelope web of embroidery in her hand, or a book. There is a hammock over there, — of pineapple fibre, it looks from here. A hammock is very becoming when one is eighteen, and has gold hair, and dark eyes, and a blue illusion dress looped up after the fashion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and is *chaussée* like a belle of the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splendor goes into that hammock, and sways there like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon. The window of my bedroom looks down on that piazza, — and so do I.

But enough of this nonsense, which ill becomes a sedate young attorney taking his vacation with an invalid father. Drop me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you really are. State your case. Write me a long, quiet letter. If you are violent or abusive, I'll take the law to you.

III.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 11, —.

YOUR letter, dear Ned, was a god-send. Fancy what a fix I am in, — I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I haven't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge, staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brown-stone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence and dust and desolation. — I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of Césaire Bironneau. Missed him! I think I could bring him down with a copy of Sainte-Beuve or the Dictionnaire Universel, if I had it. These small Balzac books somehow don't quite fit my hand. But I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's Château Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hibernian swarries in the front basement. Young Cheops up stairs, snug in his cerements. Watkins glides into my chamber, with that colorless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way down stairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran up to town to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I did n't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at The Pines, — is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild

with lemons. Lemons for a mind diseased! Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this confinement, — a thing I'm not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of water-spout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile and purr and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster, a week ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour. Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about that little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed, perhaps, but very pretty. I did n't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbor, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscript, and lo! there are lyrics and sonnets and canzonettas. You really have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of short love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnue* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to india-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, would be a delicate attention on your part. In the mean time, write!

IV.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 12, —.

THE sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!* he wills it so. If the story-teller becomes prolix and tedious,—the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But, truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here,—except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going. Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard, elder brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks nine years ago. Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the homestead, where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie,—Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first, does n't it? But after you say it over to yourself half a dozen times, you like it. There's a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbors before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favorite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprise not unmixed with haughtiness. Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy

sake, O Pasha of the Snap Axle-tree! . . . How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down to the parlor,—you know the kind of parlors in farm-houses on the coast, a sort of amphibious parlor, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce branches in the chimney-place,—where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbors. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face and snow-white mustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British Army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave, the colonel delivered himself of an invitation as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming, at 4 P. M., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honor them with our company? (or be sent to the guard-house.) My father declines, on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis!* Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter,—and send me along word how's your leg.

V.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 13, —.

THE party, my dear Jack, was as dreary as possible. A lieutenant of the navy, the rector of the Episcopal church at Stillwater, and a society swell from Nahant. The lieutenant looked as if he had swallowed a couple of his buttons, and found the bullion rather indigestible; the rector was a

pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly sort; and the swell from Nahant was a very weak tidal wave indeed. The women were much better, as they always are; the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadelphia, staying at the Seashell House, two bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie Daw!

The company broke up soon after tea, and I remained to smoke a cigar with the colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing a picture to see Miss Marjorie hovering around the old soldier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She brought the cigars and lighted the tapers with her own delicate fingers, in the most enchanting fashion. As we sat there, she came and went in the summer twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale gold hair, like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had melted into air, like the statue of the lady in the play, I should have been more sorry than surprised.

It was easy to perceive that the old colonel worshipped her, and she him. I think the relation between an elderly father and a daughter just blooming into womanhood the most beautiful possible. There is in it a subtle sentiment that cannot exist in the case of mother and daughter, or that of son and mother. But this is getting into deep water.

I sat with the Daws until half past ten, and saw the moon rise on the sea. The ocean, that had stretched motionless and black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering ice. In the far distance, the Isles of Shoals loomed up like a group of huge bergs drifting down on us. The Polar Regions in a June thaw! It was exceedingly fine. What did we talk about? We talked about the weather—and *you*! The weather has been disagreeable for several days past,—and so have you. I glided from one topic to the other very naturally. I told my friends of your accident; how it had frustrated all our summer plans, and what our plans

were. Then I described you; or, rather, I did n't. I spoke of your amiability; of your patience under this severe affliction; of your touching gratitude when Dillon brings you little presents of fruit; of your tenderness to your sister Fanny, whom you would not allow to stay in town to nurse you, and how you heroically sent her back to Newport, preferring to remain alone with Mary, the cook, and your man Watkins, to whom, by the way, you were devotedly attached. If you had been there, Jack, you would n't have known yourself. I should have excelled as a criminal lawyer, if I had not turned my attention to a different branch of jurisprudence.

Miss Marjorie asked all manner of leading questions concerning you. It did not occur to me then, but it struck me forcibly afterwards, that she evinced a singular interest in the conversation. When I got back to my room, I recalled how eagerly she leaned forward, with her full, snowy throat in strong moonlight, listening to what I said. Positively, I think I made her like you!

Miss Daw is a girl whom you would like immensely, I can tell you that. A beauty without affectation, a high and tender nature,—if one can read the soul in the face. And the old colonel is a noble character, too.

I am glad the Daws are such pleasant people. The Pines is an isolated place, and my resources are few. I fear I should have found life here rather monotonous before long, with no other society than that of my excellent sire. It is true, I might have made a target of the defenceless invalid; but I have n't a taste for artillery, *moi*.

VI.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 17, —.

FOR a man who has n't a taste for artillery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are keeping up a pretty lively fire on my inner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece

that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I have n't hurled anything at Watkins since last Sunday, partly because I have grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Watkins captured my ammunition one night, and carried it off to the library. He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, you may shatter Watkins, if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamber window, I was somehow strangely drawn to her. I cannot account for it in the least. What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened the impression. You seem to be describing a woman I have known in some previous state of existence, or dreamed of in this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph, I believe I should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light hair and the dark eyes, — they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of questions, did she? Curious about me? That is strange.

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of The Pines and the house across the road. How cool it must be down there! I long for the salt smell in the air. I picture the colonel smoking his cheroot on the piazza. I send you and Miss Daw off on afternoon rambles along the beach. Sometimes I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for

you are great friends by this time, I take it, and see each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a truculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed anything in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horse-marines or that young Still-water parson visit the house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am ripe to do it myself. Speaking of photographs, couldn't you manage to slip one of her *cartes-de-visite* from her album, — she must have an album, you know, — and send it to me? I will return it before it could be missed. That's a good fellow! Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It will be a capital animal this autumn for Central Park.

Oh — my leg? I forgot about my leg. It's better.

VII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 20, —.

YOU are correct in your surmises. I am on the most friendly terms with our neighbors. The colonel and my father smoke their afternoon cigar together in our sitting-room or on the piazza opposite, and I pass an hour or two of the day or the evening with the daughter. I am more and more struck by the beauty, modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw.

You ask me why I do not fall in love with her. I will be frank, Jack: I have thought of that. She is young, rich, accomplished, uniting in herself more attractions, mental and personal, than I can recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but she lacks the something that would be necessary to inspire in me that kind of interest. Possessing this unknown quantity, a woman neither beautiful nor wealthy nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were ship-

wrecked together on an uninhabited island, — let me suggest a tropical island, for it costs no more to be picturesque, — I would build her a bamboo hut, I would fetch her bread-fruit and cocoanuts, I would fry yams for her, I would lure the ingenuous turtle and make her nourishing soups, but I would n't make love to her, — not under eighteen months. I would like to have her for a sister, that I might shield her and counsel her, and spend half my income on thread-laces and camel's-hair shawls. (We are off the island now.) If such were not my feeling, there would still be an obstacle to my loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune could scarcely befall me than to love her. Flemming, I am about to make a revelation that will astonish you. I may be all wrong in my premises and consequently in my conclusions ; but you shall judge.

That night when I returned to my room after the croquet party at the Daws', and was thinking over the trivial events of the evening, I was suddenly impressed by the air of eager attention with which Miss Daw had followed my account of your accident. I think I mentioned this to you. Well, the next morning, as I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss Daw on the road to Rye, where the post-office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation again turned on you, and again I remarked that inexplicable look of interest which had lighted up her face the previous evening. Since then, I have seen Miss Daw perhaps ten times, perhaps oftener, and on each occasion I found that when I was not speaking of you, or your sister, or some person or place associated with you, I was not holding her attention. She would be absent-minded, her eyes would wander away from me to the sea, or to some distant object in the landscape ; her fingers would play with the leaves of a book in a way that convinced me she was not listening. At these moments if I abruptly changed the theme, — I did it several times as an experiment, —

and dropped some remark about my friend Flemming, then the sombre blue eyes would come back to me instantly.

Now, is not this the oddest thing in the world? No, not the oddest. The effect, which you tell me was produced on you by my casual mention of an unknown girl swinging in a hammock, is certainly as strange. You can conjecture how that passage in your letter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two people who have never met, and who are hundreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic influence on each other? I have read of such psychological phenomena, but never credited them. I leave the solution of the problem to you. As for myself, all other things being favorable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am talking of my friend !

I am not aware that any one is paying marked attention to my fair neighbor. The lieutenant of the navy — he is stationed at Rivermouth — sometimes drops in of an evening, and sometimes the rector from Stillwater ; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I should not be surprised if he had an eye to the heiress ; but he is not formidable. Mistress Daw carries a neat little spear of irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impaling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say ; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly, the lowly rector is not dangerous ; yet, again, who has not seen Cloth of Frieze victorious in the lists where Cloth of Gold went down ?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite ivorytype of Marjorie, in *passe-partout*, on the drawing-room mantel-piece. It would be missed at once, if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack ; but I've no burning desire to be hauled up before the local justice of the peace, on a charge of petty larceny.

P. S. — Enclosed is a spray of mignonne, which I advise you to treat ten-

derly. Yes, we talked of you again last night, as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

VIII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 22, —.

YOUR letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen, — with a shadow, a chime-ra? for what else can Miss Daw be to you? I do not understand it at all. I understand neither you nor her. You are a couple of ethereal beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. I am of the earth earthy, and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shattering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban among the spirits!

Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of your character. You are deeply interested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom you may perhaps greatly admire when you know her: at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall far short of your ideal, and you will not care for her in the least. Look at it in this sensible light, and I will hold back nothing from you.

Yesterday afternoon my father and myself rode over to Rivermouth with the Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust. To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, along a winding road lined all the way with wild barberry-bushes. I never saw anything

more brilliant than these bushes, the green of the foliage and the red of the coral berries intensified by the rain. The colonel drove, with my father in front, Miss Daw and I on the back seat, I resolved that for the first five miles your name should not pass my lips. I was amused by the artful attempts she made, at the start, to break through my reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; and then she became suddenly gay. That keenness which I enjoyed so much when it was exercised on the lieutenant was not so satisfactory directed against myself. Miss Daw has great sweetness of disposition, but she can be disagreeable. She is like the young lady in the rhyme, with the curl on her forehead,

"When she is good,
She is very, very good,
And when she is bad, she is horrid!"

I kept to my resolution, however; but on the return home I relented, and talked of your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a side-saddle on Margot some morning. The animal is a trifle too light for my weight. By the by, I nearly forgot to say Miss Daw sat for a picture yesterday to a Rivermouth artist. If the negative turns out well, I am to have a copy. So our ends will be accomplished without crime. I wish, though, I could send you the ivorytype in the drawing-room; it is cleverly colored, and would give you an idea of her hair and eyes, which of course the other will not.

No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did not come from me. A man of twenty-eight does n't enclose flowers in his letters — to another man. But don't attach too much significance to the circumstance. She gives sprays of mignonette to the rector, sprays to the lieutenant. She has even given a rose from her bosom to your slave. It is her jocund nature to scatter flowers, like Spring.

If my letters sometimes read disjointedly, you must understand that I never finish one at a sitting, but write at intervals, when the mood is on me.

The mood is not on me now.

IX.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 23, —.

I HAVE just returned from the strangest interview with Marjorie. She has all but confessed to me her interest in you. But with what modesty and dignity! Her words elude my pen as I attempt to put them on paper; and, indeed, it was not so much what she said as her manner; and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it was of a piece with the strangeness of this whole business, that she should tacitly acknowledge to a third party the love she feels for a man she has never beheld! But I have lost, through your aid, the faculty of being surprised. I accept things as people do in dreams. Now that I am again in my room, it all appears like an illusion, — the black masses of shadow under the trees, the fire-flies whirling in Pyrrhic dances among the shrubbery, the sea over there, Marjorie sitting on the hammock!

It is past midnight, and I am too sleepy to write more.

Tuesday Morning. — My father has suddenly taken it into his head to spend a few days at the Shoals. In the mean while you will not hear from me. I see Marjorie walking in the garden with the colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, but shall probably not have an opportunity before we leave.

X.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 28, —.

You were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favor of the 11th instant, when I notice that five days' silence on my part is sufficient to throw you into the depths of despondency.

We returned only this morning from Appledore, that enchanted island, — at

four dollars per day. I find on my desk three letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in *your* mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in what I take to be the latest are two passages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candor, dear Flemming, but the conviction forces itself upon me that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyond pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstraction, a figure in a dream, — a dream from which the slightest shock would awaken her. Of course, if you enclose a note to me and insist on its delivery, I shall deliver it; but I advise you not to do so.

You say you are able, with the aid of a cane, to walk about your chamber, and that you purpose to come to The Pines the instant Dillon thinks you strong enough to stand the journey. Again I advise you not to. Do you not see that, every hour you remain away, Marjorie's glamour deepens and your influence over her increases? You will ruin everything by precipitancy. Wait until you are entirely recovered; in any case, do not come without giving me warning. I fear the effect of your abrupt advent here — under the circumstances.

Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us back again, and gave me both hands in the frankest way. She stopped at the door a moment, this afternoon, in the carriage; she had been over to Rivermouth for her pictures. Unluckily the photographer had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an impression that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy. . . . I end this, leaving several things unsaid,

to accompany my father on one of those long walks which are now his chief medicine, — and mine !

all events, do not dream of joining me. . . . Colonel Daw is sitting on the piazza looking rather ferocious. I have not seen Marjorie since I parted with her in the garden.

XI.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 29, —.

I WRITE in great haste to tell you what has taken place here since my letter of last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. Only one thing is plain, — *you* must not dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie has told her father everything ! I saw her for a few minutes, an hour ago, in the garden ; and, as near as I could gather from her confused statement, the facts are these : Lieutenant Bradley — that's the naval officer stationed at Rivermouth — has been paying court to Miss Daw for some time past, but not so much to her liking as to that of the colonel, who it seems is an old friend of the young gentleman's father. Yesterday (I knew she was in some trouble when she drove up to our gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of Bradley, — urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie expressed her dislike for the lieutenant with characteristic frankness, and finally confessed to her father — well, I really do not know what she confessed. It must have been the vaguest of confessions, and must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose I am implicated in the matter, and that the colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do not see why : I have carried no messages between you and Miss Daw ; I have behaved with the greatest discretion. I can find no flaw anywhere in my proceeding. I do not see that anybody has done anything, — except the colonel himself.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses will be broken off. "A plague o' both your houses," say you. I will keep you informed, as well as I can, of what occurs over the way. We shall remain here until the second week in September. Stay where you are, or, at

XII.

*Edward Delaney to Thomas Dillon,
M. D., Madison Square, New York.*

August 30, —.

MY DEAR DOCTOR : If you have any influence over Flemming, I beg of you to exert it to prevent his coming to this place at present. There are circumstances, which I will explain to you before long, that make it of the first importance that he should not come into this neighborhood. His appearance here, I speak advisedly, would be disastrous to him. In urging him to remain in New York, or to go to some inland resort, you will be doing him and me a real service. Of course you will not mention my name in this connection. You know me well enough, my dear doctor, to be assured that, in begging your secret co-operation, I have reasons that will meet your entire approval when they are made plain to you. My father, I am glad to state, has so greatly improved that he can no longer be regarded as an invalid. With great esteem, I am, etc., etc.

XIII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 31, —.

YOUR letter, announcing your mad determination to come here, has just reached me. I beg of you to reflect a moment. The step would be fatal to your interests and hers. You would furnish just cause for irritation to R. W. D. ; and, though he loves Marjorie tenderly, he is capable of going to any lengths if opposed. You would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat *her* with severity. That would be the result of your presence at The Pines at this juncture. Wait and see what happens. More-

over, I understand from Dillon that you are in no condition to take so long a journey. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

XIV.

TELEGRAMS.

September 1, —.

1. — To Edward Delaney.

Letter received. Dillon be hanged. I think I ought to be on the ground.

J. F.

2. — To John Flemming.

Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear from me.

E. D.

3. — To Edward Delaney.

My being at The Pines could be kept secret. I must see her.

J. F.

4. — To John Flemming.

Do not think of it. It wou'd be useless. R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You would not be able to effect an interview.

E. D.

5. — To Edward Delaney.

Locked her in her room. Good God. That settles the question. I shall leave by the twelve-fifteen express.

J. F.

On the 2d of September, 187—, as the down express due at 3.40 left the station at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the shoulder of a servant whom he addressed as Watkins, stepped from the platform into a hack, and requested to be driven to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate of a modest farmhouse, a few miles from the station,

the young man descended with difficulty from the carriage, and, casting a hasty glance across the road, seemed much impressed by some peculiarity in the landscape. Again leaning on the shoulder of the person Watkins, he walked to the door of the farmhouse and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. He was informed by the aged man who answered his knock, that Mr. Edward Delaney had gone to Boston the day before, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was within. This information did not appear satisfactory to the stranger, who inquired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left any message for Mr. John Flemming. There was a letter for Mr. Flemming, if he were that person. After a brief absence the aged man reappeared with a letter.

XV.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

September 1, —.

I am horror-stricken at what I have done! When I began this correspondence I had no other purpose than to relieve the tedium of your sick-chamber. Dillon told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I thought you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters *au sérieux*.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a Pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you, something soothing and idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only too well! My father does n't know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come — when you arrive! For O, dear Jack, there is n't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there is n't any piazza, there is n't any hammock, — there is n't any Marjorie Daw!!

T. B. Aldrich.

ST. OLAF'S FOUNTAIN.

LIKE a ball of blood-red fire
Sinks the sun o'er forests sleeping,
Wondrously in splendor steeping
Glaciers far with cloud-capt spire.

Leaning on his stalwart steed,
Stands King Olaf, sad and weary;
Loath to view the ruins dreary,
Whereon flames exulting feed.

Still and sultry is the night;—
Not a rustle in the rushes,
Not a breeze to stir the bushes
With its fugitive delight.

Dry and thirsty lies the land;
Where erewhile the cooling current
Traced its courses, gay and errant,
Glimmers now the sun-bleached sand.

Far and near resounds the air
With the low of homeless cattle;
O'er the bloody field of battle
Throws the sun its lurid glare.

From below, a muffled ring,
Like the far, unceasing dirges
Of the faintly murmuring surges,
From his musing wakes the king;

And a vast and weary throng—
Peasants, armed with scythes, and brawny
Spearmen, clad in wolf-skins tawny—
Slowly wind the hills along.

Spoke a warrior grave and hoar,
To the king his voice uplifted:
"Tossed and vanquished we have drifted,
Saintly king, unto thy shore.

"We have cried to Thor and Frey;
But our gods no more are near us,
Wrathful Thor no more will hear us.
Give us water ere we die!

"We have heard that Christ the White
Hath a balm for each disaster.
We will worship him, O master,
Who our armies put to flight."

Then with holy zeal aglow,
With the power of strong believing,
Swift the king, his sword upheaving,
Smote the barren mountain's brow.

Into splinters sprang the sword;
And the mountain's ancient giant*
Roused its echoes, fierce, defiant,
As if mocking Christ the Lord.

Ah! but from the earth's deep breast
Came no bubbling fountain bursting;
And the barren land lay thirsting,
With its heavy doom oppressed.

Rose a peasant then, and said,
Chuckling with a cunning, low laugh:
"Now we know, forsooth, King Olaf,
Still is ancient Thor not dead."

Fierce the royal warriors frowned.
"Slay the wretch!" they shouted wildly.
But the king rebuked them mildly;
Low he knelt upon the ground.

Grave and silent stood the throng,
While he prayed with deep contrition:
"Lord, O save them from perdition;
I am weak, but thou art strong."

And his tears fell hot and fast;
Waked to life the barren mountain;
Upward sprang a bubbling fountain,
Rushing o'er the sun-bleached waste.

Now is sheathed King Olaf's sword;
But the cross his zeal hath planted
In our land stands bright, undaunted,
Gleaming over dale and fjord.

And his fountain pure and clear
'Mid the drooping alder-bushes
Still with joyous cadence gushes,
Fresh, unchanged, from year to year.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

* According to the popular belief, the mountains were the abodes of trolls and giants, who were constantly waging war against St. Olaf, because they could not endure the noise of his church-bells.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

IT is certainly not true that what is called the artist's temperament belongs exclusively to men of genius ; but there are certainly many men of genius whose power lies in their extreme sensibility, while that sensibility is, at the same time, a source of constant and keen suffering to themselves. We feel for their gentle, kindly weaknesses that pity which is not akin to contempt, and we look tenderly even upon their faults. We see them through a halo of romance in which their actual, every-day lives have but a shadowy existence, and we recognize rather heroes of fiction than grave, historic characters.

Such a man was Frederick Chopin, Fascinating in his personality ; gifted in a remarkable degree with the outward graces that are so full of charm when a pure and earnest soul lies beneath them ; of winning temper, diffusing always the subtle fragrance of a rare and exquisite genius ; frail, delicate, spiritual, and withal so unfitted by the pervading ideality of his nature to deal with the stern facts of his brief and troubled life, — there is no artist, unless, perhaps, it be Mendelssohn, whom it is so difficult to see clearly and judge dispassionately.

And even Mendelssohn stands in a far more vivid light. He is better known, not only through his wider relations to the world, but through a finer gift of expression outside of his art. His letters give us a direct insight into his modes of thought and feeling, as well as into his daily habits and associations. He deals musically, too, with a class of subjects that reveal his moral tendencies and the complexion of his mind. Besides, Mendelssohn appeals in a very slight degree to our compassion. Favored beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, he seems also to be raised above human frailties and weaknesses. We can recall no single misfortune and no flagrant fault

in his life. There is nothing to forgive, nothing to be sorry for. Hence, surrounded as he is by the indescribable charm of his individuality and the dazzling gifts which nature and fortune united to shower upon him, crowned as he is with an aureole of purity that is almost saintly, he is still a man of defined aims and position, whom we can disentangle from the web of romance, and follow through all the windings of a career full of incident and rich in experience.

But Chopin's life presents no such tangible points. We see him through a dim twilight of mystery, that the efforts of critics have not tended greatly to dispel. The most complete biography we have of him is from the poetic pen of Franz Liszt, who is better qualified for the work than any one else, not only from his long and familiar acquaintance with Chopin, but from his own position as critic and artist, which renders any tribute from him of rare value. But he has judged him from a stand-point purely artistic, and has given us a subtle analysis of his genius and the workings of his inner life, rather than the portrait of a man with human interests and passions. There is something so singularly delicate and elusive in the figure he has summoned before us that we fear to touch it too rudely lest it vanish altogether. George Sand offers us a better insight into Chopin's every-day life ; but she has touched upon very few of the facts of his career, and upon his outward relations not at all. The same glamour of poetry still rests upon him, the same air of unreality still surrounds him, in spite of all that has been said and written, — I might say, heightened by all that has been said and written.

There was a lack of incident in his experience, and he had great reticence of character. He confided in no one. His nearest friends could only guess

the secrets of his soul. Nor was he inclined to express his opinions upon any subject outside of his art, although he was thrown into frequent social intercourse with the leading men of his time. He listened attentively, but talked little. A single channel of expression he had, and that was music; but it affords us no clew to what he thought or how he lived. Nor does it reflect any great social or intellectual traits by which we can measure the influences that were thrown round him, as in the case of most other masters. It deals only with the inner and exclusive world of feeling, which is as intangible as the perfume of a flower. But if it does not aid us at all in picturing the man in his relations to others, it throws a strong light upon the hidden springs of his own life. It reveals a character that was, at bottom, profoundly melancholy. You feel that some sorrow must lie behind that polished and finely toned exterior, and naturally seek a solution in his experience.

But he had no unusual share of material ills, no great and crushing grief, until near the close of his life. It is true, he was never rich, but he never struggled with poverty; besides, poverty in itself is not necessarily suffering. He pursued the vocation of teacher successfully for many years. No doubt, this was drudgery to one who was conscious of sacrificing the greater talent to the less; but it is a common fate, and he never complained. His health, too, was frail. His strength was not sufficient for the performance of great works, so that his fame was not equal to his merits. He had no hold upon the masses, who are swayed chiefly by strong personal magnetism, or a power that strikes and dazzles the senses. This he felt keenly. Home and country he had not, nor the love of wife and children. But if he missed the affection that his heart craved, he escaped also the care that would have fallen heavily upon his unworldly, unpractical nature.

Yet the tragedy of a man's fate de-

pends, not so much upon what is without, as upon what is within him, or a lack of harmony between the two. Happiness is the adjustment of circumstances to our own peculiar needs, and sympathy is often less demanded for what are called actual misfortunes than for the intangible sorrows that never strike the superficial eye at all. The real source of Chopin's sufferings lay in the pure ideality of his nature, which was always asking of the world what it could not give.

Born in Warsaw in 1810, the first twenty years of his life ran parallel with the last great struggle of Poland. He was cradled in an atmosphere of sorrow, with the knell of his country's freedom ringing forever in his ears. It is probable that his impressive nature took its tone from these early surroundings, and that the whole of his after life was more or less colored by them.

A frail and gentle child, much loved and tenderly reared by parents richer in culture and domestic virtues than in worldly goods, and liberally educated by the kindness of Prince Radziwill, who saw the rich promise of his wild and wayward genius; a dreamy, thoughtful youth of ideal beauty and refinement, moving in the courtly circles of Warsaw as if "to the manner born," drinking in the spirit of those scenes of sad splendor which masked in smiles the agony of breaking hearts, — scenes which his glowing imagination afterwards reproduced in forms so exquisite, in colors so brilliant and yet so tender, — this is about all we know of him until the Revolution of 1830 drove him from the home he was never to see again. There is a glimpse of an early attachment, — of a young girl whose heart he carried with him, and who, renouncing all other dreams of love, devoted her life to his parents. How deeply this may have affected him we cannot know; but, as he never returned to claim her when all obstacles were removed, it is quite probable that it was one of the transitory fancies that stir the surface of young hearts and leave no permanent trace.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was on a concert-tour of the German cities. Prevented from returning home, he passed some months in Vienna and Berlin, where he failed to produce much sensation, and then turned his steps towards London. Stopping in Paris for a brief visit, he was received so enthusiastically that his departure was deferred from time to time, until he finally decided to make his home there. Years afterwards he used laughingly to say, "Je ne suis ici qu'en passant."

It was an era in which literature and art blossomed afresh. But quiet tones and soft colors belonged to a society that was passing away. People who had waded through rivers of blood in pursuit of an ideal, who had grown used to the noise of revolution and the conflict of powerful passions, were not likely to settle back into the traditional channels of life and thought. Strong sensations were demanded; violent contrasts and striking effects alone could touch the restless and excitable Parisians. There was a rage for novelty, for stormy action, or gorgeous coloring, and poets, artists, dramatists, and novelists found their success in catering to it. Impossible ideals were sought, impracticable experiments were tried. And so the romantic school had its rise. If it was betrayed into excesses, it had an element of truth that has freshened and revived every form of thought.

The revolution in literature extended also to music. Berlioz, with a noble poetic enthusiasm, tried to invest it with impossible powers, to make it a vehicle of ideas as well as emotions. But while he was wasting his life in the effort to establish unpopular theories, Meyerbeer, who had what might be termed a genius for success, was studying how to make them popular. He had felt the pulse of public taste to good purpose when he served up that *mélange* of poetry, drama, dancing, and music, that medley of arts known as modern grand opera. Every resource was exhausted to produce an effect, and not

in vain. *Robert le Diable* was in the first flush of success, and its author was famous. Dramatic, sensuous, and brilliant, it mirrored all the salient points of French society. Meyerbeer was, musically, the representative man of the time.

It was in this whirlpool of life, in this transition period of his art, that Chopin found himself at the outset of his career. With its prevailing tone he could have had little sympathy. It was too rude, too chaotic, too demonstrative. It is true that he had embraced the new principles; but his nature was too gentle, his taste, formed in the severely classical school of Sebastian Bach, too far removed from anything forced or melodramatic to permit him to accept them fully. He was revolutionary only by virtue of his own genius, that refused to be imprisoned. "He despised the narrow fetters of the old form, the stiff symmetry of a bird-cage; but it was to soar like a lark into the air." All violence and excess were repulsive to him. Even Beethoven and Franz Schubert sometimes jarred upon his sensitive taste; he shrank from unveiling the secret agonies, the fierce passions, which they have laid bare. "Mozart was to him the ideal type of musical poetry,"—Mozart, who, of all artists, was most healthful and sunny.

But there was a spirit underlying this stormy, feverish period that found a quick response in his own heart,—the spirit of longing and unrest that prompts strong souls to great actions, and plunges weak ones into brooding melancholy; the spirit that lies at the root of revolutions; that inspires the poet and the artist, or, turned inward, wastes itself in idle dreams. It was a passionate reaching out after something undefined and shadowy, the unquiet craving of a life exhausted in a weary pursuit of ideals.

This spirit had overshadowed Chopin's childhood and youth. It was the dark heritage of his race, coloring all its legends of ancient glory, hanging like a cloud of impenetrable gloom

over the present, and heavy with prophecies of a darker fate yet to come. It had wrought itself into every fibre of his finely strung life. It breathed through every strain of his wild, ethereal music, and lent a subtle, melancholy charm to his playing. The *blasé* Parisians were touched by a genius so fresh, so pure, so free from the taint of worldliness and sensualism. An admiring circle gathered round the young artist. Alone and an exile, with the sad poetry of his race clinging to him, he was the object of a peculiarly sympathetic interest, and quickly became a favorite in the refined and exclusive *salons* of Paris, — a position which he held to the end of his life.

Chopin was at that time about twenty-two years of age, — small, delicate, and graceful, with a pale face, fair hair, and blue eyes, which were rather melancholy than passionate. His forehead was broad and thoughtful. There was a shade of pride and *hauteur* in the slightly curved nose, but gentleness and sensibility in the flexible lines of the finely chiselled mouth. Liszt says that "his whole appearance reminded you of the plant convolvulus, which, on an incredibly slender stem, rocks to and fro its superbly colored chalices, which are so airy in texture that the least touch tears them in pieces." So De Quincey says of Shelley, that he "looked like an elegant, slender flower whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain." But delicate as Chopin was, almost femininely so, a dignity of manner, and his singular reticence in all matters pertaining to himself, relieved him from any suspicion of sentimentality.

It was in 1836, in the literary and musical *salon* of the charming Countess d'Agoult, that he first met the celebrated woman whose influence over his character and destiny was probably greater than that of any other person; who fathomed the closely kept secret of his inner life, and gathered to herself all that was deepest and most sacred in his heart. George Sand occupied at that time much the same position towards

the leading spirits of the age that her gifted sister had occupied during the troubled days that followed the first Revolution. With less profound philosophy, less calm insight, and less faith than Madame de Staël, the author of *Lelia* was keener, more penetrating, and more essentially an artist. Both entered into the great social and political questions of the day; both wielded an immense power; both were enthusiastic, sympathetic, and spontaneous. But the experience of Madame Dudevant had been less fortunate. Having at an early age contracted a *mariage de convenance*, and finding the yoke grow too galling as the years passed, she had boldly shaken it off, and in so doing had freed herself from all forms that were purely conventional. In spite of the prejudice raised by her liberal opinions and independent life, she became the centre of the most brilliant circle of Paris. Into this circle Chopin drifted. Notwithstanding his dislike of literary women, he was forced to recognize the fascination of a spirit so strong and self-reliant, so brilliant and so gifted, but withal so tender and so genial. Henceforth she was the guiding star of his life.

In the autumn of 1837 Madame Dudevant went to the Isle of Majorca for the health of her son Maurice. Chopin was suffering severely from a disease of the lungs, to which he was a victim for so many years. Hoping to find relief from the mild air of the Mediterranean, he accompanied her. They found lodgings in a ruined Carthusian convent in a lonely and secluded part of the island. "It is the most beautiful spot I have ever lived in," writes Madame Dudevant, "and one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. La Chartreuse is so picturesque under its festoons of ivy, the flowers grow so luxuriantly in the valley, the mountain air is so pure, and the sea so blue in the horizon!"

The picture is a poetic one: a man, lonely, and an artist; a woman who is an artist too, and in whose tender eye he reads the secrets of his own soul;

a quiet spot of rarest beauty, from which the glare and din of the great world is forever shut out; soft breezes, heavy with the perfume of orange groves, the far-off, dreamy music of the sea, the simple life with its pleasant details, the mornings of busy work, the evening rambles among the ivy-hung cloisters: — such is the elysium of many a poet's dream. But the artist was fastidious and an invalid. He missed his wonted luxuries and refinements. The rude peasants shocked and repelled him. Even the moss-grown ruins suggested ghostly legends of his native land. He caught only the melancholy aspect of things. "The plaintive cry of the eagle starving upon the rocks, the bitter sighing of the breeze," impressed him more deeply than the beauties that made the isle an enchanted spot to his companion of more cheerful temper. "Myself and my children excepted," she writes, "everything was antipathetic and repulsive under the sky of Spain." It was not until time had thrown a rosy veil over the details of this period, and its joys shone out brightly through after-clouds of sorrow, that he spoke of it as condensing the "happiness of a lifetime," and "without any hope that it could ever be possible to find a like blessedness on earth."

Some of his most beautiful compositions were written here; but we can scarcely imagine them the inspirations of love and happiness; nor do they suggest the cool freshness of nature, the "hours of sunshine and health, the laughter of children under the window, the far-off tinkling of guitars, the song of birds under the dewy leaves, the pale roses blossoming upon the snow." They are sad pictures, all of them, — small, but exquisitely finished. The outlines are delicate and graceful, the tints rare and fine, the background soft and dreamy, as if veiled forever by a "mist of tears." But the key-note we must seek in his own character and organization. The very traits that were so fatal to his happiness as a man, — excessive ideality, and a susceptibility

in which there was something morbid and overwrought, — gave a distinctive tone to his genius. He was forever grasping at impossibilities. He demanded beauty without flaw, appreciation without reserve, love without limit. He thirsted for perfection. Hence he was doomed to perpetual disappointment. A careless look or word chilled him; a petty care pained him; a trifle disenchanting him; a fault offended him. Nor could he take refuge in action as a stronger nature might have done. He simply endured silently and passively. This keenness of sensibility, heightened as it was by disease, became a moral malady. "His spirit was flayed alive. The fold of a rose-leaf, the shadow of a fly, made him bleed."

The extent to which he was a victim to exaggerated feeling, that took no counsel of reason, is strikingly illustrated in an incident related by Madame Dudevant. She had left him for the day to go to Parma, and, violent rains having fallen, she was detained until a late hour at night, and then reached home through serious perils. She found the invalid pale and cold with terror and anxiety. "He was indeed alive," she says, "but congealed in a sort of tranquil despair, and tearfully playing his admirable prelude. Seeing us enter, he arose, uttered a loud cry, then said, with a bewildered air and in a strange voice, 'O, I well knew that you were dead.' When he had recovered his senses, and saw the state we were in, he was sick with the retrospective view of our dangers. He confessed to me afterwards, that, while awaiting us, he had seen it all in a dream, and that, no longer distinguishing dreams from reality, he had grown calm and unconscious as he played upon the piano, persuaded that he was dead also. He saw himself drowned in a lake. Drops of water, heavy and icy, fell in measured time upon his breast. His composition that evening was full of the drops of rain that resounded upon the tiles of La Chartreuse; but they were translated in his

imagination and in his song by tears falling from heaven upon his heart."

In this morbid intensity of organization he resembled the poet Keats, as well as in the fragility of his constitution and the peculiar sorrows that entered into his life. It was the misfortune of both to be painfully self-conscious. But Keats was more spontaneous and demonstrative. The world knew how loftily he aspired, how deeply he loved, how hard he struggled, and how bitterly he was disappointed. Chopin combined with the same excess of sensibility a rare pride and self-command. Whatever wounds rankled within, they were concealed behind the polished indifference of a man of the world. There was something heroic in this stern self-repression,—when we consider how much it must have cost him,—that redeems his character from all charge of weakness. But his life burned out none the less surely because the fires were hidden; not so rapidly as that of Keats, perhaps, for he was not so eager and impulsive. Nor had he the compensations that Keats had. He was not so intoxicated with simple existence, not so passionately in love with sensuous beauty; he could not revel so fully in the outward aspects of nature, in the glowing, voluptuous effects of light and color. He caught, rather, their inner meaning.

In this respect, as well as in the essence of his character, he had more affinity with Shelley, like whom he was serious, earnest, and introspective, deeply tinged with the mysticism that belongs to all spiritual natures. There was the same "passion for perfection" in both, the same fine and subtle thought. Shelley almost steps into the province of music sometimes, so delicate and ethereal is his expression. Both are often reproached for obscurity of style; and in both this was the result of an intensity of feeling and conception that could find no adequate language. This is more especially true of the artist's later works, when sickness and sorrow had rendered him doubly morbid.

But Chopin had none of the combativeness that belonged to Shelley's more complex character. He opposed no one, attempted no changes, sought no discussions. As has been said in effect before, the tragedy of his life lay in an absorbing ideality and an excessive sensibility, unbalanced by active mental discipline and practical interests. His spirit was driven to feed upon itself,—a fate not uncommon among musical artists, whose work lies in an atmosphere as full of danger as it is of fascination.

The nature that we find revealed in Chopin's music was a nature full of caprices and inconsistencies, proud, tender, fitful, melancholy, passionate, and pure. Everything he has written bears more or less the stamp of his own individuality. His gayest strains imprison some secret sorrow, his saddest thrill with a grief too deep for tears; but it is always veiled from a too curious gaze,—suggested, never quite disclosed. There is something akin to himself, too, in the easy perfection of his style; in the blending of Southern grace and *esprit* with shy, Northern tenderness; in the airy setting he often gives to his gloomy fancies. A sparkling *floritura* suddenly falls like a flash of sunshine upon some melancholy thought, leaving it only darker by the contrast. A trace of his descent appears in this; for his father was French, although his mother was a Pole. Had not this double nationality something to do with the eternal conflict in his nature, the restless cravings that had no realization in fact, because he had no unity of aim and action? Does it give us no clew to those tremulous shades of feeling, those subtle inner experiences, which he has portrayed as no other artist has ever done? Beethoven had more strength, Mozart more simplicity, Schumann more passion, Mendelssohn more calmness; but Chopin was infinitely finer and more spiritual than any of these. Artist and man are one: we cannot separate them.

After his return from Majorca his

health still continued feeble, and his lodgings were lonely and cheerless; he missed greatly the daily care and attention to which he had become accustomed. Seeing how deeply he felt the change, Madame Dudevant at last consented to receive him into her family, where he was domesticated for several years. He spent the summer at her country residence, where his writing was chiefly done. He composed with facility, but finished with great care and labor. So severe was he with himself, so difficult to satisfy, that he would sometimes spend six weeks upon a single page, and return, after all, to his first inspiration.

But the country was distasteful to him. He loved Paris. Here he could always find both excitement and relaxation, either in the thoughtful, cultivated circle that gathered round George Sand, or in the more elegant and fashionable *salons* where he was always sure of a ready welcome. He was peculiarly susceptible to the charms of society as it existed for him in intimate and exclusive coteries. It was here that his genius shone out in its fullest splendor. "I am not made to give concerts," he says; "the public makes me feel low-spirited. I feel myself, as it were, stifled by its breath, embarrassed by its curious gaze, and dumb before all those strange faces." But, surrounded by the elegances of the *salon*, inspired by the sympathy of friendly listeners and by glances of bright eyes, he gave full play to his errant fancies, sometimes improvising the wildest, saddest melodies with a feeling that made them weep, sometimes picturing strange, odd types of character with a vividness that was irresistible. He had a delicate vein of humor that made him an agreeable companion when he chose to throw off his habitual reserve. The easy address with which he could repel an intrusion by a touch of satire is amusingly illustrated by his reply to an inconsiderate host who, wishing to entertain his guests, pressed him to play very soon after dinner. "Ah, monsieur," quietly suggested the artist, "I've

eaten so little." He was readily captivated by the charms of a beautiful face or winning manner; but his variable fancy floated from one to another with an ease and rapidity that were fatal to all permanent affections. Fascinated one moment, he was coldly disenchanted the next. At one time he had serious thoughts of marrying a young Parisian lady; but he happened to call one evening with a friend who was asked to be seated first. He left very soon, and never called again.

The one absolute sentiment of his life was undoubtedly his attachment to Madame Dudevant. For eight years she watched over him in illness with unwearying care, comprehended his genius, understood his caprices, sympathized with his sorrows, and sustained him by a strength foreign to his own. He had no immediate ties, and every fibre of his nature twined itself about this brilliant but tender-hearted woman. A species of emotional epicurism, not uncommon to temperaments like his, might lead him to toy with feeling elsewhere, to enliven the moment; but every other sentiment was quickly forgotten in this one cup of intoxication, so perilous, yet so full of charm.

When Chopin and Madame Dudevant first met, he was twenty-six and she was thirty-two. Both were artists in their respective spheres, but outside of art they differed widely in pursuits, tastes, and opinions. They were unlike, too, in character. She was revolutionary by instinct and democratic from conviction: he was, by nature and habit, conservative and exclusive. Her religion was one of reason: his was one of faith. Her keen and penetrating intellect busied itself with every problem of life and thought: his was bounded by the narrow circle of his own immediate pursuits and interests. Her heart went out in many channels; at the same time there was something fiery and intense in her nature, — a capacity for concentrated passion that carried within itself the elements of its own dissolution; she gauged its objects too soon, and exhausted them; she

saw too far through her own illusions ; she had already lived, suffered, and been disenchanted : his was the narrower heart that centres "all sympathies in one." "Others seek happiness in their affections," writes one of his critics ; "when they no longer find it there, the affections themselves gradually disappear. So it is with almost all ; but he loved for love's sake. No suffering could turn him from it. His love could pass, after the intoxication of delight, into the phase of sorrow ; but grow cold it could not. The moment of becoming cold would have been the ceasing of the heart to beat ; for his love had become his life."

Madame Dudevant had foreseen a possible danger to both, and gravely considered it before admitting him into her family, but finally accepted this friendship, and the duties it involved towards the invalid, as "a protection against emotions she no longer wished to experience." A veil of impenetrable silence is happily drawn over the inner tumults and agitations of those years.

But the inevitable rupture came at last. There was ill-feeling between Chopin and other members of her family. He was too imperious and exacting. Maurice threatened to leave them. The mother sided with her son. "I felt a sort of maternal adoration for the artist," she writes, "very deep, very true, but which could not struggle for a moment against love for one's offspring." This was too much for Chopin. He turned away, saying that she loved him no longer. "We never exchanged a word of reproach," she adds, "but once, — alas ! the first time and the last. An affection so elevated ought to break, and not wear itself out in conflicts unworthy of it." They met once more. She extended her hand, and would have spoken, but he proudly and sorrowfully left her. The wound was past healing.

Chopin lived but two years longer, — two years of restless melancholy and unavailing regrets, combined with keen physical suffering that often rendered all exertion impossible. Long

and weary days, followed by feverish and sleepless nights haunted by ghostly visions of death, and the future which was a dim terror to him, — such was his existence.

At the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 he went to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm. As if wishing to drown memory and thought, he plunged into the excitements of London life with reckless disregard of health and strength. Night after night, in spite of weariness and exhaustion, he played in the select circles of the nobility, who seemed to vie with each other in doing him honor. He made a brief visit to Edinburgh, but the cold and misty Scotch air did not agree with him. He grew rapidly worse. Returning to London, he played for the last time at a concert for the Poles, then hastened back to Paris. His strength was broken, and neither love nor care could longer avail. He died in the fall of 1849, and was buried, at his own request, in the churchyard of Père la Chaise, between Bellini and Cherubini, both of whom he had known and loved. Mozart's Requiem was sung at his funeral, as he wished, and his own wild and mournful Funeral March was for the first time arranged for an orchestra and played.

Many friends were with him in his last hours. Among others was the graceful and gifted Countess Delphine Potocka, who stood by his bedside and sang the celebrated Prayer that saved Stradella his life. "How beautiful ! O my God, how beautiful !" exclaimed the dying artist. "Once more, once more !" His sister, too, was there, and Gutman, his favorite and most gifted pupil. But she whom he loved to the end was not there.

While he lived, Chopin was not widely known. It was his misfortune, in common with all poets and artists who strike no dominant vein. He could not write for the multitude any more than Shelley could, for he appealed neither to men's senses nor men's passions. He never attempted anything epic or dramatic, never produced an

opera or an oratorio, or any work of great breadth of design. He had some thoughts of composing a national opera, but they were never carried into execution; indeed it is a matter of great doubt whether he could ever have succeeded as a dramatic composer. He could not sufficiently comprehend passion as it existed in other minds. He could not forget himself. The world gave back a reflection of his own inner experiences. His genius was essentially lyrical, and his fame rests principally upon his short compositions, — his *Études*, *Waltzes*, *Polonaises*, *Mazurkas*, and *Nocturnes*. These have a purely national coloring, and mirror a peculiar civilization; but they lack the elements that would make them household words. He could not picture feeling in its fresh and simple phases as Burns did, as Béranger did, as Mozart did, as all popular poets and artists have done. "He leads us into a region full of melancholy and mystery," says one of his critics; "but we cannot remain there long; we experience a feeling of suffocation, we gasp for air." His audience is found among the chosen few who have penetrated deeply into the mysteries of existence and felt, in all their sad significance, those expressive words of Bossuet,

"At the bottom of everything one finds emptiness and nothingness."

Another reason why his works can never become universally popular lies in the extreme difficulty of playing them well. There was a delicate individuality about his own rendering that defies all successful imitation. It requires a poetic sense as fine, swift, and penetrating as his own.

As a man, too, he stands alone. We cannot judge him by the influence he exerted upon other lives, for his qualities were not of a kind that leave active traces. He was not a hero, perhaps. Of such stuff heroes, in a worldly sense, are not made. Nor was he a saint. He had none of the sublime self-renunciation that even more than strength commands our admiration. He struck no great current of thought, and marked no prominent era in history. He was simply a man of many faults and many weaknesses, with a vitality in his genius and a flavor of poetry in his character that the world will not let die. But his faults were only negative, and his weaknesses almost virtues. He stands outlined against the dark background of French sensualism, — a frail figure, clothed in white purity, and invested with a certain sanctity of martyrdom.

Amanda R. Gere.

ON LEUCADIA WHEN SAPPHO WAS YOUNG.

SIDE by side through the cypress grove,
Treading the shadow, treading the light,
A pale youth, holocaust of Love,
And a broad-browed girl, through the moonlit night,
Paced slow, their dark fate darkening each face,
To the cliff and the sea and the destined place.

Of him fame's pitiless page is mute;
Nameless he loved, and nameless died,
Falling to earth as untimely fruit.
For him the mighty bosom wide
That nourisheth man, of milk was dry,
And the heavens as brass to the soul's great cry.

But of her the later age is filled,
As a flower-filled room, with the fragrant fame.
No leaf have the thousand winters killed
Of the lustrous laurel wreathed with her name :
First of the women whose song is as fire,
Doom-gifted priestess of Death and Desire.

But the pulse of the fawn-like frame not yet,
As in the devouring time to come,
To the rhythm of wasting passion was set,
And the depths of the virginal eyes were dumb, —
Strangers as yet to the aches and fears
That fevered their light in the riper years.

And the lost Youth gazed from the cliff o'er the sea,
And gazed in the depths of the girl's dark eyes.
"Both depths are the depths of death for me,"
Said his voiceless heart by grief made wise.
And the silence held them awhile ere they spake,
As the heavens are hushed ere the storm-clouds break.

"Wherefore," she cried, "ah ! wherefore again ?
Have not denying lips once spoken ?
When heart is dumb unto heart, should the brain
Seek from the brain for a sign or a token ?
The thread of girl's love is as fate's own thread,
And the lips unloved are as lips of the dead.

"But the grave of such dead is rich with flowers
That spring from the still, unmurmuring breast,
Which our memory waters with tender showers ;
And a sweet second good, if not the best,
May yet on the silent faithful attend :
Die to me, lover, but live to me, friend.

"Lest scorn" — but the stream of her speech froze here
At the stare of his wan and wintry face,
And his gesture of hand all wasted and sere,
Imperious with passion, pathetic with grace ;
And his brow flushed o'er with a brief disdain,
Ere words came, like blood from the open vein : —

"To paltering heart and twilight soul,
Content, brute-like, with crumbs from the board,
Preach mutilate life instead of whole ;
But lover and warrior wear the sword,
Not for half-mercy in hour of defeat,
But for bay-crowned head and a deed complete.

"In field of battle and field of love,
Not less than his life takes man in his hand ;
And the bright, stern gods with their smiles approve
The blood that is rather spilled in the sand

Than suffered, by him who hath failed in the strife,
To curdle at heart of his broken life.

"Not of thy water, if not of thy wine,
Shall my lips, though parched with the death-thirst, drink;
Not in thy courts, if not at thy shrine;
If not in the depths, then not at the brink;
Nor shall my mendicant hand to thy wealth
Stretch itself forth with the glance of stealth.

"For the great soul feasts with Love in the vale,
Or starves on the height where the world spreads wide;
And bides not the narrowing hours and pale,
The fragments of joy, and the perished pride
Of the life not mingled, yet not set apart,—
The half-dead throbs of the outcast heart.

"Make a dirge for me, then, with thy deep, subtle tones,
And feed with my ruin the song of thy breast.
Bid thy lyre, like the god's, give feet to the stones,
For a tomb where my wandering ghost may have rest;
While men say, to last ebb of Time's dreadful tide,
'Great was great Sappho for whom lovers died!'

"But write me no date and name me no name,
Lest my shade know old pangs in its bloodless veins.
Clasped not to thy breast, link me not with thy fame,
As an alms to the ghost for the wrecked life's pains.
Be he, who perished by thee unblest,
Evermore, by the unloving world, unguessed.

"O heart all flame! O loved and lost!
Girl-goddess of song for whom I die!
How will thy soul yet be tempest-tossed
When the whirlwind of love's rushing wing goes by!
How shall I comfort thee, how shall I save,
As I moulder beneath the salt, salt wave?

"Where wilt thou find me, where shall I find thee,
When thy heart-strings break like mine with despair?
Will the fate of my life be a fate to bind thee?
To wait, and to take thee at last in the snare?
What answer of Fate to the voice of the dust?
Die silent. The silent gods are just!"

Then he bent on the girl a fixed, dark smile
From eyes brim-filled with the rapture of death;
And his face yearned earthward and skyward awhile
With deep, strong gasps of the latest breath;
Then he bowed his head to the seaward gloom,
And sprang far forth from the cliff to his doom.

Alfred H. Louis.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

VII.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WITH the two young people whose days now lapsed away together, it could not be said that Monday varied much from Tuesday, or ten o'clock from half past three; they were not always certain what day of the week it was, and sometimes they fancied that a thing which happened in the morning had taken place yesterday afternoon.

But whatever it was, and however uncertain in time and character their slight adventure was to themselves, Mrs. Ellison secured all possible knowledge of it from Kitty. Since it was her misfortune that promoted it, she considered herself a martyr to Kitty's acquaintance with Mr. Arbuton, and believed that she had the best claim to any gossip that could come of it. She lounged upon her sofa, and listened with a patience superior to the maiden caprice with which her inquisition was sometimes met; for if that delayed her satisfaction it also employed her arts, and the final triumph of getting everything out of Kitty afforded her a delicate self-flattery. But commonly the young girl was ready enough to speak, for she was glad to have the light of a worldlier mind and a greater experience than her own on Mr. Arbuton's character: if Mrs. Ellison was not the wisest head, still talking him over was at least a relief from thinking him over; and then, at the end of the ends, when were ever two women averse to talk of a man?

She commonly sought Fanny's sofa when she returned from her rambles through the city, and gave a sufficiently strict account of what had happened. This was done light-heartedly and with touches of burlesque and extravagance at first; but the reports grew presently to have a more serious tone, and latterly Kitty had been so absent at

times that she would fall into a puzzled silence in the midst of her narration; or else she would meet a long procession of skillfully marshalled questions with a flippancy that no one but a martyr could have suffered. But Mrs. Ellison bore all and would have borne much more in that cause. Baffled at one point, she turned to another, and the sum of her researches was often a clearer perception of Kitty's state of mind than the young girl herself possessed. For her, indeed, the whole affair was full of mystery and misgiving.

"Our acquaintance has the charm of novelty every time we meet," she said once, when pressed hard by Mrs. Ellison. "We are growing better strangers, Mr. Arbuton and I. By and by, some morning, we shall not know each other by sight. I can barely recognize him now, though I thought I knew him pretty well once. I want you to understand that I speak as an unbiassed spectator, Fanny."

"O Kitty! how can you accuse me of trying to pry into your affairs!" cries injured Mrs. Ellison, and settles herself in a more comfortable posture for listening.

"I don't accuse you of anything. I'm sure you've a right to know everything about me. Only, I want you really to know."

"Yes, dear," says the matron, with hypocritical meekness.

"Well," resumes Kitty, "there are things that puzzle me more and more about him,—things that I used to laugh about at first, because I did n't actually believe that they could be, and that I felt like defying afterwards. But now I can't bear up against them. They frighten me, and seem to deny me the right to be what I know I am."

"I don't understand you, Kitty."

"Why, you know how it is with us at home, and how Uncle Jack has brought us up. We never had a rule

for anything except to do what was right, and to be careful of the rights of others."

"Well."

"Well, Mr. Arbuton seems to have lived in a world where everything is regulated by some rigid law that it would be death to break. Then, you know, at home we are always talking about people, and discussing them; but we always talk of each person for what he is in himself, and I've always thought a person could refine himself if he tried, and was sincere, and not conceited. But *he* seems to judge people according to their origin and calling, and to believe that all refinement must come from a certain training in a certain set of circumstances. Sometimes, I feel like gasping for breath, and the whole world turns stiff and wooden. He does n't appear to dream that anything different can be. Without knowing it he tramples upon all that I've been taught to believe; and though I cling the closer to my idols, I can't help, now and then, trying myself by his criterions; and then I find myself wanting in every civilized trait, and my whole life coarse and poor, and all my associations hopelessly degraded. I think his ideas are hard and narrow, and I believe that even my little experience of life would prove them false; but then, they are his, and I don't know how to reconcile them with what I know is good in him."

Kitty spoke with half-averted face where she sat beside one of the front windows, looking absently out on the distant line of violet hills beyond Charlesbourg, and now and then lifting her glove from her lap and letting it drop again.

"Kitty," said Mrs. Ellison in reply to her difficulties, "you ought n't to sit against a light like that. It makes your profile quite black to any one back in the room."

"O well, Fanny, you know I'm not black in reality."

"Yes, but a young lady ought always to think how she is looking. Suppose some one was to come in."

"Dick's the only one likely to come in just now, and he would n't mind it. But if you like it better, I'll come and sit by you," said Kitty, and took her place beside the sofa.

Her hat was in her hand, her sack on her arm; the fatigue of a recent walk expressed itself in a soft pallor, and languor of face and attitude. Mrs. Ellison admired her pretty looks with a generous regret that they should be wasted on herself, and then asked, "Where were you this afternoon?"

"O, we went to the Hotel Dieu, for one thing, and afterwards we looked into the court-yard of the convent; and there another of his pleasant little traits came out, — a way he has of always putting you in the wrong even when it's a matter of no consequence any way, and there need n't be any right or wrong about it. I remembered the place because Mrs. March, you know, showed us a rose that one of the nuns in the hospital gave her, and I tried to tell Mr. Arbuton about it, and he graciously took it as if poor Mrs. March had made an advance towards his acquaintance. I do wish you could see what a lovely place that court-yard is, Fanny. It's so strange that such a thing should be right there, in the heart of this crowded city; but there it was, with its peasant cottage on one side, and its long, low barns on the other, and those wide-horned Canadian cows munching at the racks of hay outside, and pigeons and chickens all about among their feet . . ."

"Yes, yes; never mind all that, Kitty. You know I hate nature. Go on about Mr. Arbuton," said Mrs. Ellison, who did not mean a sarcasm.

"It looked like a farm-yard in a picture, far out in the country somewhere," resumed Kitty; "and Mr. Arbuton did it the honor to say it was just like Normandy."

"Kitty!"

"He did, indeed, Fanny; and the cows did n't go down on their knees out of gratitude, either. Well, off on the right were the hospital buildings climbing up, you know, with their stone

walls and steep roofs, and windows dropped about over them, like our convent here; and there was an artist, there, sketching it all; he had such a brown, pleasant face, with a little black mustache and imperial, and such gay black eyes that nobody could help falling in love with him; and he was talking in such a free-and-easy way with the lazy workmen and women overlooking him. He jotted down a little image of the Virgin in a niche on the wall, and one of the people called out, — Mr. Arbuton was translating, — ‘Look there! with one touch he’s made our Blessed Lady.’ ‘O,’ says the painter, ‘that’s nothing; with three touches I can make the entire Holy Family.’ And they all laughed; and the little joke, you know, won my heart, — I don’t hear many jokes from Mr. Arbuton; — and so I said what a blessed life a painter’s must be, for it would give you a right to be a vagrant, and you could wander through the world, seeing everything that was lovely and funny, and nobody could blame you; and I wondered everybody who had the chance did n’t learn to sketch. Mr. Arbuton took it seriously, and said people had to have something more than the chance to learn before they could sketch, and that most of them were an affliction with their sketch-books, and he had seen too much of the sad effects of drawing from casts. And he put me in the wrong, as he always does. Don’t you see? I did n’t want to learn drawing; I wanted to be a painter, and go about sketching beautiful old convents, and sit on camp-stools on pleasant afternoons, and joke with people. Of course, he could n’t see that. But I know the artist could. O Fanny, if it had only been the painter whose arm I took that first day on the boat, instead of Mr. Arbuton! But the worst of it is, he is making a hypocrite of me, and a cowardly, unnatural girl. I wanted to go nearer and look at the painter’s sketch; but I was ashamed to say I’d never seen a real artist’s sketch before, and I’m getting to be ashamed, or to seem ashamed, of a great many

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innocent things. He has a way of not seeming to think it possible that any one he associates with can differ from him. And I do differ from him. I differ from him as much as my whole past life differs from his; I know I’m just the kind of production that he disapproves of, and that I’m altogether irregular and unauthorized and unjustifiable; and though it’s funny to have him talking to me as if I must have the sympathy of a rich girl with his ideas, it’s provoking, too, and it’s very bad for me. Up to the present moment, Fanny, if you want to know, that’s the principal effect of Mr. Arbuton on me. I’m being gradually snubbed and scared into treasons, stratagems, and spoils.”

Mrs. Ellison did not find all this so very grievous, for she was one of those women who like a snub from the superior sex, if it does not involve a slight to their beauty or their power of pleasing. But she thought it best not to enter into the question, and merely said, “But surely, Kitty, there are a great many things in Mr. Arbuton that you must respect.”

“Respect? O, yes, indeed! But respect is n’t just the thing for one who seems to consider himself sacred. Say *revere*, Fanny; say *revere*!”

Kitty had risen from her chair, but Mrs. Ellison waved her again to her seat with an imploring gesture. “Don’t go, Kitty; I’m not half done with you yet. You *must* tell me something more. You’ve stirred me up so, now. I know you don’t always have such disagreeable times. You’ve often come home quite gay. What do you generally find to talk about? Do tell me some particulars for once.”

“Why, little topics come up, you know. But sometimes we don’t talk at all, because I don’t like to say what I think or feel, for fear I should be thinking or feeling something vulgar. Mr. Arbuton is rather a blight upon conversation in that way. He makes you doubtful whether there is n’t something a little common in breathing and the circulation of the blood, and wheth-

er it would n't be true refinement to stop them."

"Stuff, Kitty! He's very cultivated, is n't he? Don't you talk about books? He's read everything, I suppose."

"O yes, he's read enough."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Only sometimes it seems to me as if he had n't read because he loved it, but because he thought it due to himself. But maybe I'm mistaken. I could imagine a delicate poem shutting up half its sweetness from his cold, cold scrutiny,—if you'll excuse the floweriness of the idea."

"Why, Kitty! don't you think he's refined? I'm sure, I think he's a very refined person."

"He's a very elaborated person. But I don't think it would make much difference to him what our opinion of him was. His own good opinion would be quite enough."

"Is he—is he—always agreeable?"

"I thought we were discussing his mind, Fanny. I don't know that I feel like enlarging upon his manners," said Kitty, slyly.

"But surely, Kitty," said the matron, with an air of argument, "there's some connection between his mind and his manners."

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't think there's much between his heart and his manners. They seem to have been put into him instead of having come out of him. He's very well trained, and nine times out of ten he's so exquisitely polite that it's wonderful; but the tenth time he may say something so rude that you can't believe it."

"Then you like him nine times out of ten."

"I did n't say that. But for the tenth time, it's certain, his training does n't hold out, and he seems to have nothing natural to fall back upon. But you can believe that, if he knew he'd been disagreeable, he'd be sorry for it."

"Why, then, Kitty, how can you say that there's no connection between his heart and manners? This very

thing proves that they come from his heart. Don't be illogical, Kitty," said Mrs. Ellison, and her nerves added, *sotto voce*, "if you are so abominably provoking!"

"O," responded the young girl, with the kind of laugh that meant it was, after all, not such a laughing matter, "I did n't say he'd be sorry for you! Perhaps he would; but he'd be certain to be sorry for himself. It's with his politeness as it is with his reading; he seems to consider it something that's due to himself as a gentleman to treat people well; and it is n't at all as if he cared for them. He would n't like to fail in such a point."

"But, Kitty, is n't that to his credit?"

"Maybe. I don't say. If I knew more about the world, perhaps I should admire it. But now, you see,"—and here Kitty's laugh grew more natural, and she gave a subtle caricature of Mr. Arbuton's air and tone as she spoke,— "I can't help feeling that it's a little—vulgar."

Mrs. Ellison could not quite make out how much Kitty really meant of what she had said. She gasped once or twice for argument; then she sat up, and beat the sofa-pillows vengefully in composing herself anew, and finally, "Well, Kitty, I'm sure I don't know what to make of it all," she said with a sigh.

"Why, we're not obliged to make anything of it, Fanny, there's that comfort," replied Kitty; and thereupon there was a silence, while she brooded over the whole affair of her acquaintance with Mr. Arbuton, which this talk had failed to set in a more pleasant or hopeful light. It had begun like a romance; she had pleased her fancy, if not her heart, with the poetry of it; but at last she felt exiled and strange in his presence. She had no right to a different result, even through any deep feeling in the matter; but while she owned, with her half-sad, half-comical consciousness, that she had been tacitly claiming and expecting too much, she softly pitied herself, with a kind of

impersonal compassion, as if it were some other girl whose pretty dream had been broken. Its ruin involved the loss of another ideal; for she was aware that there had been gradually rising in her mind an image of Boston, different alike from the holy place of her childhood, the sacred city of the antislavery heroes and martyrs, and from the jesting, easy, sympathetic Boston of Mr. and Mrs. March. This new Boston with which Mr. Arbuton inspired her was a Boston of mysterious prejudices and lofty reservations; a Boston of high and difficult tastes, that found its social ideal in the Old World, and that shrank from contact with the reality of this; a Boston as alien as Europe to her simple experiences, and that seemed to be proud only of the things that were unlike other American things; a Boston that would rather perish by fire and sword than be suspected of vulgarity; a critical, fastidious, and reluctant Boston, dissatisfied with the rest of the hemisphere, and gelidly self-satisfied in so far as it was not in the least the Boston of her fond preconceptions. It was, doubtless, no more the real Boston we know and love, than either of the others; and it perplexed her more than it need, even if it had not been mere phantasm. It made her suspicious of Mr. Arbuton's behavior towards her, and observant of little things that might very well have otherwise escaped her. The bantering humor, the light-hearted trust and self-reliance with which she had once met him deserted her, and only returned fitfully when some accident called her out of herself, and made her forget the differences that she now too plainly saw in their ways of thinking and feeling. It was a greater and greater effort to place herself in sympathy with him; she relaxed into a languid self-contempt, as if she had been playing a part, when she succeeded. "Sometimes, Fanny," she said, now, after a long pause, speaking in behalf of that other girl she had been thinking of, "it seems to me as if Mr. Arbuton were

all gloves and slim umbrella,—the mere husk of well-dressed culture and good manners. His looks *do* promise everything; but O dear me! I should be sorry for any one that was in love with him. Just imagine some frank, happy girl meeting with such a man, and taking a fancy to him, and trying to make something out of him! I suppose she never would believe but that he must somehow be what she thought him, and she would go down to her grave thinking that she had failed to understand him. What a curious story it would make!"

"Then, why don't you write it, Kitty?" asked Mrs. Ellison. "No one could do it better."

Kitty flushed quickly; then she smiled: "O, I don't think I could do it at all. It would n't be a very easy story to work out. Perhaps he might never do anything positively disagreeable enough to make anybody condemn him. The only way you could show his character would be to have her do and say hateful things to him, when she could n't help it, and then repent of it, while he was impassively perfect through everything. And perhaps, after all, he might be regarded by some stupid people as the injured one. Well, Mr. Arbuton has been very polite to us, I'm sure, Fanny," she said after another pause, as she rose from her chair, "and maybe I'm unjust to him. I beg his pardon of you, and I wish," she added with a dull disappointment quite her own, and a pang of surprise at words that seemed to utter themselves, "that he would go away."

"Why, Kitty, I'm shocked," said Mrs. Ellison, rising from her cushions.

"Yes; so am I, Fanny."

"Are you really tired of him, then?"

Kitty did not answer, but turned away her face a little, where she stood beside the chair in which she had been sitting.

Mrs. Ellison put out her hand towards her. "Kitty, come here," she said with imperious tenderness.

"No, I won't, Fanny," answered the young girl, in a trembling voice. She

raised the glove that she had been nervously swinging back and forth, and bit hard upon the button of it. "I don't know whether I'm tired of *him*,—though he is n't a person to rest one a great deal,—but I'm tired of *it*. I'm perplexed and troubled the whole time, and I don't see any end to it. Yes, I wish he would go away! Yes, he *is* tiresome. What is he staying here for? He thinks himself so much better than all of us, that I wonder he troubles himself with our company. It's quite time for him to go. No, Fanny, no," cried Kitty with a little broken laugh, still rejecting the outstretched hand, "I'll be flat in private, if you please." And dashing her hand across her eyes, she flitted out of the room. At the door she turned and said, "You needn't think it's what you think it is, Fanny."

"No indeed, dear; you're just overwrought."

"For I really wish he'd go."

But it was on this very day that Mr. Arbuton found it harder than ever to renew his resolution of quitting Quebec, and cutting short at once his acquaintance with these people. He had been pledging himself to this in some form every day, and every morrow had melted his resolution away. Whatever was his opinion of Colonel and Mrs. Ellison, it is certain that, if he considered Kitty merely in relation to the present, he could not have said how, by being different, she could have been better than she was. He perceived a charm, that would be recognized anywhere, in her manner, though it was not of his world; her fresh pleasure in all she saw, though he did not know how to respond to it, was very winning; he respected what he thought the good sense running through her transports; he wondered at the culture she had somewhere, somehow got; and he was so good as to find that her literary enthusiasms had nothing offensive, but were as pretty and naïve as a girl's love of flowers. Moreover, he approved of some personal attributes of hers: a low, gentle voice, tender

long-lashed eyes; a trick of drooping shoulders, and of idle hands fallen into the lap, one in the other's palm; a serene repose of face; a light and eager laugh. There was nothing so novel in those traits, and in different combination he had seen them a thousand times; yet in her they strangely wrought upon his fancy. She had that soft, kittenish way with her which invites a caressing patronage, but, as he learned, she had also the kittenish equipment for resenting over-condescension; and she never took him half so much as when she showed the high spirit that was in her, and defied him most.

For here and now, it was all well enough; but he had a future to which he owed much, and a conscience that would not leave him at rest. The fascination of meeting a fair young girl so familiarly under the same roof, the sorcery of the constant sight of her, were becoming too much; it would not do on any account; for his own sake he must put an end to it. But from hour to hour he lingered upon his unenforced resolve. The passing days, that brought him doubts in which he shuddered at the great difference between himself and her and her people, brought him also moments of blissful forgetfulness in which his misgivings were lost in the sweetness of her laugh, or the young grace of her motions. Passing, the days rebuked his delay in vain; a week and two weeks slipped from under his feet, and still he had waited for fate to part him and his folly. But now at last he would go; and in the evening, after his cigar on Durham Terrace, he knocked at Mrs. Ellison's door to say that on the day after to-morrow he should push on to the White Mountains.

He found the Ellisons talking over an expedition for the next morning, in which he was also to take part. Mrs. Ellison had already borne her full share in the preparation; for, being always at hand there in her room, and having nothing to do, she had been almost a willing victim to the colonel's passion

for information at second-hand, and had probably come to know more than any other American woman of Arnold's expedition against Quebec in 1775. She knew why the attack was planned, and with what prodigious hazard and heroic toil and endurance it was carried out; how the dauntless little army of riflemen cut their way through the untrodden forests of Maine and Canada, and beleaguered the gray old fortress on her rock till the red autumn faded into winter, and, on the last bitter night of the year, flung themselves against her defences, and fell back, leaving half their number captive, Montgomery dead, and Arnold wounded, but haplessly destined to survive.

"Yes," said the colonel, "considering the age in which they lived, and their total lack of modern improvements, mental, moral, and physical, we must acknowledge that they did pretty well. It was n't on a very large scale; but I don't see how they could have been braver, if every man had been multiplied by ten thousand. In fact, as it's going to be all the same thing a hundred years from now, I don't know but I'd as soon be one of the men that tried to take Quebec as one of the men that did take Atlanta. Of course, for the present, and on account of my afflicted family, Mr. Arbuton, I'm willing to be what and where I am; but just see what those fellows did." And the colonel drew from his glowing memory of Mrs. Ellison's facts a brave historical picture of Arnold's expedition. "And now we're going to-morrow morning to look up the scene of the attack on the 31st of December. Kitty, sing something."

At another time Kitty might have hesitated; but that evening she was so at rest about Mr. Arbuton, so sure she cared nothing for his liking or disliking anything she did, that she sat down at the piano, and sang a number of songs, which I suppose were as unworthy the cultivated ear as any he had heard. But though they were given with an untrained voice and a touch as little

skilled as might be, they pleased, or else the singer pleased. The simple-hearted courage of the performance would alone have made it charming; and Mr. Arbuton had no reason to ask himself how he should like it in Boston, if he were married, and should hear it from his wife there. Yet when a young man looks at a young girl or listens to her, a thousand vagaries possess his mind, — formless imaginations, lawless fancies. The question that presented itself remotely, like pain in a dream, dissolved in the ripple of the singer's voice, and left his reverie the more luxuriously untroubled for having been.

He remembered, after saying good-night, that he had forgotten something: it was to tell them he was going away.

VIII.

NEXT MORNING.

QUEBEC lay shining in the tender oblique light of the northern sun when they passed next morning through the Upper Town market-place and took their way towards Hope Gate, where they were to be met by the colonel a little later. It is easy for the alert tourist to lose his course in Quebec, and they, who were neither hurried nor heedful, went easily astray. But the street into which they had wandered, if it did not lead straight to Hope Gate, had many merits, and was very characteristic of the city. Most of the houses on either hand were low structures of one story, built heavily of stone or stuccoed brick, with two dormer-windows, full of house-plants, in each roof; the doors were each painted of a livelier color than the rest of the house, and each glistened with a polished brass knob, a large brass knocker, or an intricate bell-pull of the same resplendent metal, and a plate bearing the owner's name and his professional title, which if not *avocat* was sure to be *notaire*, so well is Quebec supplied with those ministers of the law. At the side of each house was a *porte-*

cochère, and in this a smaller door. The thresholds and doorsteps were covered with the neatest and brightest oil-cloth; the wooden sidewalk was very clean, like the steep, roughly paved street itself; and at the foot of the hill down which it sloped was a breadth of the city wall, pierced for musketry, and, past the corner of one of the houses, the half-length of cannon showing. It had the charm of those ancient streets, dear to Old-World travel, in which the past and the present, decay and repair, peace and war, have made friends in an effect that not only wins the eye, but, however illogically, touches the heart; and over the top of the wall it had a stretch of such landscape as I know not what Old-World street can command: the St. Lawrence, blue and wide; a bit of the white village of Beauport on its bank; then a vast breadth of pale-green, upward-sloping meadows; then the purple heights; and the hazy heaven over them. Half-way down this happy street sat the artist whom they had seen before in the court of the Hôtel Dieu; he was sketching something, and evoking the curious life of the neighborhood. Two school-boys in the uniform of the Seminary paused to look at him as they loitered down the pavement; a group of children encircled him; a little girl with her hair in blue ribbons talked at a window about him to some one within; a young lady opened her case-ment and gazed furtively at him; a door was set quietly ajar, and an old grandam peeped out, shading her eyes with her hand; a woman in deep mourning gave his sketch a glance as she passed; a calash with a fat Quebecker in it ran into a cart driven by a broad-hatted peasant-woman, so eager were all to know what he was drawing; a man lingered even at the head of the street, as if it were any use to stop there.

As Kitty and Mr. Arbuton passed him, the artist glanced at her with the smile of a man who believes he knows how the case stands, and she followed his eye in its withdrawal towards the

bit he was sketching: an old roof, and on top of this a balcony, shut in with green blinds; yet higher, a weather-worn, wood-colored gallery, pent-roofed and balustered, with a geranium showing through the balusters; a dormer-window with hook and tackle, beside an Oriental-shaped pavilion with a shining tin dome, — a picturesque confusion of forms which had been, apparently, added from time to time without design, and yet were full of harmony. The unreasonable succession of roofs had lifted the top far above the level of the surrounding houses, into the heart of the morning light, and some white doves circled about the pavilion, or nestled cooing upon the window-sill, where a young girl sat and sewed.

"Why, it's Hilda in her tower," said Kitty, "of course! And this is just the kind of street for such a girl to look down into. It does n't seem like a street in real life, does it? The people all look as if they had stepped out of stories, and might step back any moment; and these queer little houses: they're the very places for things to happen in!"

Mr. Arbuton smiled forbearingly, as she thought, at this burst, but she did not care, and she turned, at the bottom of the street, and lingered a few moments for another look at the whole charming picture; and then he praised it, and said that the artist was making a very good sketch. "I wonder Quebec is n't infested by artists the whole summer long," he added. "They go about hungrily picking up bits of the picturesque, along our shores and country roads, when they might exchange their famine for a feast by coming here."

"I suppose there's a pleasure in finding out the small graces and beauties of the poverty-stricken subjects, that they would n't have in better ones, is n't there?" asked Kitty. "At any rate, if I were to write a story, I should want to take the slightest sort of plot, and lay the scene in the dullest-kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities. I'll tell you a book after

my own heart: '*Details*,'—just the history of a week in the life of some young people who happen together in an old New-England country-house; nothing extraordinary, little, every-day things told so exquisitely, and all fading naturally away without any particular result, only the full meaning of everything brought out."

"And don't you think it's rather a sad ending for all to fade away without any particular result?" asked the young man, stricken he hardly knew how or where. "Besides, I always thought that the author of that book found too much meaning in everything. He did for men, I'm sure; but I believe women are different, and see much more than we do in a little space."

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly,"

nora a woman," mocked Kitty. "Have you read his other books?"

"Yes."

"Are n't they delightful?"

"They're very well; and I always wondered he could write them. He does n't look it."

"O, have you ever seen him?"

"He lives in Boston, you know."

"Yes, yes; but—" Kitty could not go on and say that she had not supposed authors consorted with creatures of common clay; and Mr. Arbuton, who was the constant guest of people who would have thought most authors sufficiently honored in being received among them to meet such men as he, was very far from guessing what was in her mind.

He waited a moment for her, and then said, "He's a very ordinary sort of man,—not what one would exactly call a gentleman, you know, in his belongings,—and yet his books have nothing of the shop, nothing professionally literary, about them. It seems as if almost any of us might have written them."

Kitty glanced quickly at him to see if he were jesting; but Mr. Arbuton was not easily given to irony, and he was now very much in earnest about

drawing on his light overcoat, which he had hitherto carried on his arm with that scrupulous consideration for it which was not dandyism, but part of his self-respect: apparently, as an overcoat, he cared nothing for it; as the overcoat of a man of his condition he cared everything; and now, though the sun was so bright on the open spaces, in these narrow streets the garment was comfortable.

At another time, Kitty would have enjoyed the care with which he smoothed it about his person, but this profanation of her dearest ideals made the moment serious. Her pulse quickened, and she said, "I'm afraid I can't enter into your feelings. I was n't taught to respect the idea of a gentleman very much. I've often heard my uncle say that, at the best, it was a poor excuse for not being just honest and just brave and just kind, and a false pretence of being something more. I believe, if I were a man, I should n't want to be a gentleman. At any rate, I'd rather be the author of those books, which any gentleman *might* have written, than all the gentlemen who did n't, put together."

In the career of her indignation she had unconsciously hurried her companion forward so swiftly that they had reached Hope Gate as she spoke, and interrupted the reverie in which Colonel Ellison, loafing up against the masonry, was contemplating the sentry in his box.

"You'd better not overheat yourself so early in the day, Kitty," said her cousin, serenely, with a glance at her flushed face; "this expedition is not going to be any joke."

Now that Prescott Gate, by which so many thousands of Americans have entered Quebec since Arnold's excursionists failed to do so, is demolished, there is nothing left so picturesque and characteristic as Hope Gate, and I doubt if anywhere in Europe there is a more mediæval-looking bit of military architecture. The heavy stone gateway is black with age, and the gate, which has probably never been closed

in our century, is of massive frame set thick with mighty bolts and spikes. The wall here sweeps along the brow of the crag on which the city is built, and a steep street drops down, by stone-parapeted curves and angles, from the Upper to the Lower Town, where, in 1775, nothing but a narrow lane bordered the St. Lawrence. A considerable breadth of land has since been won from the river, and several streets and many piers now stretch between this alley and the water; but the old Sault au Matelot still crouches and creeps along under the shelter of the city wall and the overhanging rock, which is thickly bearded with weeds and grass, and trickles with abundant moisture. It must be an ice-pit in winter, and I should think it the last spot on the continent for the summer to find; but when the summer has at last found it, the old Sault au Matelot puts on a vagabond air of Southern leisure and abandon, not to be matched anywhere out of Italy. Looking from that jutting rock near Hope Gate, behind which the defeated Americans took refuge from the fire of their enemies, the vista is almost unique for a certain scenic squalor and gypsy luxury of color: sag-roofed barns and stables, and weak-backed, sunken-chested work-shops of every sort lounge along in tumble-down succession, and lean up against the cliff in every imaginable posture of worthlessness and decrepitude; light wooden galleries cross to them from the second stories of the houses which back upon the alley; and over these galleries flutters, from a labyrinth of clothes-lines, a gay variety of bright-colored garments of all ages, sexes, and conditions; while the footway underneath swarms with gossiping women, smoking men, idle poultry, cats, children, and great numbers of large, indolent Newfoundland dogs.

"It was through this lane that Arnold's party advanced almost to the foot of Mountain Street, where they were to be joined by Montgomery's force in an attempt to surprise Pres-

cott Gate," said the colonel, with his unerring second-hand history.

"You that will follow me to this attempt,"

'Wait till you see the whites of their eyes, and then fire low,' and so forth. By the way, do you suppose anybody did that at Bunker Hill, Mr. Arbuton? Come, you're a Boston man. My experience is that recruits chivalrously fire into the air without waiting to see the enemy at all, let alone the whites of their eyes. Why! are n't you coming?" he asked, seeing no movement to follow in Kitty or Mr. Arbuton.

"It does n't look very pleasant under foot, Dick," suggested Kitty.

"Well, upon my word! Is this your uncle's niece? I shall never dare to report this panic at Erie-creek. It's worse than the absence of Mound-Builders in the Valley of the Shenandoah."

"I can see the whole length of the alley, and there's nothing in it but chickens and domestic animals."

"Very well, as Fanny says; when Uncle Jack—he's *your* uncle—asks you about every inch of the ground that Arnold's men were demoralized over, I hope you'll know what to say."

Kitty laughed and said she should try a little invention if her Uncle Jack came down to inches.

"All right, Kitty; you can go along St. Paul Street, there, and Mr. Arbuton and I will explore the Sault au Matelot, and come out upon you, covered with glory, at the other end."

"I hope it'll be glory," said Kitty, with a glance at the lane, "but I think it's more likely to be feathers and chopped straw. Good by, Mr. Arbuton."

"Not in the least," answered the young man; "I'm going with you."

The colonel feigned indignant surprise, and marched briskly down the Sault au Matelot alone, while the others took their way through St. Paul Street in the same direction, amidst the bustle and business of the port, past the banks and great commercial houses, with the encounter of throngs of sea-

faring faces of many nations, and, at the corner of St. Peter Street, a glimpse of the national flag thrown out from the American Consulate, which intensified for untravelled Kitty her sense of remoteness from her native land. At length they turned into the street now called Sault au Matelot, into which opens the lane once bearing the name, and strolled idly along in the cool shadow, silence, and solitude of the street. She was strangely released from the constraint which he usually put upon her. A certain defiant ease filled her heart; she felt and thought whatever she liked, for the first time in many days; while he went puzzling himself with the problem of a young lady who despised gentlemen, and yet remained charming to him.

A mighty marine smell of oakum and salt-fish was in the air, and "O," sighed Kitty, "doesn't it make you long for distant seas? Should n't you like to be shipwrecked for half a day or so, Mr. Arbuton?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," he replied absently, and wondered what she laughed at. The silence of the place was broken only by the noise of coopering which seemed to be going on in every other house; the solitude relieved only by the Newfoundland dogs that stretched themselves upon the thresholds of the cooper-shops. The monotony of these shops and dogs took Kitty's humor, and as they went slowly by she made a jest of them, as she used to do with things she saw.

"But here 's a door without a dog!" she said, presently. "This can't be a genuine cooper-shop, of course, without a dog. O, that accounts for it, perhaps!" she added, pausing before the threshold, and glancing up at a sign—"Académie commerciale et littéraire"—set under an upper window. "What a curious place for a seat of learning! What do you suppose is the connection between cooper-shops and an academical education, Mr. Arbuton?"

She stood looking up at the sign that moved her mirth, and swinging

her shut parasol idly to and fro, while a light of laughter played over her face.

Suddenly a shadow seemed to dart betwixt her and the open doorway, Mr. Arbuton was hurled violently against her, and, as she struggled to keep her footing under the shock, she saw him bent over a furious dog, that hung from the breast of his overcoat, while he clutched its throat with both his hands.

He met the terror of her face with a quick glance. "I beg your pardon, don't call out, please," he said. But from within the shop came loud cries and maledictions, "O nom de Dieu! c'est le boule-dogue du capitaine anglais!" with appalling screams for help; and a wild, uncouth little figure of a man, bareheaded, horror-eyed, came flying out of the open door. He wore a cooper's apron, and he bore in one hand a red-hot iron, which, with continuous clamor, he dashed against the muzzle of the hideous brute. Without a sound the dog loosed his grip, and, dropping to the ground, fled into the obscurity of the shop as silently as he had launched himself out of it, while Kitty yet stood spell-bound, and before the crowd that the appeal of Mr. Arbuton's rescuer had summoned could see what had happened.

Mr. Arbuton lifted himself, and looked angrily round upon the gaping spectators, who began, one by one, to take in their heads from their windows and to slink back to their thresholds as if they had been guilty of something much worse than a desire to succor a human being in peril.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Arbuton, "what an abominable scene!" His face was deadly pale, as he turned from these insolent intruders to his deliverer, whom he saluted, with a "Merci bien!" spoken in a cold, steady voice. Then he drew off his overcoat, which had been torn by the dog's teeth and irreparably dishonored in the encounter. He looked at it shuddering, with a countenance of intense disgust, and made a motion as if to hurl it into the street. But his eye again fell upon

the cooper's squalid little figure, as he stood twisting his hands into his apron, and with voluble eagerness protesting that it was not his dog, but that of the English ship-captain, who had left it with him, and whom he had many a time besought to have the beast killed knowing it to be dangerous. Mr. Arbuton interrupted him in French: "You've done me the greatest service. I cannot repay you, but you must take this," he said, as he thrust a bank-note into the little man's grimy hand.

"O, but it is too much! But it is like a monsieur so brave, so —"

"Hush! It was nothing," interrupted Mr. Arbuton again. Then he threw his overcoat upon the man's shoulder. "If you will do me the pleasure to receive this also? Perhaps you can make use of it."

"Monsieur heaps me with benefits; monsieur —" began the bewildered cooper; but Mr. Arbuton turned abruptly away from him toward Kitty, who trembled at having shared the guilt of the other spectators, and seizing her hand, he placed it on his arm, where he held it close as he strode away, leaving his deliverer planted in the middle of the sidewalk and staring after him. She scarcely dared ask him if he were hurt, as she found herself doing now with a faltering voice.

"No, I believe not," he said with a glance at the frock-coat, which was buttoned across his chest and was quite intact.

It had all happened so suddenly, and in so brief time, that she might well have failed to understand it, even if she had seen it all. It was barely intelligible to Mr. Arbuton himself, who, as Kitty had loitered mocking and laughing before the door of the shop, chanced to see the dog crouched within, and had only time to leap forward and receive the cruel brute on his breast as it flung itself at her.

He had not thought of the danger to himself in what he had done. He knew that he was unhurt, but he did not care for that; he cared only that she was safe; and as he pressed her hand tight

against his heart, there passed through it a thrill of inexpressible tenderness, a quick, passionate sense of possession, a rapture as of having won her and made her his own forever, by saving her from that horrible risk. The maze in which he had but now dwelt concerning her seemed an obsolete frivolity of an alien past; all the cold doubts and hindering scruples which he had felt from the first were gone; gone all his care for his world. His world? In that divine moment, there was no world but in the tender eyes at which he looked down with a glance which she knew not how to interpret.

She thought that his pride was deeply wounded at the ignominy of his experience, — for she was sure he would care more for that than for the danger, — and that if she spoke of it she might add to the angry pain he felt. As they hurried along she waited for him to speak, but he did not; though always, as he looked down at her with that strange look, he seemed about to speak.

Presently she stopped, and, withdrawing her hand from his arm she cried, "Why, we've forgotten my cousin!"

"O — yes!" said Mr. Arbuton with a vacant smile.

Looking back they saw the colonel standing on the pavement near the end of the old Sault au Matelot, with his hands in his pockets, and steadfastly staring at them. He did not relax the severity of his gaze when they returned to join him, and appeared to find little consolation in Kitty's "O Dick, I forgot all about you," given with an hysterical laugh.

"Well, this may be very flattering, Kitty, but it is n't altogether comprehensible," said he, with a keen glance at both their faces. "I don't know what you'll say to Uncle Jack. It's not forgetting me alone; it's forgetting the whole American expedition against Quebec."

The colonel waited for some reply; but Kitty dared not trust herself to an explanation, and Mr. Arbuton was not the man to seem to boast of his share of the adventure by telling what had

happened even if he had cared at that moment to do so. They were both silent, till Kitty burst again into inexplicable laughter. Her very ignorance of what he had dared for her only confirmed his new sense of possession and endeared her to him the more. If he could, he would not have marred the pleasure he felt by making her grateful yet, sweet as that might be in its time. Now it was sweet above all things to keep his knowledge, to have had her unwitting compassion, to hear her pour out her unwitting relief in this wild, gay laugh, while he superiorly permitted it. No recognition of his service could have had the pleasure he received as a lover and as a man from her error.

"I don't understand this thing," said the colonel, through whose dense, masculine intelligence some suspicions of love-making were beginning to pierce. But he dismissed them as absurd, and added, "However, I'm willing to forgive, and you've done the forgetting; and all that I ask now is the pleasure of your company on the spot where Montgomery fell. Fanny'll never believe I've found it unless you go with me," he appealed, finally.

"O, we'll go, by all means," said Mr. Arbuton, unconsciously speaking, as by authority, for both.

They came into busier streets of the Port again, and then passed through the square of the Lower Town Market, with the market-house in the midst, the shops and warehouses on either side, the long row of tented booths with every kind of peasant-wares to sell, and the wide stairway dropping to the river which brought the abundance of the neighboring country to the mart. The whole place was alive with country-folk in carts and citizens on foot. In one place a gayly painted wagon was drawn up in the midst of a group of people to whom a quackish-faced Yankee was hawking, in his own personal French, an American patent-medicine, and making his audience giggle. Because Kitty was amused at this, Mr. Arbuton found it the drollest thing im-

aginable, but saw something yet droller when she made the colonel look at a peasant, standing in one corner beside a basket of fowls, which a woman, coming up to buy, examined as if the provision were some natural curiosity, while a crowd at once gathered round.

"It requires a considerable population to make a bargain, up here," remarked the colonel. "I suppose they turn out the garrison when they sell a beef." For both buyer and seller seemed to take advice of the bystanders, who discussed and inspected the different fowls as if nothing so novel as poultry had yet fallen in their way.

At last the peasant himself took up the fowls and carefully scrutinized them.

"Those chickens, it seems, never happened to catch his eye before," interpreted Kitty; and Mr. Arbuton, who was usually very restive during such banter, smiled as if it were the most admirable fooling, or the most precious wisdom, in the world. He made them wait to see the bargain out, and could, apparently, have lingered there forever.

But the colonel had a conscience about Montgomery, and he hurried them away, on past the Queen's Wharf, and down the Cove Road to that point where the scarp and rugged breast of the cliff bears the sign, "Here fell Montgomery," though he really fell, not half-way up the height, but at the foot of it, where stood the battery that forbade his juncture with Arnold at Prescott Gate.

A certain wildness yet possesses the spot: the front of the crag, topped by the high citadel-wall, is so grim, and the few tough evergreens that cling to its clefts are torn and twisted by the winter blasts, and the houses are decrepit with age, showing here and there the scars of the frequent fires that sweep the Lower Town.

It was quite useless: neither the memories of the place nor their setting were sufficient to engage the wayward thoughts of these curiously assorted pilgrims; and the colonel, after some attempts to bring the matter home to himself and the others, was obliged

to abandon Mr. Arbuton to his tender reveries of Kitty, and Kitty to her puzzling over the change in Mr. Arbuton. His complaisance made her uncomfortable and shy of him, it was so strange; it gave her a little shiver, as if he were behaving undignifiedly.

"Well, Kitty," said the colonel, "I reckon Uncle Jack would have made more out of this than we've done. He'd have had their geology out of these rocks, any way."

IX.

MR. ARBUTON'S INFATUATION.

KITTY went as usual to Mrs. Ellison's room after her walk, but she lapsed into a deep abstraction as she sat down beside the sofa.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Mrs. Ellison, after briefly supporting her absent-mindedness.

"Was I smiling?" asked Kitty, beginning to laugh. "I did n't know it."

"What *has* happened so very funny?"

"Why, I don't know whether it's so very funny or not. I believe it isn't funny at all."

"Then what makes you laugh?"

"I don't know. Was I —"

"Now *don't* ask me if you were laughing, Kitty. It's a little too much. You can talk or not, as you choose; but I don't like to be turned into ridicule."

"O Fanny, how can you? I was thinking about something very different. But I don't see how I can tell you, without putting Mr. Arbuton in a ludicrous light, and it is n't quite fair."

"You're very careful of him, all of a sudden," said Mrs. Ellison. "You did n't seem disposed to spare him yesterday so much. I don't understand this conversion."

Kitty responded with a fit of outrageous laughter. "Now I see I must tell you," she said, and rapidly recounted Mr. Arbuton's adventure.

"Why, I never knew anything so cool and brave, Fanny, and I admired

him more than ever I did; but then I *could* n't help seeing the other side of it, you know."

"What other side? I *don't* know."

"Well, you'd have had to laugh yourself, if you'd seen the lordly way he dismissed the poor people who had come running out of their houses to help him, and his stateliness in rewarding that little cooper, and his heroic parting from his cherished overcoat, — which of course he can't replace in Quebec, — and his absent-minded politeness in taking my hand under his arm, and marching off with me so magnificently."

"Kitty, I do believe the witch is in you to-day."

"But the worst thing, Fanny," — and she bowed herself under a tempest of long-pent mirth, as the grotesque idea grew upon her, — "the worst thing was, that the iron, you know, was the cooper's branding-iron, and I had a vision of the dog carrying about on his nose, as long as he lived, the monogram that marks the cooper's casks as holding a certain number of gallons —"

"Kitty, don't be — sacrilegious!" cried Mrs. Ellison.

"No, I'm not," she retorted, gasping and panting. "I never respected Mr. Arbuton so much, and you say yourself I haven't shown myself so careful of him before. But I never was so glad to see Dick in my life, and to have some excuse for laughing. I did n't dare to speak to Mr. Arbuton about it, for he could n't, if he had tried, have let me laugh it out and be done with it. I trudged demurely along by his side, and neither of us mentioned the matter to Dick," she concluded breathlessly. Then, "I don't know why I should tell you now; it seems wicked and cruel," she said penitently, almost pensively.

Mrs. Ellison had not been amused. She said, "Well, Kitty, in *some* girls I should say it was quite heartless to do as you've done."

"It's heartless in *me*, Fanny; and you need n't say such a thing. I'm sure I did n't utter a syllable to wound

him, and just before that he'd been *very* disagreeable, and I forgave him because I thought he was mortified. And you need n't say that I've no feeling"; and thereupon she rose, and, putting her hands into her cousin's, "Fanny," she cried, vehemently, "I *have* been heartless. I'm afraid I have n't shown any sympathy or consideration. I'm afraid I must have seemed dreadfully callous and hard. What *can* I do?"

"Don't go crazy, at any rate, Kitty. He does n't know that you've been laughing about him. You need n't do anything."

"O yes, I need. He does n't know that I've been laughing about him to you; but, don't you see, I laughed when we met Dick; and what can he think of that?"

"He just thinks you were nervous, I suppose."

"O, do you suppose he does, Fanny? O, I *wish* I could believe that! O, I'm so horribly ashamed of myself! And here yesterday I was criticising him for being unfeeling, and now I've been a thousand times ruder than he has ever been, or ever could be! O dear, dear, dear!"

"Kitty! hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellison; "you run on like a wild thing, and you're driving me distracted, by not being like yourself."

"O, it's very well for *you* to be so calm; but if you did n't know what to do, you would n't."

"Yes, I would; I don't, and I am."

"But what shall I do?" and Kitty plucked away the hands which Fanny had been holding and wrung them. "I'll tell you what I can do," she suddenly added, while a gleam of relief dawned upon her face: "I can bear all his disagreeable ways after this, as long as he stays, and not say anything back. Yes, I'll put up with everything. I'll be as *meek*! He may patronize me and snub me and put me in the wrong as much as he pleases. He may trample on everything I hold dear. And then he won't be *approaching* my behavior. O Fanny!"

Upon this, Mrs. Ellison said that she was going to give her a good scolding for her nonsense, and pulled her down and kissed her, and said that she had not done anything, and was, nevertheless, consoled at her resolve to expiate her offence by respecting thenceforward all Mr. Arbuton's foibles and prejudices.

It is not certain how far Kitty would have succeeded in her good purposes: these things, so easily conceived, are not of such facile execution; and, fortunately for her, Mr. Arbuton's foibles and prejudices seemed to have fallen into a strange abeyance. The change that had come upon him that day remained; he was still Mr. Arbuton, but with a difference. He could not undo his whole inherited and educated being, and perhaps no chance could deeply affect it without destroying the man. He continued hopelessly superior to Colonel and Mrs. Ellison; but it is not easy to love a woman and not seek, at least before marriage, to please those dear to her. Mr. Arbuton had contested his passion at every advance; he had firmly set his face against the fancy that, at the beginning, invested this girl with a charm; he had only done the things afterwards that mere civilization required; he had suffered torments of doubt concerning her fitness for himself and his place in society; he was not sure yet that her unknown relations were not horribly vulgar people; even yet, he was almost wholly ignorant of the circumstances and conditions of her life. But, nevertheless, he loved her, — hopelessly, irremediably loved her; he saw her forever in the enrapturing light of his darling for her sake, of a self-devotion that had seemed to make her his own; and he behaved toward her now with a lover's self-forgetfulness, — or something like it: say a perfect tolerance, a tender patience, in which it would have been hard to detect the lurking shadow of condescension.

He was fairly domesticated with the family. Mrs. Ellison's hurt, in spite of her many imprudences, was

decidedly better, and sometimes she made a ceremony of being helped down from her room to dinner; but she always had tea beside her sofa, and he with the others drank it there. Few hours of the day passed in which they did not meet in that easy relation which establishes itself among people sojourning in summer idleness under the same roof. In the morning he saw the young girl fresh and glad as any flower of the garden beneath her window, while the sweet abstraction of her maiden dreams yet hovered in her eyes. At night he sat with her beside the lamp whose light, illumining a little world within, shut out the great world outside, and seemed to be the soft effulgence of her presence, as she sewed, or knit, or read,—a heavenly spirit of home. Sometimes he heard her talking with her cousin, or lightly laughing, after he had said good night; once, when he woke, she seemed to be looking out of her window across the moonlight in the Ursulines' Garden while she sang a fragment of song. To meet her on the stairs or in the narrow entries; or to encounter her at the doors, and make way for her to pass with a jest and blush and flutter; to sit down at table with her three times a day,—was a potent witchery. There was a rapture in her shawl flung over the back of her chair; her gloves, lying light as fallen leaves on the table, and keeping the shape of her hands, were full of winning character; and all the more unaccountably they touched his heart because they had a certain careless, sweet shabbiness about the finger-tips.

He found himself hanging upon her desultory talk with Fanny about the set of things and the agreement of colors. There was always more or less of this talk going on, whatever the main topic was, for continual question arose in the minds of one or other lady concerning those adaptations of Mrs. Ellison's finery to the exigencies of Kitty's daily life. They pleased their innocent hearts with the secrecy of the affair, which, in the concealments it required, the sudden difficulties it

presented, and the guiltless equivocations it inspired, had the excitement of intrigue. Nothing could have been more to the mind of Mrs. Ellison than to deck Kitty for this perpetual masquerade; and, since the things were very pretty, and Kitty was a girl in every motion of her being, I do not see how anything could have delighted her more than to wear them. Their talk effervesced with the delicious consciousness that he could not dream of what was going on, and bubbled over with mysterious jests and laughter, which sometimes he feared to be at his expense, and so joined in, and made them laugh the more at his misconception. He went and came among them at will; he had but to tap at Mrs. Ellison's door, and some voice of unaffected cordiality,—the invalid's, or the colonel's, or Kitty's,—welcomed him in; he had but to ask, and she was frankly ready for any of those strolls about Quebec in which most of their waking hours were dreamed away.

The gray Lady of the North cast her spell about them,—the freshness of her mornings, the still heat of her mid-days, the slant, pensive radiance of her afternoons, and the pale splendor of her auroral nights. Never was city so faithfully explored; never did city so abound in objects of interest; for Kitty's love of the place was boundless, and his love of her was inevitable friendship with this adoptive patriotism.

"I did n't suppose you Western people cared for these things," he once said; "I thought your minds were set on things new and square."

"But how could you think so?" replied Kitty, tolerantly. "It's because we have so many new and square things that we like the old, crooked ones. I do believe I should enjoy Europe even better than you. There's a forsaken farmhouse near Eriecreek, dropping to pieces amongst its wild-grown sweetbriars and quince-bushes, that I used to think a wonder of antiquity because it was built in 1815. Can't you imagine how I must feel in

a city like this, that was founded nearly three centuries ago, and has suffered so many sieges and captures, and looks like pictures of those beautiful old towns I can never see?"

"O, perhaps you will see them some day!" he said, touched by her fervor.

"I don't ask it at present: Quebec's enough. I'm in love with the place. I wish I never had to leave it. There is n't a crook, or a turn, or a tin-roof, or a dormer-window, or a gray stone in it that is n't precious."

Mr. Arbuton laughed. "Well, you shall be sovereign lady of Quebec for me. Shall we have the English garrison turned out?"

"No; not unless you can bring back Montcalm's men to take their places."

All this might be as they sauntered out of one of the city gates, and strayed through the Lower Town till they should chance upon some poor, bare-interiored church, with a few humble worshippers adoring their Saint, with his lamps alight before his picture; or as they passed some high convent-wall, and caught the strange, metallic clang of the nuns' voices singing their hymns within. Sometimes they whiled away the hours on the Esplanade, breathing its pensive sentiment of neglect and incipient decay, and pacing up and down over the turf athwart the slim shadows of the poplars; or, with comfortable indifference to the local observances, sat in talk on the carriage of one of the burly, uncared-for guns, while the spider wove his web across the mortar's mouth, and the grass nodded above the tumbled pyramids of shot, and the children raced up and down, and the nursery-maids were wooed of the dapper sergeants, and the red-coated sentry loitered lazily to and fro before his box. On the days of the music, they listened to the band in the Governor's Garden, and watched the fine world of the old capital in flirtation with the blond-whiskered officers; and on pleasant nights they mingled with the citizen throng that filled the Dur-

ham Terrace, while the river shaped itself in the lights of its shipping, and the Lower Town, with its lamps, lay, like a nether firmament, two hundred feet below them, and Point Levis glittered and sparkled on the thither shore, and in the northern sky the aurora throbbed in swift pulsations of violet and crimson. They liked to climb the Break-Neck Steps at Prescott Gate, dropping from the Upper to the Lower Town, which reminded Mr. Arbuton of Naples and Trieste, and took Kitty with the unassociated picturesqueness of their odd shops and taverns, and their lofty windows green with house-plants.

They would stop and look up at the geraniums and fuchsias, and fall a thinking of far different things, and the friendly, unbusy people would come to their doors and look up with them. They recognized the handsome, blond young man, and the pretty, gray-eyed girl; for people in Quebec have time to note strangers who linger there, and Kitty and Mr. Arbuton had come to be well-known figures, different from the fleeting tourists on their rounds; and, indeed, as sojourners they themselves perceived their poetic distinction from mere birds of passage.

Indoors they resorted much to the little entry-window looking out on the Ursulines' Garden. Two chairs stood confronted there, and it was hard for either of the young people to pass them without sinking a moment into one of them, and this appeared always to charm another presence into the opposite chair. There they often lingered in the soft forenoons, talking in desultory phrase of things far and near, or watching, in long silences, the nuns pacing up and down in the garden below, and waiting for the pensive, slender nun, and the stout, jolly nun whom Kitty had adopted, and whom she had gayly interpreted to him as an allegory of Life in their quaint inseparableness; and they played that the influence of one or other nun was in the ascendant, according as their own talk was gay or sad. In their relation,

people are not so different from children; they like the same thing over and over again; they like it the better the less it is in itself.

At times Kitty would come with a book in her hand (one finger shut in to keep the place), — some latest novel, or a pirated edition of Longfellow, recently purchased at a Quebec bookstore; and then Mr. Arbuton must ask to see it; and he read romance or poetry to her by the hour. He showed to as much advantage as most men do in the serious follies of wooing; and an influence which he could not defy, or would not, shaped him to all the sweet, absurd demands of the affair. From time to time, recollecting himself, and trying to look consequences in the face, he gently turned the talk upon Erie-creek, and endeavored to possess himself of some intelligible image of the

place, and of Kitty's home and friends. Even then, the present was so fair and full of content, that his thoughts, when they reverted to the future, no longer met the obstacles that had made him recoil from it before. Whatever her past had been, he could find some way to weaken the ties that bound her to it; a year or two of Europe would leave no trace of Erie-creek; without effort of his, her life would adapt itself to his own, and cease to be part of the lives of those people there; again and again his amiable imaginations — they were scarcely intents — accomplished themselves in many a swift, fugitive revery, while the days went by, and the shadow of the ivy in the window at which they sat fell, in moonlight and sunlight, upon Kitty's cheeks, and the fuchsia kissed her hair with its purple and crimson blossom.

W. D. Howells.

MADRIGAL.

EVERY robin-redbreast takes himself a mate!
 Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait
 Till the lily-footed spring glides out at summer's gate."
 So I heard the birds sing, once upon a day:
 O, my treasure! O, my pleasure! Canst thou say me nay?

Birds' songs and birds' nests and green boughs together,
 All gone: love alone laughs at bitter weather.
 Summer days or winter days; little recks Love whether;
 If so be that Love have his own, his darling way.
 Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay?

In the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of sight,
 Low down and deep down and world-forgotten quite.
 But do you think the Wind forgets that she was sweet and white?
 Then listen to his sad voice a little while, I pray!
 O, my cruel! O, my jewel! Canst thou say me nay?

The sun stole to a red rose and wiled her leaves apart:
 May dew and June air had wooed her at the start;
 But was 't not fair the sun should have her golden, perfect heart?
 Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say:
 Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay!

Howard Glyndon.

THOMAS CLARKSON AND NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS somewhat precocious in my literary pretensions. My father's habit, during my early youth, was to move from the country, for the three winter months, into that garden-surrounded cottage in the heart of our village where he and my mother had spent some of their earliest married days; I think he did so that his work-people and he might become better acquainted. One of these removes gave rise to my first effort in authorship. I still remember its pathetic exordium:—

"Farewell, Braxfield,—a long farewell to all thy beauties! No longer shall our jocund footsteps trace thy winding walks, nor our joyous voices sound through thy delightful groves. We now bid adieu to thee"—And a good deal more in the *Araminta-Sophonisba* vein.

Neither my father nor my mother was critical in literary matters, and my aunts, who were living with us, were blinded by partiality. The result was to lay the foundation, in the boy of eleven unduly commended for a trivial rhapsody, of a false estimate of his own abilities; which, similarly fed, grew for years, and required many years more to chasten it.

About this time—the great struggle with Napoleon being then at its height—several French officers, prisoners of war on parole, were quartered in the old town of Lanark. From one of these, Monsieur Levasseur, a handsome young fellow, my brother William and I had our first lessons in French; and my father, now and then, invited him to our table, with a result, no doubt, little expected. I observed that Monsieur gradually became more spruce and showy in his dress and appointments, carrying a gold (?)-headed cane; and that from his dark, sleek, carefully brushed and curled hair came the odor of some perfumed oil. On

Christmas eve he handed me, with a flourish, a letter addressed to my Aunt Mary. It was not closed, and he told me I might read it, which of course I did. It began by saying that, at this season of *fêtes*, when cherished friends were invoking blessings on those who were well beloved, the heart had pushed him to imitate that mode, and to offer her his profound congratulations. Then it ran off into various sentimental effusions which were not very intelligible to me,—making no direct offer of marriage, but speaking (in very touching terms, I thought) about "the solace, very soft, of the friendship of heart, and the charms inexpressible of the life domestic." That seemed to me all right, and I duly delivered the missive. Great was my surprise at the effect it produced!

My Aunt Mary, who is still living, was then about twenty-one years old; a belle, rather tall and pretty, a good musician and a graceful dancer; stylish, too, having returned a year or two before from a fashionable boarding-school. Her three sisters and herself, all unmarried and considered very good matches, made our house their home.

She and her elder sister, Jane, a little beauty with a charming figure, had both had sundry very eligible offers of marriage, among others from officers of rank in the British Army; and, as they had rejected these, it may be imagined with what feelings the rich belle perused the overtures of an obscure foreigner, of whom nothing was known except that he had held a lieutenant's commission in an enemy's ranks.

"Just to think of it!" she exclaimed; "as if I had ever given the man the least little scrap of encouragement! He must be downright crazy." Then to me: "It was very wrong of you indeed, Robert, to bring me any such letter as that."

"Why, how could I tell, Aunt, whether you would like it or not? It's very polite."

"Like it! polite! The most impudent—" There she checked herself, remembering no doubt that he was my teacher; then enclosed the tabooed letter in a blank envelope, and bade me return it to the writer the very first opportunity.

"And what shall I say to him, Aunt Mary?"

"That if he ever repeats the offence—no, say nothing, except that I have forbidden you ever to receive such a letter again."

I was very sorry for poor Monsieur, who wore for a week the air of a martyr, and went to no further expense, I think, for sweet-scented oil.

My father was informed by his sister-in-law of this piece of presumption, for which she wished the Frenchman to be dismissed at once. But taking pity, probably, on the poor fellow, he continued him as our teacher so long as the war lasted. I was glad of this, for he was very good-natured, and I made progress under his tuition, especially during long walks with him, when only French was spoken. But I observed that he did not appear at our dinner-table again,—a concession, I imagine, to the offended dignity of my sensitive aunt.

We had many interesting visitors at Braxfield, some of whom remained with us for a day or two; among them one of the Edgeworths, brother of that Maria to whose labors for young people we children were indebted for so much pleasure. He was a bright, cheery youth, who sank considerably in my father's estimation by preferring, to long disquisitions with him on the formation of character, a good romp with us. Of course, we thought him charming, especially when he propounded sundry games, among them the composition of impromptu verses on some given theme. My verses, unfortunately for my humility, were voted the best. I took to writing ballads, and there is no saying how far the

poetic frenzy might have carried me had I not perused soon after *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,—the finest poem, I think, Scott ever wrote. At that time, too, were just appearing Byron's best works: first, *Childe Harold*, then the *Giaour*, and the *Corsair*. I was fascinated by their fiery power, and thoroughly convinced that my vocation was not that of a poet.

Other works, of a very different character, fell into my hands about this time. Sir Charles Grandison, despite its stately formality, did me good. I think its tone of old-fashioned, homely chivalry has a healthy influence on young people. *Paradise Lost* had great attractions, but tended much to confuse my Biblical lore. As has doubtless happened to others, it was not till many years afterwards that I learned to distinguish between Milton's apocryphal story and the orthodox Bible narrative. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, too, which I read over and over again, further entangled my theological ideas. Christian's journey and adventures won my belief as fully as those of the Israelites, led by Moses toward the promised land.

These were works which the children of a former century had read and pondered. But my boyhood was at a period when a branch of literature, till then underrated, and indeed little worth, suddenly assumed new character and proportions. One by one, the marvellous productions of the prince of novelists startled and charmed the British public. *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Ivanhoe*, and all the rest,—what sunny memories, what hours of rapt enjoyment, do the very titles still call up!

But events were approaching that were to leave a deeper impress on my character than books, whether of fancy or of graver tone. I was a strong, hearty boy, fond of all rough sports, a very fair rider, following the fox-hounds on a clever dun pony in a manner that called forth commendation from my companions. The young country gentry of that day, in the heart of Scot-

land, were a good-natured, rollicking set, given to violation of the Third Commandment and quite willing to risk their necks any day at a five-bar gate.

One instance of profanity, I remember, greatly scandalized me, brought up as I had been to venerate ministers of the Gospel. I was sitting on my impatient pony, one gray morning, next to a jolly, well-mounted curate who had just joined the hunt. The hounds had been turned into a dense copse, and we were in momentary expectation of the signal announcing that Reynard had got away before the dogs, when a horseman, riding up, told us that "the stupid animal had suffered himself to be killed only a few yards from where he was unearthed."

"D—n the creature!" broke forth my clerical neighbor; "God d—n such a fox!" Adding, perhaps in reply to my look of astonishment, "And that's a good deal for a clergyman to say."

After a time we came upon another, more satisfactory specimen of the vulpine race, who got a fair start before the hounds, and we followed him under full cry. Over a field or two, where the fences were low, I kept up with a young officer mounted on a beautiful hunter, nearly thorough-bred. Finally, there presented itself before us an enclosure of a formidable character, flanked by a double ditch; between the two ditches a mound, on which was a light fence with stakes and rail,—the whole upwards of five feet high, and the stretch, from outside to outside of the ditches, a good fourteen or fifteen feet. They say that a thoroughly trained Irish hunter will light, like a cat, sideways on the summit of such a mound, and then, with a second bound, clear the farther ditch. But I never witnessed such an exploit, and our horses were incapable of performing it. I pulled up, of course; but my military companion, after a good look at what awaited him, patted his horse on the neck with the words, "O, Jamie, lad, we're going to get a deevil of a tumble," and put him unhesitat-

ingly at the leap. The spirited animal cleared it handsomely with his forefeet; but one hind foot caught in the top rail, and horse and man rolled into the farther ditch. I held my breath, fearing that the rider was killed; but he was up again in a few seconds smirched, indeed, from head to foot with the contents of the mud-puddle, but evidently unhurt; for he sprang as lightly into the saddle as if nothing had happened, and was off at a gallop before I recovered from my surprise.

I rode ignominiously round by a farm-gate and was completely thrown out, while the young dare-devil came in triumphantly, first at the death.

But for me all such sports were soon to end. When about twelve years old I had the measles; and, though I recovered easily, I had afterwards, from undue exposure I believe, a terrible relapse, resulting in high and unmanageable fever and some sort of inflammation of the chest. They gave me foxglove and other powerful medicines, and applied, on breast and stomach, a large Spanish-fly blister, which was kept open for a week. Every day during that week, as I was afterwards told, my death was expected; during a month I continued in great danger, and for six months more I was confined to the house.

By this illness my nervous system was completely unstrung; indeed, prostrated to such degree that the slightest noise, even an abrupt word or the unexpected opening of a door, caused me to start with terror. Some one had to remain constantly in the room; for I could not endure to be left alone, even for a moment. So abnormal was the condition of my nerves of touch, that the sheets of my bed seemed to me thicker than sail-cloth, and the blankets like inch-boards. Then, too, I had a constantly repeated sensation of sinking down, down, as to the centre of the earth; and the slightest unforeseen incident, pleasant or unpleasant, moved me to tears. I remember that the doctor ordered my head to be shaved, and that a wig was bought for me; but the

sight of it and the idea of the head-shaving threw me into such a paroxysm of grief, that it was abandoned and the matter compounded by having my hair cut short.

These symptoms subsided very gradually, lingering after the first half-year had past and I had been at last permitted once more to mount Donald — that was my pony's name — and enjoy a short ride daily. A full year elapsed before I was able to part with any intimate friend, even for a few days, with equanimity, or to read aloud any touching episode in history, — the death of Queen Mary of Scotland, for example.

My father and mother were very considerate, never advertent to this nervous weakness. I was terribly ashamed of it, but it was no more under my control than were the beats of my pulse. I did not regain reasonable command of my sensations till college-life, with regular gymnastic training, brought hardening influence. Then I gradually got rid of all mere physical nervous debility, so that throughout life my equanimity has not been easily disturbed by sudden danger nor unduly excited by partisan abuse; and even to this day I can carry a full cup or strike a billiard-ball as steadily as I could fifty years ago. The mental effects, however, of that sickness, carrying me to the verge of death, have never been wholly removed. Since then my emotions seem to lie nearer the surface than formerly; to be more readily called forth by pity, by admiration, by love. I have continued to be more quickly excited by wrong to indignation, and more easily moved to tears. But though my emotional nature was thus intensified by the ordeal through which it passed, the change did not involve any tendency to nervous anxiety or to undue thought for the morrow, — still less to any dark forebodings as to the future. So little have I been prone to expect that things would turn out ill, that I have to set a constant watch on a disposition to careless incaution.

Many of our friends said, and I think my parents believed, that my chance

of attaining manhood was doubtful. But let those who find themselves, in youth, as nigh unto death and as wearied waiters for convalescence as I, take heart. From that time to the present I have not had what might be called a serious illness; and, at this day, I am free from the infirmities — even from the usual ailments — of age.

Before I finally recovered, however, I was overtaken by a serious affection of the eyes, the balls becoming blood-shot and the lids inflamed. The usual prescriptions by an oculist proving ineffectual, my mother, somewhat alarmed, decided to try the effect of sea-bathing, renting two rooms for my brother William and myself, in Porto Bello, the seaport of Edinburgh, where our windows looked out on the beautiful Frith of Forth. There we were put in charge of a kind, motherly old lady, with whom instructions were left that, so we kept within reasonable bounds, we might order what we pleased for dinner.

The first day, after mature deliberation, we concluded that there was nothing in the way of delicacies superior to mashed potatoes browned before the fire, and apple-pie; so we decided on that bill of fare. The second day, failing to hit upon anything else as good, and seeing no reason why we should have anything short of the best, we renewed the order; and so on for several days in succession, much to the amazement of our good hostess. It was not until the sixth day, I think, that it occurred to us that the *toujours-perdrix* plan did not work quite satisfactorily, and that we should like pie and potatoes better if we tried something else for a few days.

Three or four months of relaxation, most agreeably spent, sufficed to effect a radical cure; and here, again, it may comfort others similarly afflicted to learn that my eyes have never troubled me since; and that — though now on what is called the wrong side of seventy, but what I think ought to be called the *right* side, as being nearer home — my

sight, at a distance, is nearly as good as it ever was, and spectacles are less necessary than they were twenty years ago; for I can read fair-sized type by daylight without them.

When I returned to Braxfield, my father, rightly judging that further suspension of regular study and change of scene were needed to confirm my health, took me with him, in the summer of 1815, on a journey throughout England and Scotland, which he made for the purpose of collecting evidence touching the condition of children employed in the cotton, woollen, linen, and silk factories of the kingdom.

At a meeting which he had previously held at the Tontine, Glasgow, he had introduced two resolutions recommending petitions to Parliament,—one for the remission of the duty on imported cotton; the other for the protection of factory children from labor beyond their strength. The first passed unanimously; the second was lost by an overwhelming majority. Thereupon my father determined to agitate the matter himself.

As a preliminary measure we visited all the chief factories in Great Britain. The facts we collected seemed to me terrible almost beyond belief. Not in exceptional cases, but as a general rule, we found children of *ten years old worked regularly fourteen hours a day*, with but half an hour's interval for the midday meal, which was eaten in the factory. In the fine-yarn cotton mills (producing from a hundred and twenty to three hundred hanks to the pound), they were subjected to this labor in a temperature usually exceeding seventy-five degrees; and in all the cotton factories they breathed an atmosphere more or less injurious to the lungs, because of the dust and minute cotton fibres that pervaded it.

In some cases we found that greed of gain had impelled the mill-owners to still greater extremes of inhumanity, utterly disgraceful, indeed, to a civilized nation. Their mills were run fifteen and, in exceptional cases, *sixteen* hours a day with a single set of hands; and they did not scruple to employ children

of both sexes from the age of eight. We actually found a considerable number under that age.

It need not be said that such a system could not be maintained without corporal punishment. Most of the overseers openly carried stout leather thongs, and we frequently saw even the youngest children severely beaten.

We sought out the surgeons who were in the habit of attending these children, noting their names and the facts to which they testified. Their stories haunted my dreams. In some large factories from one fourth to one fifth of the children were either cripples or otherwise deformed, or permanently injured by excessive toil, sometimes by brutal abuse. The younger children seldom held out more than three or four years without severe illness, often ending in death.

When we expressed surprise that parents should voluntarily condemn their sons and daughters to slavery so intolerable, the explanation seemed to be that many of the fathers were out of work themselves, and so were, in a measure, driven to the sacrifice for lack of bread; while others, imbruted by intemperance, saw with indifference an abuse of the infant faculties compared to which the infanticide of China may almost be termed humane.

In London my father laid before several members of Parliament the mass of evidence he had collected, and a bill which he had prepared forbidding the employment in factories of child-workers under twelve years of age, and fixing the hours they might be employed at ten a day. Finally he obtained from the elder Sir Robert Peel (father of the well-known Prime Minister, and then between sixty and seventy years old) a promise to introduce this humane measure into the House of Commons. Sir Robert, then one of the richest cotton-spinners in the kingdom and a member of twenty-five years' standing, possessed considerable influence. Had he exerted it heartily, I think (and my father thought) that the measure might have been carried the

first session. But, in several interviews with him to which I accompanied my father, even my inexperience detected a slackness of purpose and an indisposition to offend his fellow-manufacturers, who were almost all violently opposed to the measure. I think it probable that his hesitation was mainly due to a consciousness that it ill became him to denounce cruelties in causing which he had himself had a prominent share. The bill dragged through the House for four sessions; and when passed at last, it was in a mutilated and comparatively valueless form.

Pending its discussion I frequently attended with my father the sessions of a committee of the House appointed to collect evidence and report on the condition of factory children. He was a chief witness, and one day had to stand (and did stand unmoved) a bitter cross-examination by Sir George Philips, a "cotton lord," as the millionnaires among mill-owners were then popularly called. This oppressor of childhood questioned my father as to his religious opinions, and other personal matters equally irrelevant, in a tone so insolent, that, to my utter shame, I could not repress my tears. They were arrested, however, when Lord Brougham (then plain Henry) called the offender to order, and after commenting, in terms that were caustic to my heart's content, on the impertinent character of Sir George's cross-examination, moved that it be expunged from the records of the committee, — a motion which was carried without a dissenting voice.

Throughout the four years during which this reformatory measure was in progress, my father (in truth the soul of the movement) was unremitting in his endeavors to bring the evidence he had obtained before the public. The periodical press aided him in this; and I remember that one touching story, in particular, had a wide circulation. It came out in evidence given before the committee by an assistant overseer of the poor. He was called upon to relieve a father out of employment, and

found his only child, a factory girl quite ill; and he testifies further as follows: "Some time after, the father came to me with tears in his eyes. 'What's the matter, Thomas?' I asked. He said, 'My little girl is gone; she died in the night; and what breaks my heart is this, — though she was not able to do her work, I had to let her go to the mill yesterday morning. She promised to pay a little boy a half-penny on Saturday, if he would help her so she could rest a little. I told her he should have a penny.' At night the child could not walk home, fell several times by the way, and had to be carried at last to her father's house by her companions. She never spoke intelligibly afterwards. She was ten years old."

Some poet of that day — true poets are the best friends of the Right — versified this incident: —

"THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

" 'T was on a winter morning,
The weather wet and mild,
Two hours before the dawning
The father roused his child:
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried: 'The bell is ringing!
My hapless darling, haste!'

" 'Dear father, I'm so weary!
I scarce can reach the door;
And long the way and dreary;
O, carry me once more!
Her wasted form seems nothing;
The load is on his heart:
He soothes the little sufferer,
Till at the mill they part.

"The overlooker met her
As to her frame she crept;
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her when she wept.
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftener broke;
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

"She thought how her dead mother
Blessed her, with latest breath,
And of her little brother,
Worked down, like her, to death:
Then told a tiny neighbor
A half-penny she'd pay
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she lay.

"The sun had long descended
Ere she sought that repose:

*Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
Then home ! but oft she tarried ;
She fell, and rose no more ;
By pitying comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.*

*" At night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his sleepless child :
Though close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last perceptions tried :
Up from her straw-bed springing,
' It's time ! ' she shrieked, and died !*

*" That night a chariot passed her,
While on the ground she lay :
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay.
Their tender hearts were sighing,
As negroes' wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying
Who gained their father's gold."*

While in London I became acquainted with another reformer, as zealous and persevering in his way as my father. It happened thus.

I had a standing invitation from William Allen — the same who refused me a second supply of roast-beef — to dine or sup with him any time I happened to be in the city. Entering Plough Court late one afternoon I met him, equipped for a journey, and he greeted me joyfully.

" Ah, Robert, thee comes just in time. Friend Thomas Clarkson will be here to take supper and spend the night. I am going into the country and cannot return till to-morrow. So thee must stay here to-night and take my place. Thee knows what a firm friend Thomas has been to the good cause."

I was overjoyed, and I told him so. Just before leaving Braxfield I had read Clarkson's *History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade*, and had there inspected the famous print of the plan and sections of a slave-ship with its four hundred and fifty victims packed in like so many herrings, — a print which the antislavery committee had got up, I think in 1790. No pamphlet or book or speech was ever so eloquent as that mute appeal. I recollect laying down the print and pacing the floor with mingled feelings of horror and of burning indignation. From that day forth I

had regarded Clarkson with a sentiment akin to hero-worship.

But his genial manner soon put me at my ease. Alone with him after tea, I plied him with eager questions. He must have been gratified by the enthusiasm shown by a youth not yet fifteen ; for we sat together from seven or eight until one or two in the morning ; and he gave me, in minute detail, many particulars of the great struggle which had terminated triumphantly eight years before. To me they were of absorbing interest, and I remember to this day much that he said.

Clarkson, then fifty-five years old, had written, thirty years before (when senior bachelor in St. John's College, Cambridge), a successful essay on the question, "Is involuntary slavery justifiable?" That essay determined the entire course of his life. He spent twenty years in gathering, arranging, and disseminating the sickening mass of facts that marked the character of the slave-trade.

He told me that, during the early portion of that period, there were many days during which he collected evidence so replete with horrors and atrocities that he returned home, in the evening, with a burning sensation in his head which rendered sleep impossible, until he had applied for hours bandages soaked in coldest water to forehead and temples, so as to allay the fever of the brain.

But what chiefly lives in my recollection is the graphic account he gave me of an interview which, after several years thus spent, he obtained, through the influence of Wilberforce, with William Pitt, then Prime Minister.

With the directness of a master-mind that great man plunged into the subject at once. "I know that you have bestowed much study on this matter, Mr. Clarkson," he said ; "but I want details. Can you give them?"

"Yes, if you will allow your secretary to bring in some books which I left in the antechamber."

Four or five ponderous folios, labelled respectively *Day Book*, *Journal*, and

Ledger, were produced. Pitt mentioned the name of some well-known slaver (the ship *Brooks*, I think it was), and asked, "Do you know anything about her?"

"Yes; do you wish to see an account of her last voyage?"

Pitt assenting, Clarkson, after referring to the index of one of his journals labelled "Slave-Voyages," handed the volume, open at the narrative demanded, to the minister, who read it with the closest attention; then asked, "Do you know the names of the officers and sailors who were shipped for this voyage?"

"Here they are," — opening one of the ledgers at a page headed, "The Ship *Brooks*."

"Ah! did you take the testimony of any of these sailors?"

"I did, of this one," — pointing to his name; "and here it is," — opening the ledger at another page, headed with the man's name.

Pitt read his testimony from the first word to the last. "Any other?" he then asked.

Clarkson gave him three or four more to read, which he perused with the same care, then added, "The surgeon; did you examine him?"

"Here is his testimony."

The minister ran it over, taking notes as he did so. "An important witness that, Mr. Clarkson. Can you tell where he is to be found?"

"Just at present he is at sea; but the *Brooks* will be in during the summer, and then his address will be —" giving it.

"Can the sailor witnesses be procured if they are wanted?"

"Next summer they can easily be found." And Clarkson, having copied from a ledger the names of the boarding-houses in Liverpool which each respectively frequented when on shore, handed them to the minister.

"Any more vessels?" asked Mr. Pitt.

"Twenty or thirty more, if you have time to examine the testimony regarding them."

"I shall *make* time. It is a very important inquiry."

This rapid cross-examination, Clarkson told me, lasted three or four hours, during which, he said, Mr. Pitt must have looked over attentively not less than a hundred pages of manuscript. To every question put, Clarkson had a satisfactory answer ready. When the slave-voyages had occurred years before, and some of the sailors could not be produced, it was stated what had become of them, whether by death, discharge, or desertion. Pains had even been taken, in every case, to record the former abode or service of each, together with the time of his entry, copied from the books of the vessel.

The effect produced on the Prime Minister, during this memorable interview, exceeded, Clarkson said, his most sanguine anticipations.

When Pitt had glanced over the last page submitted to him, he closed the book and said: "That will, do. I doubted whether the slave-trade was the iniquitous traffic which many good men have represented it to be. You have removed these doubts, Mr. Clarkson; and I thank you for the wonderful pains you have taken and the facts you have brought before me. You may depend upon whatever I can do, upon all the personal influence I can exert, to further your wishes. I may not be able," — he hesitated a moment, — "there are circumstances that are likely to prevent this being made a Cabinet question. But nothing shall prevent me from expressing, so far as I can benefit the cause by doing so, my individual opinion on this subject. Come to me whenever you have anything important to communicate, without ceremony or previous appointment. I shall give instructions that, unless I am very specially engaged, you be admitted at once. Any papers you want I will order. Perhaps I may communicate with some of our Continental neighbors on the subject. Can I do anything more for you?"

Clarkson begged to be allowed to lay before him some African produc-

tions; and they were brought from the next room. They included native manufactures of cotton, leather, gold, and iron. Pitt examined them with interest, and spoke with emotion.

"I fear that we have underrated these people, Mr. Clarkson. We owe them a debt for the miseries we have aided to bring upon them. It would be worthy of England to bestir herself for the civilization of Africa."

Then, after sitting silent for some time, — much moved, Clarkson thought, — he dismissed him with a few brief words of kindness and encouragement.

Doubts have been cast on Pitt's sincerity in this matter. I know that Lord Brougham was incredulous as to his earnest desire for abolition. But Clarkson told me that he regarded him as a firm friend of the African to the last. The above interview took place in 1788; and before the close of that year Pitt caused to be made to the French government a communication in which he urged a union of the two countries to abolish the slave-trade. But the answer from France was unfavorable; and as the correspondence was not made public at the time, few persons knew that it had taken place. Pitt kept his word, also, to Mr. Clarkson, — giving him access at all times, and furnishing him with many important documents which could only be had by a government order.

"He was true to the cause," Clarkson said to me, "from the early years of our great struggle till his death in 1806. He did not live to see the Abolition Bill passed; yet had it not been for his assistance at critical moments, we might not have succeeded in passing it even to this day. Fox, when that bill was on its passage, did him full justice on that score."

The circumstances alluded to by Pitt as likely to cramp his action were, Clarkson informed me, the course taken by three of the most influential members of his Cabinet, — Lord Chancellor Thurlow, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Dundas, — who remained persistent in resisting abolition.

As late as 1799, during a debate in the Lords on a bill to terminate the trade, Thurlow declared that slavery was sanctioned by Scripture, adding, "The bill is altogether miserable and contemptible." * With such comrades and with his powers taxed to the uttermost in that terrible struggle with Napoleon during which England herself was threatened with invasion, it is little wonder that Pitt scrupled to adopt an extreme policy which might have broken up the Cabinet.

Perhaps that evening with Clarkson was the most important I ever passed. Its lesson, never forgotten, influenced my action during a long public life. I bore in mind that declamation, eloquence even, avails little in a practical way, without a basis of fact carefully prepared and consolidated; for what amount of empty brilliancy would have converted Pitt? I never brought forward a measure of any importance, either in the Indiana Legislature or in Congress, without first seeking out and systematizing, not only the facts which I proposed to use in opening debate, but all others which, in the course of the discussion, my opponents were likely to employ. It is chiefly, I think, to this habit that I owe what success I may have had as a member of deliberative bodies. As an author, also, my rule has been the same. I owe a great debt to Thomas Clarkson.

On my return, soon afterwards, to Braxfield, my time, aside from private lessons in the languages, was chiefly spent in our day and evening schools, where I gave occasional lectures to the older classes. Nor was the instruction afforded to these factory children restricted to the school-house. I remember taking several classes of the more advanced scholars to see a large collection of wild animals in a menagerie which was exhibited, for a few days, in the old town of Lanark. This incident is stamped on my recollection the more because of what might easily have proved a fatal accident which oc-

* *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, by Lord Campbell. London, 1868. Vol. VII. p. 233.

curred on that occasion. Among the beasts were two lions, a male and a female, and a lion's cub a few months old. This cub, which was already heavier and stronger than the largest Newfoundland dog, was in a separate cage; and one of the keepers, entering with a whip, ordered it about like a dog, and chastised it when it disobeyed. The children, of course, were delighted, and crowded close up, "to see the fun." But their cheer was soon changed. A blow struck by the keeper caused the young brute to back against the front bars of his cage. These, being insecurely fastened, gave way, and the whelp was precipitated into the midst of the children. At first he seemed almost as much frightened as they; but, recovering himself, he turned and sprang upon a little girl ten years old, named Mary Morrison, his teeth just grazing the back of her head. Meanwhile, however, the "lion-tamer," as he was called in the bills, sprang from the cage after the fugitive and struck him sharply with his whip, causing him to relinquish his hold of the terrified girl; while another secured the animal by throwing a noose over his neck. Luckily they were both brave and powerful men; and they picked up the creature, threw him back into his cage, and secured the bars, without further accident.

My father sought to make education as practical as possible. The girls were taught sewing and knitting, and both sexes, in the upper classes, besides geography and natural history, had simple lessons in drawing. Yet it was not the graver studies that chiefly interested and pleased our numerous visitors: the dancing and music lessons formed the chief attraction. The juvenile performers were dressed alike, all in tartan, the boys wearing the Highland kilt and hose. Carefully instructed in the dances then in vogue, as a lesson, not as a performance, they went through their reels and quadrilles with an ease and grace that would not have shamed a fashionable ball-room, coupled with a simplicity and unconscious-

ness natural to children when they are not spoiled, but which in higher circles is often sadly lacking.

The class for vocal music numbered, at one time, a hundred and fifty; and under a well-qualified teacher they made wonderful progress. I selected, and had printed for them, on a succession of pasteboard sheets, a collection of simple airs, chiefly national Scottish melodies, which they rendered with a homely pathos scarcely attainable, perhaps, except by those who are "to the manner born."

Another feature in our schools which proved very popular with visitors was the military training of the older children. Drilled by a superannuated soldier whom my father had hired for the purpose, and preceded by a boy-band of a drum or two and four or five fifes, they made a very creditable appearance.

All this, unprecedented then in any spinning village, or indeed in any free public school throughout the kingdom, gradually drew crowds of travellers as witnesses. I have seen as many as seventy persons in the building at one time. The number of names recorded in our Visitors' Book, from the year 1815 to 1825, the year in which my father bought the village and lands of New Harmony, and sold out of the New Lanark concern, was nearly twenty thousand.

There came, not only nobility and gentry from every part of Great Britain, but also many foreigners of rank from the Continent. Among these last the most notable was a nobleman who, nine years afterwards, became the most powerful emperor in the world.

It was in 1816 that Nicholas, Grand Duke of Russia, then on a tour through Great Britain, visited Glasgow. There he received and accepted an invitation from my father; and he and the officers of his suite, to the number of eight or ten, spent two days with us at Braxfield. He was then twenty years old; fully six feet high; and, in face and figure, I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen. His manner, in those

days, was simple and courteous ; and the dignity which marked it at times had not yet degenerated, as it is said afterwards to have done, into haughtiness.

My French tutor, in anticipation of this visit, had been drilling me in matters of etiquette. "Your Imperial Highness," he bade me bear in mind, was the only proper mode of address. I must be sure not to say *you*, and the "Imperial" was imperative, — *de rigueur*, as he phrased it, not to be replaced by *milord* or any other common title. He would have me try it, in conversation with himself ; but it did not come "trippingly on the tongue," as Hamlet required, and Monsieur Levasseur prophesied a failure.

My father, I could see, waited his guest's arrival with a little touch of nervousness. Somewhat inconsiderately, I think, he had instructed the village band to meet the Duke's carriage and escort it the last mile or two. I judged from some remarks made by a member of his suite, and not intended for my ear, that the delay and the indifferent music annoyed the Duke ; but he was too well-bred to show it, causing fifty dollars to be handed to the band-leader.

The Duke's physician, a Scotchman named Sir Alexander Creighton, interpreted between his royal patient and my father, who spoke English only. A great relief it was to me, who had feared to be called upon in a similar capacity. And, as a listener, I was soon set at ease on another point. I observed that the officers of the Duke's suite, in addressing their master, ignored the "Imperial" ; said *you*, as to other people, and used no title except *Monseigneur*. Greatly relieved in mind, I concluded that Monsieur Levasseur was not *au fait* in regard to court etiquette ; and when the Duke addressed me in French, I replied without embarrassment.

I think, however, that I must have shared my father's feeling as to the importance of this visit ; for I can still recall some of the exact words of a conversation which I had with the Duke during a walk from Braxfield to

the Mills. Among other questions touching our business, he asked me what was our daily produce. It so happened that some weeks before I had calculated that we spun, on the average, three hundred and sixty thousand miles of thread per week. So I was able to reply that we manufactured daily "*autant de fil de coton qu'il faut pour entourer deux fois et demi le monde.*"

In my turn, I asked him if he had ever been in England before ; to which he answered, "*Je la visite pour la première et pour la dernière fois,*" — a mistake of his, however ; for twenty-eight years afterwards he crossed to London on a visit to Queen Victoria.

He next inquired if I would like to know by what name he was known in his own country ; and, on my assenting, said he was there called *Nicolas, Veliki Kneis Rouski*, — wrongly spelt, probably, and perhaps bad Russian ; but he repeated it several times, laughing at my pronunciation, till I got it by heart ; and thus it comes to me now.

The Duke seemed to take a special fancy to a younger brother of mine, named David Dale, after his grandfather, and then nine or ten years old. He was a remarkable-looking boy, with handsome features, light yellow curling hair, and dark eyes, eyebrows, and eyelashes. The Duke had him on his knee, playing with him, during a considerable portion of the evening ; and the child, flattered by such notice, took so cordially to our visitor that it appeared to win his heart. At all events, next day he caused it to be intimated to my father that, if he would give up the boy, he (Nicholas) would charge himself with his future. Whether my mother objected, or whether my father himself thought a court life an undesirable career, I know not ; but the offer was gratefully declined.

If my impressions, such as they were at fifteen, are trustworthy, there was nothing, at that early age, in the future Emperor to indicate the arbitrary and cruel spirit which, in later years, marked his subjugation of Poland and his armed

intervention against the Hungarian patriots; nothing, in the appearance of the youth of twenty, to prefigure the stern autocrat who was by and by to revive, against his own subjects, that capital punishment which had been humanely abolished by the Empress Elizabeth. There have been many Hazael's who, while yet unhardened by the habit of irresponsible power, might exclaim, from the heart, "What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

At all events the young Duke's manner seemed to me unaffected, earnest, and cordial. He listened with marked attention for two hours or more to an exposition, by my father, of his peculiar views for the improvement of mankind, and showed a lively interest in all he saw, whether in school or factory, at New Lanark. Count Gurowski, who knew Russia well and with whom Nicholas was no favorite, speaking of him as he was in youth, admits: "His primitive tendency was to be a reformer. . . . He believed that his mission was to be the conductor of his people into light and civilization; that he was to lay a corner-stone for their moral and social amelioration. This was more than a dream; it was a reality of several years' duration."*

At the time of his visit to us, he was engaged to the Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the King of Prussia; and he purchased at the company's store, and had sent to her, sundry specimens of goods manufactured from our yarns.

My father states in his Autobiography that his guest, alluding to Malthus's theory that Great Britain was over-peopled, expressed his willingness to receive and promote the advantageous settlement in Russia of as many British manufacturers and their operatives, including my father and the villagers

of New Lanark, as might see fit to emigrate thither. But if I heard this at the time, I have since forgotten it. My father, successful and satisfied in his position, declined the offer.

Nicholas, as I remember, was frugal to abstemiousness in his mode of living, eating sparingly of the plainest food only, and scarcely touching wine. In some of his appointments he was homely — so it occurs to me now — to the point of affectation. He caused to be set up, in the handsome chamber which had been provided for him, a small iron camp-bed, with leathern mattress and pillow stuffed with hay, and spread with the rudest covering. An officer of his suite told us that such was his constant habit.

One of his attendants slept on the floor across his chamber-door, outside, — a measure of precautionary suspicion, probably of Oriental origin, and adopted, I believe, by all Russian princes of the blood.

A trifling incident connected with the Duke's visit to us occurs to me now, as characteristic of a weakness into which my good father, prosperous and generous, was occasionally betrayed. The crest of our family, two eagles' heads, had been, as is customary, engraved on our service of plate. At supper, one of the Duke's suite, handing a silver fork to him, called his attention to the engraving as being almost an exact copy of the double-eagle, part of the blazon of the Russian coat-of-arms. Some jest as to right of property having passed, in connection with the matter, and attracted my father's attention, it suggested a gift to his guest. Accordingly, next morning he had a silver dessert-set packed up, and handed, just as the party were starting off, to one of the attendants, together with a letter begging the Duke's acceptance of it as a memento of his visit to New Lanark.

My mother, good, sensible matron, took exception to any such proceeding. In the case of a friend to whom we owed kindness or gratitude, or to any one who would value the offering for

* *Russia as It Is*, pp. 51, 52. New York. 1854.

Gurowski also tells us that, in 1825, when the Czar's councillors urged him to restore capital punishment, bringing him a sentence of the criminal court condemning five conspirators to death, he refused, for three days, to give his signature in approval, and acquiesced, at last, with reluctance.

the donor's sake, she would not have grudged her nice forks and spoons; but to the possessor of thousands, a two days' acquaintance who was not likely to bestow a second thought on the things!—in all which I cordially agreed with her, especially when I found William Sheddon, our butler, lamenting over his empty cases, the glittering contents of which had often excited my childish admiration. But I think the worthy man was somewhat comforted when he estimated his lion's share of a ten-pound note which the Duke's purser had put into his hands for distribution among the servants.

My recollections of William Sheddon extend over more than twenty years. Careful, punctiliously respectful, order-loving even to fanaticism, a piece of animated clock-work in all his daily duties, how well I recollect the staid face, with a nervous twitching of the chin when at all excited! The best

men have their failings, and I think Sheddon, after he had decanted, with infinite care, the old port and pale sherry, was wont to taste them, to assure himself that they had not lost their flavor. But, to atone, I have seen him spend full ten minutes over the dinner-table, after it had been all set, to give it a finishing touch; adjusting each cover, and every knife, fork, glass, and salt-cellar so scrupulously to its allotted spot, that a mathematician, with his compasses, might have found it difficult to detect an error of a quarter of an inch in their respective distances each from the other.

Peace to his shade! I wonder how many of his life-long peculiarities he carried with him to the next world.

But all these familiar scenes were soon to become, for me, things of the past. I was about to quit our quiet home, and to find, in a distant country, a new and more stirring life.

Robert Dale Owen.

AT THE WINDOW.

I HEARD the woodpecker pecking,
The bluebird tenderly sing;
I turned and looked out of my window,
And lo, it was spring!
A breath from tropical borders,
Just a ripple, flowed into my room,
And washed my face clean of its sadness,
Blew my heart into bloom.
The loves I have kept for a lifetime,
Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,
Break forth into full leaf and tassel
When spring winds do blow.
For the sap of my life goes upward,
Obeying the same sweet law
That waters the heart of the maple
After a thaw;
I forget my old age and grow youthful
Bathing in wind-tides of spring,
When I hear the woodpecker pecking,
The first bluebird sing.

James Maurice Thompson.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON SOCIAL LIFE.

I WISH to record some impressions of London social life and of that particular phase of it we call society, — an institution wise men are accustomed to hold in great contempt while very gladly accepting its invitations. I may dwell upon some faults which, I should explain, are shared by society in all times and places, — indeed, are quite inseparable from it, — while others to be described are the peculiarities not so much of the country as of the age. Whatever be the defects and drawbacks of society, scholars and thinkers would wish to establish something like it, did they not see that, in many respects, that already established was unfit for their uses. Were it possible, they would want some common ground where men and women might meet to talk and see and be seen. What they, with their very high intentions, would *desire*, the rest of us would find enjoyable. When the gods had brought man into existence, they were still puzzled by the formidable problem of how he was to be amused. It was supposed that something more extended and complex than the original race would be required for that purpose; and numerous plans were submitted to the council of the gods, and were one by one rejected. At length one Olympian inventor arose and suggested that the members of the new race should find their amusement in looking at each other. This novel and audacious suggestion, though at first received with merriment and wonder, was finally adopted, and on trial was discovered to work admirably. It has certainly since proved itself to be the completest of all inventions, at once the most perfect and the simplest and most labor-saving.

I have often wondered if something like the Athenian Agora could not be devised. One of the great features of Athens, I fancy, was the active intel-

lectual interest the people took in their society as a spectacle. The liveliest curiosity everywhere pervaded the community, and the stimulus of a public place of resort must have been great. Hither came men of all ranks and professions, — merchants, poets, soldiers, sophists, and statesmen. When Socrates or Cimon passed, every pedler had his jibe and every huckster his bit of scandal. The whole market-place was full of mirth, movement, gayety, gossip, and curiosity. There is one modern institution which has some points of similarity to the Agora: I mean London society. The resemblance is one more of form than of character. It is like it in the fact that it brings numbers of people into association, or rather contiguity, and that in it we see constantly all the noted people of the day. Here the likeness ends: the life and variety are not there.

Yet, easy as it is to find fault with, London society is far the most perfect thing of the kind in the world, and it must be a dull man who would fail to extract amusement and pleasure from it. Were it a little less hard and rude, and were there a little more liberty for individualities, and especially for good individualities, one might spend a lifetime in it with profit. As a spectacle, it is valuable for its profuseness, its pomp of life, the beautiful women and famous men we see in it. There is, moreover, something of moral education in it. We get a certain strength, — of a kind, indeed, which we should not take long to acquire, and, having acquired, should not take a lifetime to practise, but still a kind of strength, — silent resistance, and ease in the presence of people who are indifferent and critical. The dowagers are the persons in conversing with whom one experiences the greatest growth of character. Some large and listless mother, whose eyes are

following the fortunes of her charges over the field, and who has asked you for the fourth time the question you have already answered for the third, — to go on discoursing to such a person as calmly and fluently as Cato does to the universe is a great and difficult thing. There is not a pleasure in it, nor indeed a rapture, but there is real growth and building up in a certain amount of it.

But the moral education of society is scarcely its most important service. There is a large class of men to whom success in it is the main object of life. To them it furnishes a profession, and one in which they are sure in time to succeed. He who in the bloom of youth is bidden to dance at some great lady's ball is sure, with average luck and persistence, to go to breakfast in his toupee. It gives the swell something to live for. When he has attained the Marquis of This, the Duke of That shines yet ahead of him. The way is plain, and there is no limit to the possibilities of its extension. From round to round of the Jacob's ladder of fashion the aspiring climber may ascend indefinitely. There is always something a little ahead. To tread all the ways of Mayfair, to sound all the depths and shoals of Belgravia, were indeed a hopeless task. But it has many sorts of uses for many sorts of people. Mothers there exhibit their marriageable wares. Politicians put their heads together. The Earl of Barchester asks a Cabinet minister to appoint a friend. But the old gentlemen who go to look on and take their daughters get the most out of it. It is especially pleasant for them by contrast with the treatment they receive in this country. Here the fathers of families creep about among their daughters' suitors in a very abject and humble manner. "What talk is there of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?" The old men in England are much more defiant and unmanageable. They do not strike their flags to the young ones, as is their habit with us. They confront age with fine clothes, the locks

right from the hand of the hair-dresser, and the air of success and authority. The condition of an Englishman who has grown gray in honors, who has a star and a decoration and the health and vanity to wear them properly, is by no means an unhappy one. (Decorations should be given to suit complexions; kings and colleges should award blue ribbons to blond men and red ribbons to dark men.) If, besides his fortunate accidents, he has humor, sensibility, and an individuality, his is really an enviable lot. In the most rigid of societies, wealth, rank, and success clear a way for individuality. They make one elbow-room. An eccentric clerk in the Admiralty would very soon find himself on the curbstone; the eccentric nobleman, on the contrary, is a popular personage, and has a recognized position in all the novels. Even hard and supercilious people are not apt to question the wit and manners of one whom kings and learned societies have indorsed. A stare need not make him check his humor. He may be a strong and natural person, if he chooses. It used to delight me to watch one old man who had run a career in literature and politics, and to whom the world had given all its good things. He protected himself with the best of Poole's tailoring. He wore a decoration which suited his complexion perfectly. He was none of your cravens. He met old age with hand gayly extended in the jauntiest, boldest way in the world. With a bearing humorously perverse and imperious, with a pair of yellow-gray eyes flashing over his eagle beak, he moved through the throng; shaking hands pleasantly with many, complimenting the mammas, and hectoring the maidens, whose conversation he corrected with mock severity, and whom he cautioned against slang. Such of the young ladies as received his reproof demurely, he looked down on with approbation; while those who were saucy pleased quite as well, as they gave him opportunity for more extended rebuke. If age ever retains the vanity, humor, and

kindness of youth, this old man must have had a pleasant time. The only drawback is, that the people who to-night are flattered by his smile may, a week hence, be reading his obituary with that contempt we instinctively feel for a man who has just ceased to live. The death of a successful man of the world affects our way of thinking of him much as any other reverse in his affairs, — the loss of his fortune, for instance, or the favor of his party. We cannot help reflecting that he must now take in a little sail, that he must in future abate a little his demand upon society.

But for the average man the very last thing society does is to give him an opportunity to express himself. Self-suppression is the lesson it inculcates by precept and by very strong example. The man of society must imitate the patience of the processes of nature. He must act as though he intended to go out forever, and was in no hurry to get the good of it. No wise man attempts to hurry London society. The people who compose it never hurry. They must believe in the immortality of the soul, or they never would consent to live so slowly. But if the man of society be unselfish and be careful to retain his sanity, its chief good is in what it offers him to look at, — the carriages flashing back and forth at the dinner-hour, looking like caskets or Christmas-boxes with the most wonderful lining and furniture (the drapery and lace almost floating out of the windows), the balls and parties, the acres of British girls through which he may wander as in a wilderness, the odors of the midnight gardens, the breath of the dawn, and the first flush of sunrise over Hyde Park as the drowsy cabman wheels homeward and to bed. Every spring he may watch for the reappearance of some queen of the last season, as for the coming of the flowers. To a mind capable of pleasure it must often be a joyous and delightful spectacle, and always an amusing one. But if a man be subject to feelings of pique and envy, and allow fortunes better than his own to make him wretched, there could hardly be a

worse place for him. I knew one man, foolish fellow! who, instead of giving himself up to the admiration of the ladies and the graces and peculiarities of the dancers, had held aloof and had been unhappy because people took so little notice of him. He told me that, when he saw other men successful and smiled upon, he used to stand back and try to look "devilish deserving." "I have since found out," he remarked, "what a very poor expedient it was. For success in society, either here or anywhere else, I had as lief be accused of forgery as of modest merit."

I found everywhere an excessive respect of the individual for the sentiment of the mass, — I mean in regard to behavior. In matters of opinion there is greater latitude than with us. Nowadays a man in England may believe anything he chooses; the reason being, I suppose, that beliefs have not much root or practical importance. Authority seems to have left the domain of thought and literature, and to have invaded that of manners. Of the two sorts of tyranny, I think I should prefer the first. I would rather be compelled to write my poetry in pentameters, and to speak with respect of the Church and the government, than to be forever made to behave as other people dictate. I know Englishmen do not accept this as true of themselves. One of them, to whom I had hinted something of the sort, said, "O, I don't know; we do about as we please." Precisely; but they have lived so constantly in the eyes of other people, have got so used to conforming, that they never think of wanting to do what society would disapprove of. They have been so in the habit of subduing whatever native individuality they possess, that they have at last got rid of it. Of course, it would be impossible to make them believe this. They mistake their inattention, the hostile front they present to the world, and their indifference to the strictures of foreigners when they are abroad, for real independence and a self-reliant adherence to nature. But there seems

to me to be something conventional even about the rude and lounging manners of which they are so proud. It is like the "stand-at-ease" of soldiers. It would be highly improper and contrary to orders to do anything else.

Englishmen appeared to me to be criticising themselves away. It is not only among Englishmen of fashion, nor solely in England, that this is the case. The age everywhere partakes of it. It has come to attach great importance to proper externals, to seemliness, to a dignified and harmonious behavior. What unexceptionable people in their private lives are the writers of the day! Artists used to be envious and backbiting: if they retain such feelings at present, they are certainly not candid. It cannot be that the world has made such progress in a few years as to have quite got rid of the passions of spite and envy. We fear the age has caught cold and the disease has been driven in. Certainly we have come to devote an exceedingly particular and microscopic care to externals; we give such attention to our walk and conversation, we are so careful to avoid faults and littlenesses of demeanor, that we seem to have acquired some sort of negative Puritanism or Pharisaism. This is true of ourselves, and it is true of all educated English people; but the disease reaches its extremest form among Englishmen of fashion and quality. I once asked one of the kindest and cleverest of them I knew, "Can a young man in this country read poetry to the ladies, — not his own, of course, but out of a book?" "No," said he, "that would be rather com-pro-mising" (shaking his head and pronouncing the word slowly). On reflection, I did not remember having done that thing myself for some years, but I hardly had it classified as one of the things not to be done under any circumstances.

In this very great self-consciousness and doubt as to what to do, it was an advantage to have some particular tone set and the range of conversation narrowed within some well-understood

limits. By this, language, as a medium of expression, is abolished, and becomes a means of getting along comfortably with friends. Certain things are set apart as good for men to converse upon, — the races, horse-flesh, politics, anything in short, providing it is not discussed in a definite or original manner. No man should say anything which might not be very well said by any one else. Each man has an infallible guide in the rest. He must set his clock by them, and regulate it carefully when it inclines to go faster. The following is a simple and easily understood specimen of a club conversation: —

First Speaker. "Are you going to Aldershot to-morrow?"

Second Speaker. "No."

Here follows a pause of several minutes.

First Speaker. "Why aren't you going to Aldershot to-morrow?"

Second Speaker. "O, I hate Aldershot."

Here follows a pause of longer duration, during which the first speaker reads over the Pall Mall Gazette for the third time.

Second Speaker. "Waiter, bring me gin and seltzer."

This one might call the unit of a club conversation, upon which more elaborate remark may be superadded at will, or it may be considered that ultimate atom of dialogue which does not admit of further divisibility.

We are of course always bound to pitch our voices to the ears of those around us. As a rule we must expect people to talk about trivial matters; it would be a great bore if they did otherwise. But now and then we need not be surprised at a little genuine laughter or hearty greetings between friends. But in the clubs, from what I saw, there rarely seemed to be any abandon or heartiness. There was roseate youth with the finest health, with beauty, with a flower in the buttonhole, with horses to ride in the Row, with fine raiment and sumptuous living every day, with the smiles of

mammas and the sly adoration of the maidens. Yet I have seen old men who seemed far more happily self-forgetful and with more enthusiasm for enjoyment. The young men have deteriorated from the energy of their fathers of forty years ago, who must have been a very amusing class of men. The strong pressure of public sentiment prevents these young men from acquiring the old physical vigor and freedom of the British upper class; and as they have no task set them, they are driven unavoidably into dullness. They never swear, or rarely. The "demmes" and "egads" of their ancestors are quite out of employment. They even sin with a certain decorum. For instance, it is very "bad form" to dance with the ladies at the casinos, though there is no impropriety in leaving those places in their company. The few men who are literary and intellectual make, perhaps, the weakest impression. The thin wash of opinion which forms their conversation evaporates, and leaves a very slight sediment. They have that contagious weariness I have noticed in the population along the water-courses of Illinois and Missouri. In the latter it is the result of fever and ague, and the long eating of half-baked bread. The voices of those people seemed to struggle up from a region below their lungs, and in them the peculiarity, besides wearying intensely, repelled and disgusted. In men as charmingly dressed and beautifully clean as these Englishmen, the offensive quality was missed, but there was the same weariness and a vapidness that inoculated and subdued you. There often seemed to me an effeminate sound in the talk, not only of the intellectual sort, but even of the faster men. Should the ghosts of their uproarious ancestors ever rustle through those halls of Pall Mall and St. James Street, they must marvel, I fancy, to see the young bloods of the present sitting about and comparing experiences of vaccination with the minuteness of old ladies at a religious tea-party.

It is an old folly, it may be said, that

of decrying the present, and I may be reminded that most men are human, no matter what the age or the country in which they live. There is truth in that; but we may easily see how very different men may be whom centuries deride, when we consider that most important fact of the human mind,—mood. How diverse are the thoughts and passions which rule the fast following movements of a single human life! How diverse the lives of individual men! How widely separate from our own may be the feelings of men between whom and ourselves many years intervene, and of whom no living soul remains to speak. The complete banishment of profanity from the conversation of men of fashion seemed to me a curious phenomenon. I do not believe it could have been accomplished in any country where example had less authority. The common modern oaths you hear very little; as to the archaic and Homeric forms, they have quite gone out. I never met a man, however aged, who used those expressions. I used constantly to see one old gentleman who always came arrayed in the traditional blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, and great neckcloth of the Regency. I fancied he might be like that South American parrot of which Humboldt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatcherd's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country sweetheart under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century

and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlors the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone; and, kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among them an unconsciousness of all outside certain narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gayety which are not uncommon in the parlors of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. Though as to artificial pantomime and vocal inflection, there is less of that among the English "respectables" than among our own. It may seem to contradict this, but really does not, when I say that our own fashionable manners are borrowed from the English. English people must speak in some way, and their peculiarities, as a rule, are proper and natural. Our imitative and impressible society leaders, seeing something admirable in English aristocratical style, copy the accents and gestures, forgetting that they too would seem admirable to others were they to speak naturally.

As a rule, women in English society are remarkably natural,—negatively natural, I mean. English girls are

particularly simple and unassuming. They are innocent of all effort to impress or astonish. As all womankind does and should do, they make themselves as pretty as they can; but as to personal superiorities, their educators do not lay enough stress upon such things to make them ambitious to excel in that way. All young ladies are taught a certain mode of deportment, which is excellent so far as it goes. The chief precept of the code, whether inculcated openly or by the silent feeling of society, is that each young lady must do as the rest. That "young English girl," who is the theme of the novelists and the magazine bards and artists, easily merits all the adulation she receives. Does not all the world know, is it not almost an impertinence to say, that for dignity, modesty, propriety, sense, and a certain soft self-possession, she has hardly her equal anywhere? But the British maiden is taught that ambition in character is not a desirable thing. The naturalness and propriety which accompany this state of mind are not particularly admirable. It is very different from that propriety which is the result of elevation of character, of conclusions intimately known and constantly practised. People who have activity and ambition are very apt to be affected, and very apt to unduly crave recognition. That we ask to be thought superior, shows at least that we prize superiority. When the young are left to their own growth, and no restrictive tariff is put upon individuality, we may expect a little nonsense. Society will certainly do a great thing for the young if it teaches them the folly of a desire for recognition. But this society does not do, I fear. It merely instructs them not to ask for recognition, because by so doing they make a bad impression. It has done them a still more doubtful service, if, in giving them this very good trait, it has also taught them to emphasize less strongly the superiorities of character and conduct.

I have said that English-society people make but little effort to impress or

astonish; and I explained that they have no wish to be thought individually remarkable, because that sort of ambition among them is a very exceptional thing. What they do value is the "getting on"; and the inevitable effect of living among them is to make one think that that is the best thing one can do. Certainly those old familiar ideas of the poets and moralists, "truth, innocence, fidelity, affection, etc.," which one always felt at home with in the snug corners of the parlors at the village sewing-circles, suddenly became strange to me and very unreal and whimsical. They danced off at a distance in the oddest and most fantastical manner. If anybody sneered at "upholstery" or spoke contemptuously of rank and fashion, you at once fancied some one had snubbed him; if he praised virtue, you suspected him of wanting a dinner. But while the lust of the eyes and the pride of life are everything to upper-class Englishmen, you hear wonderfully little said about these things. Carlyle and Thackeray, the poets and satirists and the goody old maids who write the novels, though they have quite shut the mouths of these brave gentlemen, have by no means driven such thoughts out of their hearts. To give you to understand that they are persons of consequence, they would think the last degree of vulgarity. Yet, if they do not claim consequence, it is not because they do not value consequence. They know that to assert openly their demand is not the best way to have it accorded them. The avidity of Mrs. Governor Brown and Mrs. Judge Jones for the best rooms at the hotels, and the recognition and sympathy of all the railway conductors, is unknown in England. But the two manners, so different apparently, are not so different essentially. Both demand consideration and consequence, — the one only more successfully than the other. The quiet demeanor, the sedulous avoidance of self-assertion, the critical look, the slightly reserved bearing, say very plainly, "See, I am a person of conse-

quence." Both make the same inferior claim. The one makes it in a wise, refined, and successful way; the other in a foolish, vulgar, and unsuccessful way.

"Pose" is the name given to this wise, refined, and successful manner of self-assertion. It may be defined as the quality of absolute quiescence. By the aid of it we move with the semblance of unconsciousness through a throng of which we are inspecting every individual. Society has discovered (what the young find it so hard to learn) that by looking quite blank we may keep people altogether in the dark as to what we are thinking about. That which Serjeant Buzfuz found so difficult, — to look as though no one were looking at him, — London society has learned to do.

Yet I think that some other quality besides mere quiescence is necessary to "pose." That we will suppose to be some beauty (whether physical or spiritual) of face or form. An unconscious costermonger would not be imposing. I have seen flunkies who possessed the quality to a greater degree than their masters, and who were yet not admirable. A thing must be beautiful absolutely before it can be beautiful in any one condition, — particularly in that of rest. No doubt the young men are as fine looking a lot of fellows as can be found. They have good physiques, which they keep in good condition; they have had an education among people of breeding and cultivation; they have been at the best schools, and brought away such culture as they could not help getting; they have had respect and consideration from their cradles; they know very well they have nothing to ask of society. But besides all this, they owe most to the pains which they lavish upon their exteriors. That last is an important point. Let Carlyle deride the Stultz swallow-tail. The Stultz swallow-tail, and the white waistcoats, and the gold chains, and the wonderful linen, and the silk stockings, and the beautiful boots, — these between them do work

wonders. The young dons at the universities and the young clergy of England, — than whom no finer race of gentlemen exists, candid, catholic, modest, learned, courteous, — are yet not so beautiful as the men of Pall Mall and St. James Street. The reason is that they do not so generally seek the outdoor life, and especially that they give no such scrupulous and continuous care to the decoration of the ambrosial person.

In English ladies, "pose" is particularly admired, yet I am not sure that the novelists do not make too much of it. The female phenomenon at a circus is trained to stand with one foot on the back of a galloping horse, and yet not for a moment lose her equable expression of countenance. Surely, then, it were no such great thing to teach a lady to move amid a throng of well-disposed people with the appearance of equanimity and unconsciousness. The ladies are beautiful, especially the younger and softer of them; they choose to stand still, and the impression which is really due to some quality of face or form or spirit is ascribed to attitude. But I doubt if quiescence is the highest attainable condition of mind and body. Grace is beauty become expressive and vital. That is the quality which must delight us while we move upon the earth, and we are not content with any state of things which robs us of it. We shall not always be here, and we are impatient that whatever there is lovely in life should be in haste to express itself. Grace, I should say, was the expression of a beautiful past. It finds egress, we know, in any sort of action, — walking, sewing, reading, or singing, — but most of all in dancing. Here, fortunately, the baneful influence of "pose" is counteracted. The ball seems to be the invention of some good friend of humanity to force home and the inner life into society. Self-indulgence and conceit generate ugliness; virtue and self-denial beget beauty, and we know how necessary it is that people should always be expressing these things. No

training of the body can eradicate vulgarity; no awkwardness or inexperience of limb can suppress grace. With what odious sensations the trained dancing girls of the Alhambra afflict us! What indescribable pleasure some little creature's mistakes who blunders in the Lancers afford us!

"Pose" has been adopted by English people of fashion in self-defence. London and Texan societies have this one point in common, — they all go armed, even to the women. As acquaintances in the Southwest discuss politics over their slings and cocktails, with knives and revolvers half hidden in their belts, so the London swell, as you meet him at the club or the party, hardly conceals under his waistcoat and watch-chains the handles of his weapons of defence; and, set like jewels in the girdle that zones a lady's waist, you detect the dearest little gemmed and mounted implements of destruction. The Englishman conducts himself as though he were in an enemy's country. In the strictest apostolic sense he regards this life as a warfare. "And well he may," he would say. "Consider what people we meet, what dangers we encounter by sea and land, on the promenade, in the park, and at the watering-place. The *parvenu* walks abroad in daylight. All about us are people who don't know their grandfathers. Everywhere rich contractors and lotion-sellers lie in ambush. It behooves us to tread cautiously. And not only are we in constant dread of these people, but we must be forever on our guard against those of our own sort. If we are affable to our superiors, they may think us familiar; if we are civil to our equals, they may fancy we think them better than ourselves. So, amid imminent perils from the insults of the great, from the snubs of equals, and the familiarities of inferiors, we move through this dangerous wilderness of society."

Of the external advantage of London society I have already spoken. Its machinery is nearly perfect. One meets numbers of persons who not

only bear themselves perfectly, but seem to think and feel almost with perfection; women born sensible and gracious, men from whom reflection and high purpose have removed every trace of triviality. Parties and receptions have this advantage: we have the perfection of social ease with those to whom we are under no obligation to be agreeable. The guests cannot be unconscious and oblivious of the host, nor the host of the guests. But between those who meet on common ground there may be silence or conversation, just as is most comfortable. Hence the benefit of such an organized social establishment as London possesses. The great distinction which rank and

money obtain in England may perhaps be irksome to those who spend their lives in the midst of its society. To a stranger or sojourner, it is a novel and interesting feature. One felt that here was company which, however it might be in Saturn and Jupiter, no set of tellurians at least could affect to despise. You enjoyed this sensation. All round this wide planet, through the continents and the islands of the sea, among the Franks and the Arabs, the Scandinavians, the Patagonians, and the Polynesians, there were none who could give themselves airs over this. The descendants of Adam, the world over, could show nothing more select and *recherché*.

E. S. Nadal.

B E E T H O V E N .

O SOVEREIGN Master! stern and splendid power,
That calmly dost both Time and Death defy;
Lofty and lone as mountain peaks that tower,
Leading our thoughts up to the eternal sky:
Keeper of some divine, mysterious key,
Raising us far above all human care,
Unlocking awful gates of harmony
To let heaven's light in on the world's despair;
Smiter of solemn chords that still command
Echoes in souls that suffer and aspire,
In the great moment while we hold thy hand,
Baptized with pain and rapture, tears and fire,
God lifts our saddened foreheads from the dust,
The everlasting God, in whom we trust!

And was it thus the master looked, think you?
Is this the painter's fancy? Who can tell!
These strong and noble outlines should be true:
"On the broad brow such majesty should dwell.
Yea, and these deep, indomitable eyes
Are surely his. Lo, the imperial will
In every feature! Mighty purpose lies
About the shut mouth, resolute and still.
Notice the head's pathetic attitude,
Bent forward, listening,—he that might not hear!
Ah, could the world's adoring gratitude,
So late to come, have made his life less drear!
Hearest thou, now, great soul beyond our ken,
Men's reverent voices answering thee, "Amen"?"

Celia Thaxter.

THE SYMMES THEORY OF THE EARTH.

THIS theory originated some fifty years ago with Captain John Cleves Symmes of Newport, Kentucky.* He was a captain in the United States Army, and spent the best part of his life in the service of his country. He was a man of decided ability, and a bold and original thinker.

Dissatisfied with the Newtonian theory of the earth, he promulgated his own, by sundry articles in the press, and by lectures before the faculties and students of colleges in different parts of the country.

The novelty of his theory sometimes occasioned ridicule, and "Symmes's Hole," among the masses, became a by-word; but, as a general thing, his theory was popular, and the facts and

arguments marshalled in its support commanded the attention of the learned and scientific men of the day, and showed much thought and research on his part.

During the winter of 1826-27 he lectured before the faculty and students of Union College, and by none was he heard with more profound attention than by the learned and venerable Drs. Nott and Wayland. The writer was a member of the Senior Class of 1827, and in common with other members of his class took copious notes.

From these notes he has prepared the present article, claiming only to present the theory of Captain Symmes as propounded in his lectures at Union, adding, indeed, some new facts

* "John Cleves Symmes, the author of the Theory of Concentric Spheres, was born in New Jersey about 1780, and died at Hamilton, Ohio, 1829."

"During the early part of his life he received what was then considered a common English education, which in after-life he improved by having access to tolerably well-selected libraries; and, being endued by nature with an insatiable desire for knowledge of all kinds, he thus had, during the greater part of his life, ample opportunities to indulge it. In the year 1802, Mr. Symmes entered the army of the United States in the office of ensign, from which he afterwards rose to that of captain. He continued in service until after the close of the war with Great Britain. While attached to the army he was universally esteemed a brave soldier and a zealous and faithful officer. He was in the memorable battle of Bridgewater, and was senior captain in the regiment to which he belonged. The company under his immediate command that day discharged seventy rounds of cartridges and repelled three desperate charges of the bayonet."

"Afterwards, in the sortie from Fort Erie, Captain Symmes with his command captured the enemy's battery number two, and with his own hand spiked the cannon it contained."

"During the period of about three years after the war, and after Captain Symmes had left the army, he was engaged in the difficult and laborious task of furnishing supplies to the troops stationed on the Upper Mississippi. Since that time he has resided at Newport, Kentucky, devoting, almost exclusively, the whole of his time and attention to the investigation and perfection of his favorite Theory of Concentric Spheres. In a short circular, dated St. Louis, 1818, Captain Symmes first promulgated the fundamental principles of this theory to the world."

"Captain Symmes published two other numbers at St. Louis in the year 1818. His two next num-

bers, marked four and five, treated, the one of the original formation of the Alleghany Mountains, and the other claiming the discovery of open poles. His sixth number dates at Cincinnati, in January, 1819. His seventh number, entitled Arctic Memoir, is dated at Cincinnati in February, 1819. And another number, entitled Light between the Spheres, dated at Cincinnati in August, 1819, was published in the National Intelligencer. Afterwards, numerous pieces from the pen of Captain Symmes appeared in different newspapers."

Independent of his written publications, he has delivered a number of lectures on the theory, first at Cincinnati in 1820, and afterwards at various other places.

"In 1822, Captain Symmes petitioned Congress, setting forth in the first place, his belief of the existence of a habitable and accessible concave to this globe; his desire to embark on a voyage of discovery to one or other of the polar regions; his belief in the great profit and honor his country would derive from such a discovery; and prayed that Congress would equip and fit out for the expedition two vessels of two hundred and fifty or three hundred tons' burden. This petition was presented by Richard M. Johnson, on the 7th March, 1822, when, after a few remarks, it was laid on the table. In December, 1823, he forwarded similar petitions to both houses of Congress, which met with a similar fate."

That Captain Symmes was a high-minded, honorable man is attested by all who knew him. He has devised a theory whereby to account for various singular and interesting phenomena, and most satisfactorily to explain a great variety of acknowledged facts."—*Extracts from a Biographical Sketch of Captain Symmes, written in 1824, and published in 1826 in Cincinnati, Ohio. "By a Citizen of the United States."*

from recent explorations, and drawing from them some inferences in accordance with the theory.

According to this, the earth is globular, hollow, and open at the poles. The diameter of the northern opening is about two thousand miles, or four thousand miles from outside to outside. The south opening is somewhat larger. The planes of these openings are parallel to each other, but form an angle of 12° with the equator, so that the highest part of the north plane is directly opposite the lowest part of the south plane. The shell of the earth is about one thousand miles thick, and the edges of this shell at the openings are called verges, and measure, from the regular concavity within to the regular convexity without, about fifteen hundred miles. The verges occupy about 25° , and if delineated on a map would show only the outer half of the verge, while all above or farther from the equator, both north and south, would lie on the apex and within the verge. All the polar regions upon the present map would be out of sight. The meridian lines extend at right angles from the equator to the outer edges of the verges, and then wind round along the surface of the verges, terminating at the points directly under the highest parts of the verges both north and south.

The line which marks the location of the apex of the northern verge begins at a point in Lapland about 68° N. and 20° E. from London on a meridian traversing Spitzbergen, whence it passes southwest across the Atlantic Ocean and the southern part of Greenland, through Hudson's Bay and over the continent to the Pacific near Cook's Inlet, thence across the Fox Islands, to a point about 56° N. and 160° W., nearly south of Behring's Straits. Then it passes over the Pacific, crossing the south part of Kamtchatka, continuing northwest through Siberia, entering Europe across the Ural Mountains, in latitude about 58° N., and passing near the Arctic coast, over the mouth of the White Sea, to the point of starting.

Captain Symmes collated with great labor many isolated facts from his own researches, and from the accounts of Ross, Howe, Parry, McKenzie, and others who had by sea and land explored the polar regions, while similar proofs have been drawn from later explorations, since the promulgation of the theory in 1829.

The explorers who furnish facts for the support of this theory seem, none of them, to have had the remotest conjecture of it. The facts are admitted, and it cannot be urged against its author that he has marshalled in its support fictitious premises. His arguments, drawn from the facts, may be erroneous. Yet it is true that many of them which have not as yet been otherwise satisfactorily explained are easily accounted for upon his theory.

There is a remarkable difference of climate under different meridians upon the same parallel of latitude. It is known that the climate of the eastern coast of North America is much colder than that of Western Europe in the same latitude. The notion that this diversity is produced by the proximity of the ocean or of ranges of mountains is unsatisfactory; for countries, similar in these respects, in the same latitude, have a great diversity of climate. A theory which would explain the mild climate of France and England from these causes, would not suit the case of New York and New England and the cold regions around the Gulf of St. Lawrence south of 59° north latitude. The topography of these sections of country is similar; and yet England and France have a mild and genial climate, while New England and Newfoundland are cold and bleak in the winter. Labrador, not so far north as Great Britain, is as cold and bleak as countries in Europe 20° farther north.

The Gulf Stream does not satisfactorily account for this diversity of climate between America and Europe. Sweeping along the coast of the United States northeastwardly from the Gulf of Mexico, with its vast volume of water, why should it not moderate the

climate of North America as well as that of Eastern Europe? After nearing the banks of Newfoundland, it deflects eastwardly across the Atlantic about two thousand miles, and then sends off one branch northeastwardly along the coast of Norway, and another down the western coast of Europe and Africa, till it is lost in the Southern Atlantic. Why, then, does not this mighty river of the ocean affect the climate of the United States as much or even more than that of France and England? It is claimed that this stream raises the climate of Europe 12° or 15° higher than that of the United States, whereas its effect should be greater upon the United States than upon Europe.

The characteristics of the isothermal belts of both hemispheres throw some light upon this theory. The region of the verges must be the coldest parts of the earth's surface, because, being more convex, they diverge instead of converging the sun's rays. The temperature, therefore, of any given part of the earth's surface depends as well upon its proximity to the verge as to the equator. Europe, under the northern verge in latitude 60° N. would have the same climate with a place 70° west longitude, some six degrees farther south; and at 160° west longitude the climate would be some twelve degrees colder than that of England. This would be true as a general rule, subject, however, to many local exceptions arising from the elevation and direction of mountain ranges, or the proximity of the ocean or large bodies of water, or from other causes. Paris, 49° N., is about the same distance from the verge as Washington in latitude 30° N., and their climate is nearly alike.

Thus, while this theory does not explain all the phenomena of climatic differences as indicated by the isothermal belts, it affords a general rule for explaining why the climate of Europe is milder than that of North America. The isothermal line of 32° of Fahrenheit, which marks the southern limit of frozen ground, as laid down on cli-

matic charts, corresponds very nearly with the location of the northern verge.

The theory of ocean currents will not explain these climatic differences upon the earth's surface. If, for instance, the Gulf Stream — having traversed the Atlantic, battling with the cold waters of Baffin's Bay and the icebergs, which are drifted out of the Arctic Ocean — so modifies the climate of Western Europe, why should not the Brazilian current, flowing southwardly along the east coast of South America, produce the same effect upon Patagonia? The antarctic currents, sweeping past Cape Horn and uniting with this warm Brazilian current, flow eastwardly across the South Atlantic Ocean, round the Cape of Good Hope, into the Indian Ocean. While these antarctic currents might lower the temperature of the west coast of Patagonia, it will not be pretended that they would in like manner affect the east coast of this bleak region, or so counteract the effect of the warm Brazilian current flowing down along the eastern coast of South America as to produce the cold climate of Eastern Patagonia.

It is now generally conceded that a vast open ocean exists in the polar regions, and Professor Maury holds that this open sea results from the flow of warm submarine currents from the equatorial regions of the earth, north and south, causing the counterflow, upon the surface, of mighty currents from the arctic regions. Further discoveries may throw more light upon this mysterious subject, and explain these ocean currents in connection with the interior currents of the earth, across the verges in both directions, and thus demonstrate the truth of Captain Symmes's theory.

The highest altitude of the sun is not at noon in high latitude, but at some time after, as Captain Parry informs us. The meridian lines on which the sun is at noon come up from the equator at right angles until they reach the outer edge of the verge,

where they deflect to the right over and along the surface of the verge to a point underneath the highest part of the same. This deflection, as well as the angularity of the plane of the verge with the equator, would cause the sun, in latitude on and over the verge, to have the highest altitude after midday. Beyond longitude 160° west from London, this deflection of the meridian lines is to the left.

In the Pacific Ocean, in longitude and latitude answering to the lowest part of the verge, or that part of it nearest the equator, navigators have observed opposite the sun a luminous belt or ring, of a crescent form, elevated some 15° above the horizon, which is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the opposite highest part of the verge. The refracted rays, coming from the opposite side of the earth through the dense atmosphere of the verge, would so strike the eye of the observer as to cause this apparent elevation.

But navigators in longitude answering to the highest part of the verge, instead of the bright appearance just noted, observe opposite the sun a dark, opaque space low in the horizon, as though there were no objects to reflect back the rays of the sun. This singular appearance is produced by the fact that the incident rays of light, as they are reflected from the lowest part of the verge, are so refracted that they fall below the eye of the observer, and thus cause this dark appearance, or blank space, in the horizon.

Captain Ross states that in high latitudes there are remarkable changes in the apparent extent of the sensible horizon. From north to south the horizon is so limited that objects can be seen only at very short distances, while in a direction east or west the horizon is greatly extended, and objects can be seen at an immense distance, as if upon a horizontal plane. The direction north and south is directly over the convex surface of the verge, where the horizon is extremely limited; while along the surface of the verge

east and west the view is along upon the plane of the verge, and the horizon is greatly extended. This is precisely what would result from the existence of such a verge. The slight depression of the surface of the earth around the poles is wholly insufficient to produce this effect, which accords so well with this theory.

Another beautiful phenomena, observed by Captain Parry, is the elongated appearance of the sun and moon in high latitude, with the prismatic colors observed on these occasions. According to a simple law of optics, this is due to the dense atmosphere of the verge acting like a prism, and causing this elongated appearance; and the prismatic hues are due to the different refrangibility of the sun's rays. These beautiful hues may be heightened by particles of frost floating in the atmosphere.

Captain Parry and others speak of the brilliant twilight of the North, as being sufficient to enable them to read ordinary printed matter distinctly. This curious fact is wholly inexplicable upon the Newtonian theory, but is easy of explanation upon this. This twilight coming from the north may be caused by the sun's rays thrown into the interior through the southern opening, which by two refractions, one at each opening, and two or three reflections from the inner concave surface, would pass out at the north over the verge, and produce there this strong twilight.

Captain Parry states that, when sailing northward in high latitude, the North Star rises over the bow of the ship to the zenith and then declines towards the stern. On the Newtonian theory the ship must have sailed directly under the star, and over and down upon the opposite side of the earth. But this cannot be true, for no navigator has sailed so far north.

From the regular convexity to the interior concavity of the earth across the verge is fifteen hundred miles, — a distance so great that a vessel, in sailing over the verge, would not perceive

the change in her direction, except from the apparent change of the heavenly bodies, or from observations of the difference in the expanse of the visible horizon. The ship going north along the deflected meridians upon and over the verge causes these apparent changes in the North Star.

Further confirmation of the Symmes theory is drawn from the variations and dip of the magnetic needle. "The line of no variation" is a line coming up through the South Atlantic Ocean over the eastern part of South America, and passing on north-north-west over the equator to a point a little west of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, then through Virginia to Lake Erie east of Cleveland, and on through Lake Huron, terminating at a point in longitude about 90° west from London and in north latitude about 70°.

How do these facts accord with this theory? It will be remembered that the planes of the verges form an angle each with the equator, but are parallel to each other. Now, midway between the verges lies the magnetic equator cutting the equator of the earth at an angle of twelve degrees, and "the line of no variation" crosses this magnetic equator at nearly right angles. The terminus of "the line of no variation" is about midway between the highest and lowest parts of the northern verge. This line continued to the southern verge would also terminate about midway between the highest and lowest parts of the southern verge. These are curious facts and are entitled to consideration. If they do not fully explain the variation of the magnetic needle, they present some views which may help to clear up these mysteries of nature.

The dip of the needle is another phenomenon not fully understood. This dip is nearly uniform upon the same latitude, but increases as the needle is carried north, and, in high latitude answering to the location of the verge, the dip is greatly increased and becomes nearly perpendicular.

The true magnetic poles are not at the

points where the "line of no variation" terminates, — at the north and south, — but are equidistant from this line and immediately under the highest points of the verges north and south, and "the line of no variation" lies midway between these magnetic poles. The needle, while it does not vary, along the line, to the right or left, yet, as it goes northward or southward from the magnetic equator, it is attracted towards the true magnetic poles lying under the highest part of the verges; and so the dip is increased till it reaches the apex of the verge, where it is the greatest.

Thus these general facts in regard to the movement of the magnetic needle correspond with the Symmes theory of the earth. The barometer also illustrates the theory; for it is well established that, along the region of the verge, the mercury rises the highest, for here the atmosphere is most dense. It would be difficult to show, upon any other hypothesis, why the barometer should rise higher along the locality of the verge than upon the upper side of it to north or south.

The aurora borealis affords a most interesting illustration. If, as Franklin supposed, this is an electrical phenomenon, the question arises, Why is it always exhibited in high latitude? The electric fluid pervades all nature, and is excited by heat, by cold, and by friction.

The sun in his daily course rarefies the air of the equatorial regions. It therefore rises and falls down towards the poles, causing currents from the equator towards the north and the south, where it is condensed. This process of rarefaction and condensation produces the aurora along the verges, where the greatest condensation takes place. In proof of this view, Captain Parry and other explorers and navigators state that, when in high latitudes upon and beyond the verge, the aurora is almost always seen in a southerly or southwesterly direction.

Navigators in the South Atlantic, while sailing down the coast of South America, observe, low in the horizon, to the east and southeast, several bright,

luminous bodies, like clouds in the sky, which become more and more elevated as the vessel goes south, until, in the vicinity of the Straits of Magellan, these clouds appear nearly in the zenith.

The cause of this beautiful appearance is as yet unknown, or is only the subject of vague conjecture. Captain Symmes holds that these bright clouds are produced by the light of the sun reflected from New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land, and perhaps the south part of New Holland, which lie upon the opposite side of the earth, and which, in the vicinity of Cape Horn, are nearly in the zenith. They are upon the southern verge, between the highest and lowest parts of it, and an observer near Cape Horn is within the southern verge, or upon it, and his zenith is not a radial line drawn from the centre of the earth, but is at right angles to a line equidistant from the outer and inner surfaces of the earth, and nearly at right angles to the plane of the verge, so that the opposite side of the earth would be nearly in the zenith to him, and the light thrown from these islands would present them as bright, luminous bodies, always seen in the same direction, like moons, reflecting the light of the sun. They do not rise and set, as do the sun and moon; and this fact gives plausibility to the explanation.

Facts attested by good authority prove the existence of a warmer climate beyond the verge. The Indians of the interior of North America, in latitude about 60° , migrate west or northwest on the approach of winter, to seek a milder climate, and find no sea. Hearn establishes this fact. Though these Indians thus migrate far to the northwest, they have, as Hearn informs us, no knowledge of the Pacific Ocean.

From the interior of North America, west of Hudson's Bay, such emigration would have to be to a great distance to reach the Arctic Ocean in the vicinity of Behring's Straits. This course would take them through Alaska, and lead over the verge, where they would come to a milder climate.

In 1789 Hearn travelled over this part of the continent. Great changes have since taken place, and much information has been obtained, yet it is interesting to know what were his views at that time. He says, that for a long time he travelled over a bleak, inhospitable country, and found it difficult to sustain existence. At length the character of the country changed, and he found a milder climate, sustaining vegetation, with forests of timber, of various kinds. He found also a variety of animals, and inhabitants whom he calls "strangers," different from any he had before seen.

From these people he learned there was a vast continent stretching far to the northwest. They had also a tradition of a large river, greater than McKenzie's River, far to the west and northwest of them. This river was probably the great river Yukon in Alaska, which rises southeast of Mount Elias and flows west and northwest, some twelve hundred miles, into the Pacific Ocean or into Behring's Straits. Its whole course is along upon the verge, and at its mouth it should be warmer than up the stream six hundred miles,—a fact that could be easily ascertained. The statements of Hearn, so far as relates to climate, are corroborated by other travellers. They concur in stating that, in high latitude, the inhabitants speak of the south as colder than the north in the winter, and that they migrate north in the winter season to a milder climate.

One navigator, Captain Ross, when in high latitude beyond the verge, speaks of the Arctic Sea as being calm and clear of ice, while south of him was a wide belt of ice. He describes the currents of air coming from the north as being so warm as to dissolve the snow and ice around him and far to the south. Captain Parry makes frequent mention of these warm currents of air coming from the north and northeast,—that is, from the interior of the earth.

Now, all these facts are utterly inconsistent with the commonly received

opinion of the arctic regions, that the farther we go to the north the colder it becomes. If any reliance can be placed upon the representations of these explorers, it is fully proved that, above and beyond 68° and 70° north latitude, in the interior of North America, there is milder climate than at a lower degree of latitude. According to the common opinion, such a climate could not encircle the poles, for every argument which shows the climate colder at 45° than at 20° north, proves it colder at the poles than at 70° north. Large herds of deer, white bears, foxes, and other animals migrate northward on the approach of winter. They cannot exist upon the cold, icy belt of the earth along the verge, and they instinctively migrate where they can procure subsistence. From the regions around the northern part of the verge they migrate to the north, and from the southern border of the same they migrate south in winter. From Canada and the countries along the same latitude, immense flocks of migrating birds go south on the approach of winter and return in the spring. The reindeer in March or April come down from the north in droves of thousands and return north again in October, in the interior of North America. (See Rees's *Cyclopædia*, "Hudson Bay.") The same is true of the north of Asia. In these high latitudes the musk-oxen and white bears thus migrate. The cattle are seen retiring north on the ice in autumn, and returning in the spring in great numbers, bringing their young with them. (See Hearn's *Journal*, pp. 357, 358.) These are curious facts, and well deserve a candid consideration.

Immense shoals of herrings in good condition, according to Buffon, come down from the polar seas, and are never known to return. This renders the solution of the migration of fishes from the north more difficult. If they return in the spring, why are they never observed as well as when they go south? Admit the Symmes theory, and the conjecture would not be unreasonable, that they make the annual circuit of

the earth, over the exterior and interior surfaces and through both openings at the poles. If, on the present hypothesis of the earth, we allow land enough for the sustenance of the numerous herds of animals which annually migrate to the polar regions, there would hardly remain water sufficient for the immense shoals of fishes which abound there.

The true causes which produced this change of climate in the arctic regions — heretofore supposed to be one vast solitude of eternal ice — may not be fully known. The progress of science and the discoveries of explorers will soon shed more light on this interesting subject.

Spitzbergen, on the south side of the verge, is a bleak, barren country, while, to the northward, plants, flowers, and trees are found. This island is upon or partly within the verge, and the north part would lie within and be warmer than the southern portion of the island.

Driftwood is found in great quantities upon the northern coasts of Iceland, Norway, Spitzbergen, and the arctic borders of Siberia, having every appearance of a tropical production. Trees of large dimensions and of different kinds are found, some in a good state of preservation. Vegetables of singular character, and flowers of peculiar fragrance and color, unknown to botanists, are sometimes found in this drift. These could not be the production of the cold arctic regions, nor is it probable they were drifted thither by the Gulf Stream or by submarine currents, for their specific gravity would make this impossible. Besides, why are they not found along the southern coasts of these localities, if borne north by the Gulf Stream, and why is not this drift seen as it passes along through the Atlantic?

It is interesting, in this connection, to notice that one of the results of late German exploration in the arctic regions is the discovery of beds of mineral coal; also mountains higher than Mont Blanc; and botanical specimens which indicate that Greenland must

have been once covered with a rich vegetation; or, as Captain Symmes might have urged, these deposits were drifted from the interior of the earth.

The winters of Spitzbergen and England alternate in severity; when it is cold in England, it is comparatively mild in Spitzbergen, and the reverse is true. The explanation is this: the warm winds from the south moderate the winters of England, but, continuing through the ice-bound regions of the verge, fall down on Spitzbergen as cold, bleak winds, and lower the temperature of that island. So, winds out of the interior, which moderate the winter of this island, as they pass over the verge fall down upon England as cold north winds.

McKenzie, who discovered the great river of the North bearing his name, informs us that he found the river near its source clear of ice, but along the location of the verge it was ice-bound, and again open at its mouth. This is what would be expected if this theory be true, but is difficult of explanation upon any other hypothesis.

All these facts being admitted, — and most of them are fully established by incontestable proofs, — the conclusion is legitimate, that, far to the north of the frozen regions of the verge, there exists a milder climate and an open sea, whose existence has never been fully explained, and is inconsistent with the Newtonian theory of the earth.

Little is known of the southern verge, but many of the facts in support of the northern verge are applicable to this also. The unequal distribution of land upon the globe is remarkable, three fourths of it being in the northern hemisphere. This unequal distribution might seem to jeopard the equilibrium of our planet; but it may be counterpoised by a corresponding inequality of land in the interior; or the general depth of the ocean in the southern hemisphere may be less, and so compensate this unequal distribution of land surface upon the earth. Future discoveries will demonstrate what now remains unknown. The

United States Exploring Expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, discovered a long line of coast in the Antarctic Ocean, of more than fifteen hundred miles in extent, which may be the margin of a vast continent extending into the interior across the southern verge.

Since the promulgation of the Symmes theory of the earth, and only a few years ago, Captain Weddell actually penetrated through this icy region of the southern verge and found an open ocean similar to that around the north pole.

Modern explorers have added much to our knowledge of the arctic regions which corroborates the arguments of Captain Symmes. The most of them have found an open sea. They tell of immense flocks of birds and of migrating animals going north in winter. They speak of warm currents of air and water coming from the north.

Captain Whimper, now or lately exploring Greenland, from Jacob's Haven, on the west coast, in north latitude 70°, thinks the interior of that vast country is not one ice-bound region of eternal frost and snow, as has been generally supposed; for he says large numbers of reindeer come in from the interior in good condition, and therefore good pasturage must be found in the interior north and northeast from Jacob's Haven.

In olden times Archangel, on the river Dwina, near the White Sea, had a considerable commerce, when Sweden held the whole of Finland. It is said that steamers from Archangel can ply down the White Sea and through the Arctic Ocean, around North Cape to the ports of Norway, six months in the year. This is as long as the St. Lawrence is free from ice, and nearly as long as the Erie Canal is navigable.

Captain Symmes maintained that the other planets, like the earth, were each composed of concentric spheres; but I have not space sufficient to refer to the telescopic appearances which are noticed by him in support of his theory.

The most common objection to his theory is, that, if it were true, the sun could not possibly light and warm the

interior of the world. This is easily answered. The rays of light come parallel from the sun to the earth, and, if he were no larger than the earth, they would fall at least twelve degrees upon the concave interior surface, as they passed over the lower part of the verge both north and south. But the earth in her annual revolution, owing to the inclination of the poles to the plane of her orbit, alternately permits the incident rays to fall much more than twelve degrees upon the interior surface. This inclination is $23^{\circ} 30'$, which, added to 12° , the angularity of the verges, gives $35^{\circ} 30'$ of the concave surface upon which the direct incident rays of the sun fall. But these rays, passing over the dense, cold air of the verges, are refracted many degrees, probably at least ten or fifteen degrees, so that by one refraction and one or two reflections the rays of light would be thrown out over the verge opposite to that through which they entered; and because those rays would converge upon the concave surface instead of diverging, they would produce abundant light and heat throughout the whole interior. As compared with moonlight, the sun's rays, reflected from one interior surface to the other, would be as much more intense as the square of the diameter of the inner world is less than the square of the distance of the moon from the earth. According to this law, assuming the diameter of the interior to average 4,000 miles, and the moon's distance 240,000 miles, the light of the interior would be equal to 3,600 moons as large as our sun, and this too without considering the greater intensity of the interior light upon a concave surface over that of the moonlight reflected from and falling upon convex surfaces. These views, which are in accordance with the known laws of light, show that this popular objection has not the slightest force. On the contrary, the strong probability would be, that, on account of intense light and heat, the interior would be uninhabitable, except around the vicinity of the verges both north and south.

Another popular objection is, that the law of gravitation is overturned. How, says the objector, could bodies be attracted alike to both the outer and inner surfaces of the earth? There is no force in this objection.

We have been so long accustomed to consider the centre of gravity as an indefinite something at the centre of our globe, to which all bodies on the exterior surface tend with an irresistible force, that it is difficult to consider it from any other stand-point. Such a central something would be attracted by everything around it, and would be more likely to be drawn from the centre than to attract to itself all surrounding bodies.

All we know of gravitation is, that a body let fall above the surface of the earth falls towards the centre; but whether the cause exists there or above the surface, or whether some *tertium quid* rises, and presses down the falling body, we know not.

It would be difficult to prove that bodies in the interior, as well as upon the exterior, surface, when let fall, would not tend to the surface in each case. There is probably a line between the inner and outer surfaces of the earth which may be called the centre of gravity, and to which falling bodies tend with equal force. The matter of the earth, like a great magnet, attracts to itself all bodies coming within its influence, as well upon the concave, as upon the convex, surface.

Yet another popular objection is, that the shadow of the earth appears circular, and not of the form claimed upon this theory.

At first sight this objection is plausible, but really it has no force; for the extreme density of the atmosphere around the verges increases its refractive power, like a convex lens, and so refracts the sun's rays that the shadow of the earth would still appear circular; for by this refraction an equal number of rays are intercepted as though the regular convexity of the earth were as claimed by the Newtonian theory.

Again it is objected, with some de-

gree of plausibility, that, if the earth be hollow, the relative attraction of the heavenly bodies which compose the solar system is disturbed, and the great laws discovered by Newton, which regulate the motion of the system, are destroyed.

A little reflection, however, will show that, if the Newtonian theory be correct in relation to the attraction of the solar system, we have only to concede that, if the quantity of matter in the earth be less than was assumed upon that theory, the same relative differences obtain in the other heavenly bodies, or that the attraction of hollow bodies may somehow be greater in proportion to their quantity of matter than that of solid spheres.

The visible heavens would be seen by refracted rays in the inner world.

From both surfaces the same polar stars would be seen at each extreme, while a wide belt of the starry heavens, over the heads of observers upon the exterior world, would be invisible upon a corresponding zone of the interior.

The extent of the visible horizon, to the inhabitants of the interior, would be largest immediately around the verges, and it would contract as the observer receded from the verges towards the equatorial regions of the interior surface.

The inhabitants upon the exterior surface would be antipodes to those immediately under them, upon the interior surface, as well as to those upon the opposite side of the earth; while the inhabitants of the inner world would be antipodal only to those immediately opposite to them upon the outer side, that is to say, the external inhabitants would have two sets of antipodes, while those of the interior would have only one.

There are many other facts and arguments which were from time to time urged by Captain Symmes in support of his theory. The writer has lately seen a small anonymous book written in 1824 "by a citizen of the United States," and published in Cincinnati, which has great interest. It enlarges

the arguments drawn from the telescopic appearances of the planets, the laws of gravitation, and the doctrine of *mid-plane spaces* between the concentric spheres of the planets. It is stated in this work that Captain Symmes maintained that there were openings through the crust of the earth from the interior to the exterior surface through which the water flowed, and facts are given in support of this idea. It is one of great interest, however, as connected with the phenomena of subterranean rivers, submarine currents, earthquakes and volcanoes, artesian wells, springs on high mountains, etc. In this little book it is also stated that Captain Symmes held that our earth had at least *five concentric spheres*. Such might have been his views as early as 1823 and 1824, at and prior to the time when this work was published, but such were not the views expressed in his lectures at Union College in 1827. Doubtless his views were modified more or less between 1827 and 1829, when he died.

Since this theory was promulgated by its author, enough has come to light to prove that he was correct in his views of the existence of a warmer climate at the north, and of an open polar sea. And it is believed that, if his theory had been fully made public long ago, much hardship, suffering, and expense would or might have been avoided in the futile attempts to find a passage through the bleak and desolate regions around Baffin's Bay. That Behring's Straits offer the best route into the arctic regions admits of little or no doubt, and an expedition for this purpose from the Pacific coast is well worth the consideration of the government.

Time, the great revealer of secrets, will soon determine whether this startling theory is true, in whole or in part, and whether its author was a visionary enthusiast, or a profound philosopher whose name will be honored among men, like that of Franklin or Newton, as a benefactor of his race, and an honor to the country which gave him birth.

P. Clark.

R U B Y.

I WAS a colonel commanding a regiment of German cavalymen in South Missouri, and so I must have a horse; it was desirable to be conspicuously well mounted, and so I must have a showy horse; I was a heavy weight and a rough rider, and so I must have a good horse. If I had not been a colonel, I might have been compelled to take a very ordinary mount and be content; my vanity would not have availed me, and my rough riding must have ceased.

But I was chief ruler of the little world that lay encamped on the beautiful banks of the Roubie d'Eaux; and I suppose life was easier to all under me when I was satisfied and happy. I am not conscious of having been mean and crabbed, or of favoring those who favored me to the disadvantage of those who did not. I cannot recall an instance in which I ever took a bribe, even in the form of a pleasant smile. It was probably easier, in the long run, to be fair than to be unfair, and therefore the laziest private I ever ordered on extra duty could not lay his hand on his heart and say he thinks I did it because he was not diligent in foraging for turkeys and hens for my private mess. I had very early in life been impressed with the consciousness that the way of the transgressor is not easy; and as I wanted my way to be easy, I fell into the habit of not transgressing. This may not have been a very worthy motive to actuate the conduct of a military commander; but I flatter myself it was as good as the average in our Department of the Southwest, where, if the truth must be told, virtue did not have it all its own way,—we were different from troops farther east; and although it made me sometimes wince to have my conduct ascribed to a noble uprightness of purpose, and showed me that it would really have been more honest in me not to have been quite so good, yet I

managed, I trust, to carry out my intention of treating every man in the command, officer or soldier, as nearly as he should be treated as the interests of the public service, the good of the individual himself, and my own personal convenience, would allow.

Therefore, I say, I am not conscious of having favored those who favored me, to the disadvantage of those who did not; neither do I think that (at the stage of our acquaintance of which I write) the Grafs and Barons and simple Vons, of whom the command was so largely composed, entertained the hope of personal benefit when they laid their kindnesses at my accustomed feet.

The head-quarters' mess was generally well supplied, and no questions asked. My relations with most of my command were kindly, and I think it came to be understood—for German cavalymen are not without intelligence—that the happiness of the individual members of the regiment depended rather on the happiness of its colonel than on any direct bids for his favor. Be this as it may, I am not conscious of having received such direct appeals, and I am entirely conscious of the fullest measure of happiness that my circumstances would allow; not an ecstasy of delight,—far from that,—but a comfortable sense of such well-fed, well-paid, well-encamped, and pleasantly occupied virtue as had left nothing undone that my subordinates could be made to do, and did nothing that my conditions rendered difficult. My good-humor was equalled by that of the regiment at large, and the beetling sides of the Ozark valleys nowhere sheltered a happier campful of jolly good fellows than the Vierte Missouri Cavalry.

We lay on the marvellous Roubie d'Eaux, at its source; no such babbling brook as trickles from the hill-

side springs of New England, but a roaring torrent, breaking at once from a fathomless vent in the mountain. The processes of formation with these South Missouri rivers are all hidden from sight, but, far away in the topmost caves of the Ozark hills, the little streamlets trickle, and unite for a larger and ever larger flow, gorging at last the huge caverns of the limestone rock and bursting upon the world a full-grown river. Within our camp this wonderful spring broke forth, and close at hand was a large grist-mill that it drove. We were a self-sustaining community,—in this, that we foraged our own corn and ground our own meal. With similar industry we provided ourselves with fish, flesh, and fowl.

The trees were bare with the November frosts, but the Indian summer had come, and, day after day, it bathed every twig and spray with its amber breath, warming all nature to a second life, and floating the remoter hills far away into a hazy dreamland.

But personally, notwithstanding all this, I was not content: I was practically a dismounted cavalryman. Indeed, it would even have been a pity to see a colonel of infantry riding such brutes as fell to my lot, for good weight-carriers were rare in that section. I had paid a very high price for a young thorough-bred stallion (afterwards, happily, sold for a large advance), only to find him a year too young for his work, and the regiment had been scoured in vain for an available mount. I would have gone any reasonable length, even in injustice, to secure such an animal as I needed. It was not easy to make up my mind to order a soldier to give up a horse he was fond of, and some soldier had an especial fondness for all but the worthless brutes. My reluctance to do this was perhaps not lessened by the fact that it was forbidden for officers to ride United States horses. It finally became evident that the chances were very small of ever finding a suitable animal, and I even went out, on one shooting excursion, mounted on a mule.

Up to this time the regiment had been all that could be asked, but now it seemed to contain a thousand ill-tempered, sore-headed men. The whole camp was awry. Some of the officers intimated that this was all the fault of the adjutant; that the orders from head-quarters had lately been unusually harsh. This officer, when remonstrated with, insisted that he had only transmitted the exact orders I had given him, and I knew that my own action had always been reasonable,—on principle so. Sometimes one almost wished himself back in civil life, away from such constant annoyances.

We had in the regiment one Captain Graf von Glückmanslegge, who was in many respects the most accomplished and skilful officer of us all. His life had been passed in the profession, and he had only left his position of major in a Bavarian Uhlan regiment to draw his sabre in defence of "die Freiheit," in America, as senior captain of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. He was an officer of Asboth's selection, and had many of that veteran's qualities. Tall, thin, of elegant figure, as perfect a horseman as good natural advantages and good training could make, and near-sighted, as a German cavalry officer must be, he was as natty a fellow as ever wore an eye-glass and a blond mustache.

He was, at the same time, a man of keen worldly shrewdness and of quick judgment,—qualities which, in his case, may have been sharpened by long practice at those games of chance with which it has not been unusual for European officers to preface their coming to draw their sabres in defence of "die Freiheit" in America.

With Glückmanslegge I had always been on friendly terms. Among the many lessons of his life he had learned none more thoroughly than the best way to treat his commanding officer; and there was in his manner an air of friendly deference and of cordial submission to rank, accompanied by a degree of personal dignity, that elevated the colonel rather than lowered the cap-

tain,—a manner that probably makes its way with a newly fledged officer more surely than any other form of appeal to his vanity. One sometimes saw a brand-new second-lieutenant made happier than a king by this same touch of skill from an old soldier in his company, whom he knew to be far his superior in all matters of service. To be quite frank, if I have an element of snob-bishness in my own organization, it has been more nurtured into life by the military deference of better soldiers than myself under my command than by all other influences combined; thus modified do the best of us become in the presence of unmerited praise.

One evening Glückmansklegge came to my tent door: "Escuse, Col-o-nel, may I come?" And then, flinging out his eye-glass with a toss of the head, he went on, with his imperfect English, to tell me he had just learned from his lieutenant that I could find no horse to suit me; that he had a good one strong enough for my weight, and, he thought, even good enough for my needs. He had bought him in St. Louis from the quarter-master, and would I oblige him by trying him? He was quite at my service, at the government price, for he, being lighter, could easily replace him. Did I remember his horse, — his "Fuchs"? "He is good, nice, strong horse, an he yoomp! — yei!!"

I did remember his horse, and I had seen him "yoomp." It had long been a subject of regret to think that such an animal should be in the regiment, yet not on my own picket-line. It was well known that great prices had been offered for him, only to make Glückmansklegge fling his eye-glass loose, and grin in derision. "Fuchs is — how you call? — heelty, an gesund; wenn you like, your Ike will go to my company to bring him." I did like, and I had no scruples against buying him for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Ike, a handsome contraband, went early the next morning with a halter for the Fuchs, and I was up bright and betimes to try him.

I had only seen the horse before under the saddle, perfectly equipped, perfectly bitted, and perfectly ridden, an almost ideal charger. There was a great firebrand scar on the flat of each shoulder, where he had been fired for a cough, — so said Glückmansklegge; — others intimated that this effaced a U. S. brand; but, except this, not a sign of a blemish. In form, action, style, color (chestnut), and training he was unexceptionably good, and might well excite the envy of all good horsemen who saw him *under the saddle*. Knowing him so well, I went rather eagerly to the picket-line to refresh myself with the added sensation that the actual ownership of such a horse must give.

There stood the new purchase, — a picture of the most abject misery; his hind legs drawn under him; the immense muscles of his hips lying flabby, like a cart-horse's; his head hanging to the level of his knees, and his under-lip drooping; his eyes half shut, and his great ears falling out side-wise like a sleepy mule's. I had bought him for a safe price, and he would probably do to carry Ike and my saddle-bags; but I felt as far as ever from a mount for myself, and went back to my tent wiser and no happier than before.

Presently Ike appeared with the coffee, and asked how I liked the new horse.

"Not at all."

"Don't ye? well now I reckon he's a consid'able of a hoss."

I sent him to look at him, and he came back with a very thoughtful air, — evidently he had been impressed. At last he said, "Well now, Colonel, I don't reckon you bought that hoss to look at him on the picket-line, did you?"

"No, Ike, or he should be sold out very cheap; but he is not the *kind* of horse I supposed he was; he ought to work in a mule-team."

"Well now, Colonel, mebbe he is; but you can't never tell nothin' about a hoss till you get him between ye;

and I reckon he's a consid'able of a hoss, I reckon he is."

Ike was wise, in his way, and his way was a very horsey one,—so my hopes revived a little; and when Glückmansklegge came up on a capital little beast he had been handling (secretly to replace the Fuchs), I had the new venture saddled and brought round. He came blundering along, head and ears and tail down, and stood like a leathern horse for me to mount, Glückmansklegge dropping his eye-glass and grinning. It was as well to find out first as last whether he had anything in him or not, and I gathered up the curb rein, which brought his head into superb position and settled him well back on his haunches; but, as the movement had been made with dignity, I gave him both heels, firmly,—when we went sailing!—how high I don't know, probably not fifteen feet, but it seemed that, and covering a good stretch to the front. It was the most enormous lift I had ever had, and when (after an appreciable time in the air, it seemed) he landed square on all four feet, it was to strike a spanking, even trot, the bit playing loose in his mouth, his head swaying easily with his step, and his tail flying. I had never been more amazed in my life than by the wonderful grace and agility of this splendid brute. As he trotted along with his high, strong, and perfectly cadenced step, he showed in the swing of his head all the satisfaction of an athlete turning, conscious, lightly away from the foot-lights, after his especial *tour de force*.

As Glückmansklegge rode up, he said, "Well, Co-o-nel, how you like? Nice pretty strong horse, what?"

And then, his English failing him, he fell, through an attempt at French, into German, in which his tongue was far more ready than my ear. Still, it was easy to gather enough to understand some of the processes by which the animal's natural qualifications for his work had been developed into such unusual accomplishments; and then he glided into the complimentary as-

sertion that no one but the colonel of his regiment could ever have hoped to buy him at any price, and of course he did not consider it a sale. His original outlay, which he could not afford to lose, had been reimbursed; but the true value of the horse, his education, he was only too glad to give me. And then, the pleasure of seeing his colonel suitably mounted, and the satisfaction of seeing the horse properly ridden, really threw the obligation on his side. Then, with his inimitable *naïveté*, he not only expressed, but demonstrated, in every look and gesture, more delight in watching our movements than he had felt in his own riding. "Praise a horseman for his horsemanship, and he will ride to the Devil." Glückmansklegge (I did not suspect him of a desire for promotion) pointed to a strong rail-fence near by, and suggested that the combination of man and horse for that sort of thing was unusual. Whether it was a banter or a compliment, it would have been impossible for any man who properly esteemed himself and his riding to stop to consider. Turning toward the fence, the Fuchs, checking his speed, seemed to creep toward it, as a cat would, making it very uncertain what he proposed; but as he came nearer to it, that willingness to leap that an accustomed rider will always recognize communicated itself to me, and, with perfect judgment, but with a force and spirit I had never hoped to meet in a horse of this world, he carried me over the enormous height, and landed, like a deer, among the stumps and brush on the other side, and trotted gayly away, athlete-like again, happier and prouder than ever horse was before.

Sitting that evening at my tent door, opposite the spring, bragging, as the custom is, over my new purchase, it occurred to me that that stream of water and that bit of horseflesh had some qualities alike; so I christened the latter "Roubie d'Eaux," which was soon translated and shortened to "Ruby,"—a name thenceforth familiar throughout the regiment.

To become my property was the only thing needed to make him perfect, for Ike was born in a racing stud in Kentucky, and had practised all the arts of the craft, up to the time when, being both jockey and "the stakes" in a race he rode, he was lost to a Missouri gentleman of fortune, and became a body-servant. He was once confidential :

"Well now, Colonel, you see, this is how it was : I had n't nothin' agin my master, — he was a right nice man ; but then, you see, he dranked, and I did n't know what might become of me some time. Then, you see, I knowed this man was stiddy, an' he'd jess done bought a yallar gal I kinder had a notion for, an' so, — don't ye see why ? — well, the hoss could have won the *race* fast enough, but then, you see, my master, — well, he was a drinkin' kind of a man, an' I thought I might as well fix it. I knowed I was up for stakes, an' that's how I come to Missouri ; I ain't no Missouri man *born*, but that's how it was."

He had become a good body-servant without forgetting his stable training, and his horses bore testimony to his skill and fidelity. After going through the routine of a well-regulated stable, he gave each horse a half-hour's stroking with the flat of his hands, brisk and invigorating ; and the result was a more blooming condition and more vigorous health than is often seen in horses on a campaign. The best substitute that could be secured for a stable was a very heavy canvas blanket, covering the horse from his ears to his tail and down to his knees, water-proof and wind-proof. It was a standing entertainment with the less dignified members of the mess to invite attention to Ruby as he stood moping under this hideous housing. Certainly I never saw him thus without thinking that his time had at last come, and that he surely would never again be able to carry me creditably. Yet as Ike's devotion continued, he grew better and better, commanding daily more of the respect and admiration of all who

knew him, and attaching himself to me more and more as we learned each other's ways.

One never loves but one horse entirely, and so Ruby never quite filled old Vixen's place ; but, as a serviceable friend, he was all that could be desired. The unsupplied want of my life, that had made me restless and discontented, was now satisfied, and my duties became easy, and my pastimes (the principal times of South Missouri warfare) entirely agreeable.

It was no slight addition to these sources of contentment to feel that the command had at last awakened to a sense of its dereliction, and was fast reforming its ways. I had hardly owned Ruby for a fortnight before the old cheerfulness and alacrity returned to the regiment, and by the time we broke up our camp on the Roubie d'Eaux and went over to Lebanon for the hunting season, the entire organization was in a most satisfactory condition.

Our life at Lebanon was an episode of the war that we shall not soon forget. To the best of my knowledge and belief, after Price had retreated from Pea Ridge, the only organized forces of armed Rebels to be found north of the White River were local bands of jayhawkers, whose rebellion was mainly directed against the laws of property, and the actuating motive of whose military movements was "nags." The stealing of horses, with the consequent application of Lynch law, was all that the native male population had to keep them out of mischief, for weeks and weeks together. There was just enough of this sort of armed lawlessness to furnish us with a semblance of duty ; not enough seriously to interrupt our more regular avocations. Lebanon is on the high table-land of the Ozarks, in the heart of a country flowing with prairie-hens and wild turkeys, and bountifully productive of the more humdrum necessities of life. Thanks to the fleeing of Rebel families, we found comfortable quarters without too severely oppressing those

who had remained. What with moving the court-house away from the public square, leaving the space free for a parade, and substituting a garrison flag-staff for the town pump, we kept our men from rusting; and when, after a time, we had established a comfortable post-hospital and a commodious military prison, Lebanon was as complete and well-ordered a station as could be found in South Missouri. I had the questionable honor and the unquestionable comfort of holding its command from the end of January to the end of April, — three dreamy months, that seem now to have been passed in a shooting-lodge, under favorable auspices.

As a legacy of the "Hundred Days," when the "Fourth Missouri" was the "Fremont Hussars," we had an able-bodied and extremely well-selected regimental band, that soothed our overtaxed senses when we came in from our work in the fields, gathering where our enemies had sown, and (under the suspended game laws of the State) shooting grouse and quail in the early spring.

Naturally, most of my official duties were such as could be performed by an extremely well-regulated adjutant; and I usually passed his busy half-hour (in private) with Ruby. There had been an impetuosity about the horse at the outset which it was desirable to quell, and I rode him regularly in a nicely fenced kitchen-garden, where, after he learned that fences are not always intended for leaping-bars, he fell slowly into the routine of the training-school, and easily acquired a perfect self-command and *aplomb* that enabled him, under all circumstances, to await his rider's instructions.

I wish that less account had been made, in the writings of those whose horse-stories have preceded mine, of the specified feats of their animals. The rôle of a horse's performances is necessarily limited, and it is probably impossible for a well-constituted mind to recite the simple story of his deeds without drawing largely on the imagi-

nation. Consequently, an unexaggerated account of what Ruby actually did (and I cannot bring my mind to an embellishment of the truth) would hardly interest a public whose fancy has been thus pampered and spoiled. But for this, these pages could be filled with instances of his strength and agility that would almost tax belief. Suffice it to say that, while, like most good high leapers, he would cover but a moderate breadth of water, he would get over anything reasonable in the shape of a fence that could be found about the town.

I was a heavy weight, — riding nearly two hundred pounds, — and necessarily rode with judgment. If there was a low place in a fence, we never chose a high one; but, at the same time, if there were no low places, we took the best we could find. Ruby seemed to know that the two of us were solid enough to break through any ordinary pile of rails, and what we could not jump over we jumped *at*. More than once did he carry away the top rail of a snake fence with his knees, and land fair and square on the other side; but it was a very high leap that made this necessary.

He would jump on to the porch of the quarter-master's office (approached from the ground by four steps) and then jump over the hand-rail and land on the ground below again, — almost wagging his tail with delight at the feat.

His ear was quicker than mine for the peeping of quail and for the drumming of grouse, and, in the absence of a good dog, there is no doubt that my pot (for which alone I have been said to hunt) was better filled by reason of his intelligence in the field, and because he would allow one to shoot from the saddle. The birds never mistook me for a sportsman until I was quite in among them, blazing away.

In coming home from the prairie, we generally rode round by the way of a certain sunken garden that stood a couple of feet below the level of the road. A five-foot picket-fence that

stood at the roadside had fallen over toward the garden, so that its top was hardly four feet higher than the road. This made the most satisfactory leap we ever took, — the long, sailing descent, and the safe landing on sandy loam, satisfied so completely one's prudent love of danger.

I think I missed this leap more than anything at Lebanon when, finally, we set out for Arkansas.

We made our first considerable halt early in May, at Batesville, on the White River, — a lovely, rose-grown village, carrying, in the neatly kept homes of its New England secessionists, evidence that they remembered their native land, where, in their day, before the age of railroads, the "village" flourished in all its freshness and simplicity. It had now acquired the picturesque dilapidation, in the matter of fences and gates and defective window-panes, that marked the Southern domicile during the war. Ruby had strained himself quite seriously on the march, and had been left to come on slowly with the quarter-master's train. This left me quite free for the social life, such as it was, to which we — the only available men that had been seen there since Price gathered his force at Springfield — were welcomed with a reserved cordiality. Our facilities for forming a correct opinion of society were not especially good, but I fancied I should have passed my time to as good advantage in the saddle.

We soon left for an active expedition in the direction of Little Rock, of which it is only necessary to say, here, that it lasted about a month, and brought the writer acquainted with some very unsatisfactory horses, — a fact which heightened his pleasure, on striking the White River bottom again, at finding that Ruby had been brought over the ferry to meet him. Tired as I was, I took a glorious brisk trot through the Canebrake Road, with a couple of leaps over fallen trees, that revived the old emotions and made a man of me again.

While we lay at Batesville we were

unusually active in the matter of drill and reorganization; and this, with our engagements in the town, kept us too busy for much recreation; but Ludlow and I managed to work in a daily swim in the White River, with old saddles on our horses, and scant clothing on our persons. Talk of aquatic sports! there is no royal bath without a plucky horse to assist; and a swim across the swift current at Batesville, with a horse like Ruby snorting and straining at every stroke, belittled even the leaping at Lebanon.

From Batesville we commenced our memorable march to join the fleet that had just passed Memphis, following down the left bank of the river to Augusta, and then striking across the cotton country to Helena, — a march on which we enjoyed the rarest picturesqueness of plantation life, and suffered enough from heat and hunger and thirst and stifling, golden dust to more than pay for it.

Helena was a pestiferous swamp, worth more than an active campaign to our enemies, filling our hospitals, and furrowing the levee bank with graves. It was too hot for much drilling, and we kept our better horses in order by daybreak races. With the local fever feeling its way into my veins, I was too listless to care much for any diversion; but Ike came to me one evening to say that he "reckoned" Ruby was as good a horse as anybody had in the "camps," and he might as well take a hand in the games. I told him I had no objection to his being run, if he could find a suitable boy, but that both he and I were too heavy for race-riding.

"I don't weigh only about a hundred and a half," said the ambitious man.

"Well, suppose you don't, that is ten pounds too much."

"I reckon a man can ride ten pound lighter 'n he is if he knows how to ride; anyhow, if Rube can't skin anything around here, I don't know nothin' about horses."

"Ike, did you ever run that horse?"

"Well, Colonel, now you ask me, I

did jest give Ludlow's darkey a little brush once."

Conquering my indignation and my scruples, I went over, just for the honor of the establishment, and made up a race for the next day.

I have seen crack horse-races in my day, but I never saw more artistic riding nor more capital running than that summer morning on the River Road at Helena, just as the sun began to gild the muddy Mississippi. The satisfaction of this conquest, and the activity with which new engagements were offered by ambitious lieutenants, who little knew the stuff my man and horse were made of, kept off my fever for some weeks; but I steadily declined all opportunity of racing with horses outside of our own command, for I had been reared in a school of Puritan severity, and had never quite overcome my convictions against the public turf. A corporal of an "Injeanny rigement" took occasion to crow lustily — so I heard — because "one of them French coveys" was afraid to run him a quarter for five dollars. It appeared that a cleanly European was always supposed by this gentry to be French; and in the army at large I was better known by the company I kept than by my New England characteristics.

Naturally, Ike thought that, while Ruby was engaged in this more legitimate occupation, he ought not to be ridden for mere pleasure; and it was only when a visitor was to be entertained, or when I went out on plea of duty, that I could steal an opportunity to leap him; but he took one fence which fairly did him credit. It was a snake fence measuring four feet and two inches, with a deep ditch on each side cut close to the projecting angles of the rails. Ruby carried me over the first ditch into the angle between the rails, then over the fence into the narrow space on the other side, and then over the second ditch into the field. It was the most perfect combination of skill, strength, and judgment that was possible to horseflesh; and I think Glückmanslegge, who was with me

and had suggested the venture, despaired of ever getting his promotion by any fair means, when we rejoined him by the return leap and rode safely to camp.

Unhappily, even entire satisfaction with one's horse is powerless to ward off such malaria as that of the camp at Helena, and in due time I fell ill with the fever. The horse was turned over to the care of the quarter-master, and Ike and I came wearily home on sick-leave.

Late in the autumn we returned to St. Louis, where one of the German officers told me that the regiment had joined Davidson's army at "Pilot K-nopp"; and after the Hun, our new adjutant, arrived from the East, we set out for head-quarters, and took command of the cavalry brigade of Davidson's army.

From November until January we were tossed about from post to post, wearing out our horses, wearying our men, and accomplishing absolutely nothing of value beyond the destruction of an enormous amount of the rough forage, which would otherwise have been used to feed "nags," — stolen, or to be stolen, — and would have thus tended to foster the prevailing vice of the region.

At last we settled down in a pleasant camp at Thomasville, — a good twelve miles away from Davidson, — and were at rest; it was only those near him who suffered from his fitful caprices, and he was now encamped with the infantry.

Pleasant as we found it with our little duty and much sport, I can never look back to Thomasville without sorrow. To say that I had acquired a tenderness for Ruby would not be strictly just; but I felt for him all the respect and admiration and fondness that is possible short of love. Vix had been my heroine, and my only one; but Ruby was my hero, and I depended on him for my duty and my pleasure more than I knew. With his full measure of intelligence he had learned exactly his rôle, and he was always eager, whenever occasion offered, to show the world what a remarkably fine horse I

had, — being himself conscious, not only of his unusual virtues, but, no less of the praise they elicited.

One sunny Southern day, toward the end of January, Davidson had ridden over, with his following, to dine with us; and as we were sitting before our mess-tent, mellow with after-dinner talk of our guns and our dogs and our horses, the General was good enough to remember that he had seen me riding a chestnut that he thought much too finely bred for field work: had I been able to keep him? Then Ruby was discussed, and all his successes were recalled, first by one friend and then by another, until Davidson needed ocular proof of our truthfulness.

Ike had taken the hint, and brought Ruby round in due time, — glistening like gold in the slanting rays of the setting sun, but blundering along with his head down and ears drooping in his old, dismal way.

"O no, I don't mean that horse," said Davidson; "I mean a very high-strung horse I have seen you ride on the march."

"Very well, General, that is the animal; he keeps his strings loose when he is not at his work."

"No, I have seen you riding a far better horse than that; I am too old a cavalryman to be caught with such chaff."

To the great glee of the Hun, whose faith in Ruby was unbounded, Davidson's whole staff turned the laugh on me for trying to deceive the General just because he had been dining.

I mounted, and started off with one

of Ruby's enormous lifts, that brought the whole company to their feet. It was the supreme moment with him. Full of consciousness, as though he knew the opportunity would never come again, and quivering in anticipation of his triumph, he was yet true to his training, and held himself subject to my least impulse.

We had lain in our camp for more than a week, and there was not a vestige left of the recently substantial fences, — only the suggestive and conspicuous gateways that stood to mark the march of our armies from the Chesapeake to the Indian nation. But Ruby built fences in his imagination higher than any he had ever faced, and cleared them without a scratch, landing close, as though the Helena ditch were still to be taken.

It would take long to tell all he did and how perfectly he did it: he went back at last to his canvas blanket, loaded with adulation and as happy as it is given a horse to be.

In his leaping he had started a shoe, and Ike took him in the morning to the smith (who had taken possession of an actual forge) to have it reset. A moment later, the Hun cried, "My God, Colonel, look at Ruby!"

Hobbling along with one hind foot drawn up with pain, he was making his last mournful march, and we laid him that day to rest, — as true a friend and as faithful a fellow as ever wore a chestnut coat.

He had reared in the shop, parted his halter, and fallen under a bench, breaking his thigh far up above the stifle.

George E. Waring, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE verdict which public opinion has pronounced, or, rather, is from time to time pronouncing, on the writings of George Eliot is certainly a very complicated one. That she is an acute delineator of character, a subtle humorist, a master of English, a universal observer and a comprehensive student, a profound moralist, — all this is part of her established reputation. That she is, besides this, a poet of great force and originality would, if we took as the test the most widely published criticism, be also established. That she has also succeeded, — in an age in which the public has been satiated with novels, and critics have begun even to doubt whether novel-writing were not a thing of the past, — if not in founding a new school of novel-writing, at least in proving that this literary form could be adapted, in skilful hands, to purposes which her predecessors had never dreamed of. Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Disraeli, — between them and George Eliot there is no relationship; and yet George Eliot, in the hold which she maintains upon the public interest, is certainly their successor. But is this all? Does not every one who reads generalizations like these involuntarily say to himself, this is nothing? To say of an author like George Eliot that she is distinguishable by this or that abstract quality is very much like trying to revive the effect produced upon our imaginations by a broad and majestic river by describing the general direction of a body of flowing water, the height of the banks between which it flows, the measurements of its soundings taken by the latest hydrographical survey. When we

think of all the immense variety of her books, from the Scenes from Clerical Life to Middlemarch, of the range of feeling and thought that they cover, and the wonderful manner in which the work has been done, one is tempted to give up the task of studying this student, of observing this author who has devoted her life to observation, or of analyzing this professor of analysis.

Several critics have agreed, and it is almost becoming the fashion to say, that the leading trait in all of George Eliot's works is the constant presence of the idea of Fate or Destiny, of the helplessness of man in his pitiful attempt to struggle with the eternal forces of nature; and no one will dispute that both the Mill on the Floss and Middlemarch have given undue reason for this opinion. But the idea of fate is very different in different minds, and it seems to us by no means clear that the fate of George Eliot is of a sort which has hitherto been known to literature. The conception of destiny with which we are most familiar is that of the Grecian tragedies and myths, — an individual fate, or at most a family fate, which attends, during a long succession of years, a particular man or family. They are born into the world together; they move through life together; perhaps, even, they struggle for the mastery: at last the fate is accomplished, whether for good or evil. In the Arabian Nights we find a conception of somewhat the same kind in the story of the young prince who is fated to die on coming of age, and whom his father, the king, sends out of the kingdom to an island, where he is to live in a subterranean palace

* *Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life.* By GEORGE ELIOT. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. New York: Harpers.

Backlog Studies. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

A Hand-Book of English Literature. Intended for the Use of High-Schools, as well as a Companion and Guide for Private Students and for General Readers. By FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, A. M. 2 vols. British Authors. American Authors. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1872.

The Woods and By-Ways of New England. By WILSON FLAGG, author of *Studies in Field and Forest.* With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

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Modern Turkey. By J. LEWIS FARLEY, Consul of the Sublime Porte at Bristol. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1872.

A Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land in 1869-70. By HENRY M. HARMON, D. D., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

The Class-Room Taine. History of English Literature. By H. A. TAINÉ. Abridged from the Translation of H. Van Laun, and edited with Chronological Table, Notes, and Index. By JOHN FISKE, Assistant Librarian and late Lecturer on Philosophy in Harvard University. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872.

Modern Leaders. Being a Series of Biographical Sketches by JUSTIN MCCARTHY. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

until the fatal moment is past; but to the same island comes by accident a traveller who discovers the prince's retreat, and lives with him on terms of great intimacy and affection, consoling him for his solitude. At last the prince's birthday — the last of his imprisonment — arrives, and the king's vessel is descried above the horizon coming to take his son home in safety. The moment, however, has come; the prince, reclining on a sofa, asks his friend for a knife from a shelf above; there is a misstep, and the king arrives to find the fate fulfilled.

Perhaps the destiny which appears in Scott's novels — in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, for instance, or *Guy Mannering* — is of the same essential kind as that of the Greeks, but the coloring is totally different; while the Mohammedan, with his "will of God be done," has given to the idea a religious character, again of a quite opposite kind. The idea takes a thousand different forms, which a scientific treatment of the subject would no doubt show in their real order and historical sequence.

The fate of George Eliot is not one of them. Hers is a more modern and truer conception. The destiny which surrounds her characters, which leads to their several allotted ends the lives of Tito, Maggie Tulliver, Tom, Hetty, Romola, Lydgate, the Vincys, or the poor drunkard whose last agonies are described with such minuteness in *Middlemarch*, is the compounded destiny of natural laws, character, and accident which we call life. It leaves nothing out of view; neither the material nor the moral forces; neither the immutable fixity of physical succession, nor the will. Man is, in these novels, neither a creature who controls us and who controls nor who is controlled by nature; he is himself part of nature.

We would not, however, overlook the fact, — which is of the first importance, — that George Eliot's fate is a moral fate, or, to put what we mean in other words, that the moral lessons enforced by life are the most important lessons for her. It is not the strangeness and awfulness of life, it is not the joy of life, it is not the misery of life, nor the absurdity of life, that is first with her: all these she understands and feels; but what she most keenly understands and most keenly feels are the lessons which all this strangeness, awfulness, joy, misery, and absurdity bring for those who will read them aright, as well as the obligation

that she herself is under to help others to read them aright. This is not merely saying over again that she is a moralist. There have been many moralists in literature, particularly English literature, who would have been quite at a loss to understand the meaning of this morality; moralists to whom the bare idea of fate or destiny was anathema, and who could not have even imagined the connection between it and duty.

That fate should, in English hands, assume a moral color is natural enough; but if we compare the novels of George Eliot with those of a Continental writer whose novels have a distinctly fatalistic turn, we shall begin to doubt perhaps whether this view of life is the growth of any one soil. Turgénieff's character, or at least some of his characters, are the playthings of fate quite as much as any of his English contemporary. And Turgénieff, too, is impressed with the moral side of his subject. His *Liza*, if it were not for the pervading sadness of the book, might be distributed as a tract among refined people. Yet, after all, the sadness is more fundamental than the morality, and perhaps it would be fairer to say that there is a general way of looking at life, peculiar to modern men, which Turgénieff happened to take in *Liza*, although he certainly did not very distinctly grasp it, as George Eliot always does.

And what is this modern view of life, which is different from all others, — so sad, and so moral, so ironical, so didactic, yet so undogmatically didactic? M. Taine, in his *English Literature*, after speaking of Byron's unhappy career, and that of the poets whom he calls "romantic," answers this question in a way that, whatever may be thought of the criticism in other respects, is complete: "So lived and so ended this unhappy great man; the malady of the age had no more distinguished prey; around him, like a hecatomb, lie the rest, wounded also by the greatness of their faculties, and their immoderate desires, — some extinguished in stupor or drunkenness, others worn out by pleasure or work; these driven to madness or suicide; those beaten down by impotence, or lying on a sick-bed; all agitated by their acute or aching nerves; the strongest carrying their bleeding wound to old age, the happiest having suffered as much as the rest, and preserving their scars, though healed. The concert of their lamentations has filled their age, and we have stood around them, hearing in our hearts

the low echo of their cries. We were sad like them, and, like them, inclined to revolt. The institution of democracy excited our ambitions without satisfying them; the proclamation of philosophy kindled our curiosity without contenting it. In this wide-open career the plebeian suffered for his mediocrity, and the sceptic for his doubt. The plebeian, like the sceptic, attacked by a precocious melancholy, and withered by a premature experience, delivered his sympathies and his conduct to the poets, who declared happiness impossible, truth unattainable, society ill-arranged, man abortive or marred. From this unison of voices an idea sprang,—the centre of the literature, the arts, the religion of the age, — that there is, namely, a monstrous disproportion between the different parts of our social structure, and that human destiny is vitiated by this disagreement. "What advice have they given us for its remedy? They were great: were they wise? 'Let deep and strong sensations rain upon you; if your machine breaks, so much the worse! . . . Cultivate your garden, busy yourself in a little circle; re-enter the flock, be a beast of burden. . . . Turn believer again, take holy water, abandon your mind to dogmas, and your conduct to hand-books. . . . Make your way; aspire to power, honors, wealth.' Such are the various replies of artists and citizens, Christians and men of the world. Are they replies? And what do they propose but to satiate one's self, to become beasts, to turn out of the way, to forget? There is another and a deeper answer, which Goethe was the first to give, which we begin to conceive, in which issue all the labor and experience of the age, and which may perhaps be the subject-matter of future literature. 'Try to understand yourself and things in general.' A strange reply, seeming barely new, whose scope we shall only hereafter discover. For a long time yet, men will feel their sympathies thrill at the sound of the sobs of their great poets. For a long time they will rage against a destiny which opens to their aspirations the career of limitless space, to shatter them, within two steps of the goal, against a wretched post which they had not seen. For a long time they will bear, like fetters, the necessities which they must embrace as laws. Our generation, like the preceding, has been tainted by the malady of the age, and will never more than half be quit of it. We shall arrive at truth, not at calm. All we

can heal at present is our intellect; we have no hold upon our sentiments. But we have a right to conceive for others the hopes which we no longer entertain for ourselves, and to prepare for our descendants the happiness which we shall never enjoy."

But we have not yet reached the fortunate isles. The future may have in store for those who are to come after us a thousand blessings of which we can only dream; for the present we live in a period of intellectual and moral tumult of revolt against the old, mixed with dread of the new, — indeed, not half understanding the new, but half loving the old. Science has opened the portals of knowledge, and we are not scientific; science has revealed a new harmony of the feelings, and yet in our dull ears the old, incongruous, sentimental melodies go on ringing. Science offers us the key to the moral law which governs the world, yet we cannot bring ourselves to turn it. Is it any wonder that, amid all this doubt, hesitation, and, it may be, despair, we find a wonderful zest in humor, in analysis, in irony, in the purely critical study of the world? Such a life as ours is too complicated, too revolutionary, too full of sudden surprises and absurdities, too sad, too merry, too horribly real, too shamefully false, to admit of that repose which furnishes the only sure foundation for happy art. Our business is not creation, but criticism.

When we have said that George Eliot is almost an inspired critic, have we not said what is really the most important thing about her? No doubt at such an opinion thousands of her admirers would hold up their hands in horror. "Inspired critic!" they would exclaim; "how can an author of singular dramatic power, and of equally singular power of human delineation, be called a critic?" This, however, is the question. If George Eliot has real dramatic power, and has imagined real characters, there is no doubt that it is folly to say that she is primarily a critic. But we think she has not. What she has done has been to describe, with such wonderful minuteness and ironical force, the thoughts and feelings which, under given circumstances, a certain *kind* of person might have, that we are forced to admit the possibility of the picture, or, to speak more accurately, the reality of the report. Besides this, she has a wonderful power of reproducing scenes of every sort, with which she is familiar, or, rather,

with which her audience is familiar,—a faculty which seems to us, at least, not a pictorial or imaginative one, but rather that faculty of description which comes of observation and general power of statement. That this is true may be occasionally seen when George Eliot attempts remote studies, like that, for instance, of the mediæval Italian barber-shop in *Romola*,—a shop in which we feel too acutely sensible of the daylight of the English intellect of the nineteenth century, as well as the keenness of George Eliot's humor, to make ourselves quite at home. Even in the English scenes, as has been well said by a recent critic, we are from time to time oppressed by a sense that the village worthies who make reflections on life and on each other are, after all, only masks through which George Eliot is ventriloquizing.

To turn to the more noted and distinct characters,—are they characters?—no one, we suppose, except a woman, would claim actual existence for Adam Bede, or for Felix Holt, or Will Ladislaw; but there are, besides such failures as these, remarkable successes in Maggie Tulliver, in Arthur Donnithorne, in Hetty, in Tom Tulliver, in Philip, in Tito, in *Romola*, in Lydgate, in Rosamond Vincy, Dorothea, and a very long list besides. But if an artist were to be asked to illustrate these books, would he not find considerable difficulty in drawing these characters, so that they would be recognized? Would he not find, for instance, a strange family likeness between *Romola* and Dorothea? Would not Rosamond Vincy, with a few slight touches (an alteration of coloring and outline), change into Hetty? Would not any one of a dozen Englishmen do for Lydgate? And can the other characters we have mentioned be fastened upon, and their likeness really kept? Perhaps Maggie, Arthur, Philip, and Tito make more against our theory than the rest; but though their psychological situations are always interesting, they seem always to be doing the work of representation for man or woman,—not that they are types, but that their movements seem a trifle too much in the control of the wonderful exhibitor who is half concealed behind the show. *Romola* was once illustrated; but the illustrations were rather of the situations than of the people. Thackeray's characters and Dickens's caricatures live and move of their own accord. Compare Becky Sharp with Rosamond Vincy,—both women in whom selfishness is the

moving principle, and whose married life is the principal subject of treatment. If we were to meet Becky we should know her at once; Rosamond we should be perfectly certain to mistake for some one else. The honest farcical countenances of the members of the Pickwick Club are as familiar to us as those of our own acquaintances; but Mr. Brooke, who is really almost as farcical, would not have the slightest difficulty in proving an alibi at any time.

To be sure, it may be said that Thackeray had been educated as an artist, and that he illustrated his own books. But he was an artist because it was his disposition to see certain things picturesquely or pictorially, and this is not George Eliot's disposition. Thackeray used to say, in reply to people who complained of Esmond's "marriage with his mother-in-law," that he had done nothing to arrange the match; he could not prevent his characters doing what they chose. Nobody can conceive of George Eliot's being able to make such a reply as this; yet both Thackeray and George Eliot are moralists. Thackeray was a moralist of the old school, however; his *vanitas vanitatum* was but the echo, after all, of the *vanitas vanitatum* handed down to us by tradition,—a charming echo, but still an echo. George Eliot is a moralist because her epoch is a moralizing epoch: it is her profession, her life.

The author of these volumes is a critic. Her maxim—"Know thyself and things in general"—she has taken profoundly to heart, and as a result we have a body of what might be called sympathetic erudition such as no one else ever dreamed of. History, science, art, literature, language, she is mistress of. Upon all these fields she draws. Human life, however, is her interest; in this all her studies centre. Her observation is always beginning, never ending. Certainly if writers are divided as Goethe somewhere suggests into those who are born to say some one thing, to produce some single literary flower and die, and those whose life is one constant development, like that of Nature herself, in which education and production go on side by side to the end, George Eliot would be included in the latter class. Goethe himself belonged to it, and, as M. Taine says, Goethe was the first of modern men to appreciate the changed relations between man and nature which the new renaissance was to introduce.

It would be a mere waste of time to go

into a minute criticism of *Middlemarch*. The plots are too numerous, the characters too multitudinous, and the whole too complicated. Out of the history of Dorothea's marriage and domestic life, Lydgate's marriage and domestic life, Bulstrode's crimes and hypocrisy, the love-affair of Mary and Fred, and the adventures of Ladislav, a library of novels might be made; while on the humor, the observation, reflection, and suggestion contained in the book a regiment of writers of social articles might support themselves for a lifetime. It is an interesting question, whether this *Study of Provincial Life* is a success or a failure; whether it is a work which, judged by its own standard, reaches or falls short of that standard. This question, however, we must leave to others to answer, partly because it seems now a little too soon to make up our minds, and partly because we find great difficulty in knowing what the standard is. It is *A Study of Provincial Life*, but this is about as indicative of the character of the book as *romans nationaux* are in the case of Erckmann-Chatrian. It is, says one critic, the study of the effects of the narrow English provincial life of forty years ago on the characters of the story which interests the author, and therefore should interest the reader. If this is so, we say that, somehow or other, the effects of this narrow provincial life on the characters is the last thing in the world we should have supposed the central point of interest. In *Cranford*, this is undoubtedly the main thing, and we think we may with great safety ask any one who has ever lived in a village—a real village, we mean, not a “quarter section” of town lots—to say in which book the relation in question is brought out most distinctly. In *Cranford*, do we not feel in every line the remoteness of the world, the whimsical pettiness of the interests, the eccentricity of the characters, the village life, with the thrill of reality which real art always produces? Of course, *Middlemarch* is not *Cranford*: *Middlemarch* is a county, *Cranford* is a village; but, after all, a county is a place, and there is, for some reason or other, no locality whatever for *Middlemarch*. Some one else says that it is Dorothea's life which is the main thing; the struggle of an ardent, impassioned, and noble nature with surrounding obstacles; with a pedantic sham of a husband, with her own duty to this husband, with her love for Ladislav, with her sense of duty to her

family, and, in short, with provincial life. But though there is certainly some reason for this opinion, there is just as much for the opinion that *Lydgate* is the central figure. Probably a good deal of difficulty of the same kind would be found in some of her other books, in *Adam Bede*, for instance, and *The Mill on the Floss*. Is *Adam* the principal figure in the first? If he is, it is in the same way that the figure-head of a ship is. What is the esoteric meaning of *The Mill on the Floss*? Certainly, compared with one or two of the former novels, *Middlemarch* is not a success. There is no such Satanic omniscience shown as we had in the analysis of Arthur Donnithorne's unhappy conscience. There is nothing here like *Tito* or the pathetic yet beautiful description of the gradual alterations in the relations between *Maggie* and *Tom Tulliver*. Yet *Middlemarch* is certainly infinitely more interesting than *Felix Holt*.

And yet, — and yet these rambling suggestions seem only worth making that we may take them all back in the end. In the attempt to play the critic of such works as these, one cannot help feeling that to properly analyze and explain *George Eliot*, another *George Eliot* is needed, and that all suggestion can do is to indicate the impossibility of grasping, in even the most comprehensive terms, the variety of her powers. An author whose novels it has really been a liberal education to read, one is more tempted to admire silently than to criticise at all.

— Among the Charles Lambs of America, whom the book-noticers have given us in such number that we can no longer count the humorous fold upon the fingers of both hands, we believe that we like none so well as Mr. Warner, who indeed need not be “called out of his name,” if one has a desire to praise his talent. Nothing, to be sure, is quite new in literature, which, like the doting diner-out, is apt to repeat its good things; by the time that an author is perfectly new, he is old, and some young writer is imitating him. But in this apparently hopeless process, original force and beauty get themselves constantly expressed, and we are aware from time to time of a figure that has grown upon us as something quite different from the other figures that it seemed to suggest or resemble. Just now, certainly, any one who reads Mr. Warner's *Backlog Studies* must confess that there is no other book, on the whole, like it, though the light, humorous

essay is common enough, though Mr. Helps sets his friends dialoguing around him, though Dr. Holmes weaves a thread of love-story into the desultory disquisitions of his characters, and though Mr. Ike Marvel Mitchell mused by wood-fires long ago. The form, after all, must go for very little; it is the manner, the spirit, that matters, and in Mr. Warner's latest book this is altogether novel, while the style is peculiarly fresh and charming. There is first a little dissertation about wood-fires; then the company of guests and neighbors talk round the hearth, in conversation that easily lapses into the essayist's monologue, on all sorts of topics; and presently the spring has come, and the fire is out, and the book at an end. The people are lightly but distinctly indicated, and the talk is managed with unfailing ease; but the great pleasure of the book is in the author's humor, which lies in wait for you round corners and under ambushes of serious observation, and surprises you with some turn so odd, so bright, so unexpected, that you own with gratitude a new touch in literature. Toward the end of the book there are two studies—one of a very old man, and the other of a shiftless man—that seem to us surpassing examples of Mr. Warner's humor; but we speak with reservation, for it is hard to name any passage as the best. The humor is far from epigram; one might say it was a new, strange kind of irony with a very hard outside, but inwardly full of mellow sweetness. It is shrewd, and has its edge of satire, but it leaves particular matters pretty much where it found them, only teaching, as all true humor does, quite as much modesty and mercifulness generally as human nature is capable of learning. You can even read the whole book through, and feel merely that you have been agreeably entertained; but then you would not be the wisest reader of the book.

We have been thinking that the first paragraph in it is a very felicitous instance of the play of the genuinely humorous mind, and is worthy a little special study on that account. "The fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its centre; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince-pies at ten at night; half a cheese is no longer set to

toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the gray-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney-corner."

In this passage we should say that Mr. Warner wrote the first word about the fire having gone out, with possibly a serious feeling; then it suddenly occurred to him with a smile that the hearth itself had gone out; then he mocks the touch of sentiment he has felt by those bits of exaggeration about the family having lost its centre, and about the millinery and tailors' bills; then he goes a little further and satirizes the unwholesome habits of the boasted good old times; then his fancy is lit up with that pretty little picture of the child turning the apples,—doubtless a memory,—and finally with an abrupt laugh we have the grotesque association of the old man stropping his razor on the family Bible. There is no logic in these changing moods; but they follow each other in perfectly natural, inevitable succession, and the whole passage, in its delightfulness, is curiously harmonious. It is because it is perfect without logic that we like it; nothing is to be foreseen, or to be argued from what went before, and yet a subtle relation is established between all the ideas, such as exists in a pleasant revery.

On a larger scale the whole of this first essay of Mr. Warner's has much the same character as the opening paragraph, and it is full of points characteristic of the humorist in particular, as well as of the humorist in general. When he is denouncing the patent sham gas-fire of asbestos-coated iron logs, it is with his own suddenness he asks, "Do you think a cat would lie down before it?" Speaking in another place of a boy's heroic preoccupation and absorption in his reading about Indian fights, he says with peculiar quaintness, "There is something about a boy that I like, after all," and then comes one of the most charming passages of the book, about what, to the boy's imagination, is in the cellar: "Who can forget the smell that comes through the open door,—a mingling of fresh earth, fruit exhaling delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the mouldy odor of barrels,—a sort of ancestral air, as if the door had been opened into an old romance? Do you like it? Not much. But then I would not exchange the

remembrance of it for a good many odors and perfumes that I do like," — a touch of exquisite tenderness.

"I wish," says Mr. Warner, "I could more fitly celebrate the joyousness of the New England winter," and you tremble lest he is going to try it, when he adds with a dash of quick sincerity, "Perhaps I could, if I more thoroughly believed in it." This is the key-note of the whole; there is no sentimental feigning, but the humor is never unfriendly to poetic feeling, and it never troubles itself to be bitter. All the good qualities of the author's two preceding books are here, but there is a riper taste, a smoother flavor in these Backlog Studies, which "the palate fine" will not fail to detect. In style, in temper, in material, it is a thoroughly pleasant book.

— There are some silly people who, when they travel abroad, imagine it a sagacious and original thing not to do Europe in the guide-book manner, as they say, and who seek out novelties for themselves at the cost of missing some of the standard objects of interest. But the standard object of interest is always the thing worthiest to be seen, and the traveller who misses it has missed one of the chief ends of travel. His unhackneyed picture, or church, or palace, may be all very well, but it is certain never to be so good as what the common voice of knowledge and experience has pronounced the best. So, concerning the literature of the past, certain facts have been established, and it is idle to pass through it, expecting to discover new things finer than those which long criticism and admiration have consecrated. From Gray what can you choose but *The Elegy*? From Goldsmith what but *The Deserted Village*? From Coleridge you must take *The Ancient Mariner*, *The Passions* from Collins, *The Vision of Mirza* from Addison, *The Essay on Roast Pig* from Lamb, *Alexander's Feast* from Dryden, *Lycidas* and *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro* from Milton; and so on up to the earliest and down to some of the latest authors, their names are connected in a supreme degree with some performance, to reject which, in compiling a hand-book of literature, would be not to represent them. Mr. Underwood abides by tradition in his selections from British authors, and in his work we have the old favorites again, though he has done what he could to enlarge its scope by adding less familiar passages to them. In this effort he has had a varying fortune, and it is quite safe to say that he

would not have pleased every critic if he had been constantly inspired in his choice. But we think that he has done very well, and that his book as a volume of extracts leaves little to be reasonably demanded in a volume of its size. It is large enough indeed to contain much more than most pretty well-read people actually know (there is no end to what they suppose themselves to know) of English literature; and of some authors called classic there is quite as much as any one need know: the truly immortal part of such worthies as Surrey, Marvell, Vaughan, and many others, can be got into very little space indeed; and of the greatest authors there is at least not everything that one wants to read.

We do not like Mr. Underwood's introductory chapter and his biographical notices so well as his selections. What he has to say of the origin and growth of the English language is necessarily sketchy for want of space, and elementary because it is addressed to young readers whose philology is small. But a due regard for the tenderness of their years would have induced him to omit from the reporter's phrases which he quotes that describing "an unchaste woman" as "a social evil"; and generally we may say that Mr. Underwood's literary taste is better than his other taste, and vastly better than his style, which is apt to be magaziny, not to say newspaperly. There is at least a loss of dignity in saying, in the biographical notice of Carlyle, that "his manners are not gracious, and he is not free from the common errors and prejudices of his countrymen in regard to this country"; and in that of Ruskin, "of all living Englishmen he has shown the most intense insular prejudice against the free institutions and the people of the United States." If there were any occasion to touch upon such facts at all, Mr. Underwood might better have told the youth of the high-schools, that, of all the modern English writers from Tennyson down, there were not above two or three (and these of rather secondary importance) who liked us or believed in us; but that this really made no difference, so far as their literature was concerned, though of course we were at liberty to scorn them politically and personally along with the rest of the English nation. However, these slips are not characteristic of Mr. Underwood's notices, and their occurrence does not affect the discretion with which he has done his work of selection.

The second volume of the Hand-Book is devoted to American literature, and contains an interesting historical introduction, and a chronological list of American authors, and another list specifying those from whom no selection has been made. Of course Mr. Underwood's choice has often been determined by the limits of his book. On the whole, however, it cannot be justly blamed, though with his performance of an extremely difficult task it would not be at all difficult to find fault. It is imaginable that each of our younger writers could point out the gross unfairness with which he has been treated, while his unworthy contemporaries have all been overpraised and overquoted. Rising above this low jealousy, we should say that there is perhaps too much space given to the political writers and orators of our earlier period, and that this would be more strictly a hand-book of literature if the struggling votaries of *belles-lettres* in the remoter epochs had been more fully represented. Some faults of other taste than literary taste are observable here, as in the first volume; but they are smaller faults, and may easily be condoned. Neither volume is ideally successful; but the work is done with a real love of literature; and apart from the sort of blemishes we have noted, we do not see why it does not serve the end for which it was designed. It certainly will serve a good purpose if it is read with anything like the faithfulness with which it is compiled, and the high-school boy who is master of it will be well grounded in a knowledge of English and American literature, with few distorted conceptions of their proportions and relations.

—Mr. Wilson Flagg, in the dedicatory epistle to *The Woods and By-Ways of New England*, has so sufficiently indicated the scope of the work, that we cannot do better than let him play critic to the extent of a dozen lines: "Though I have probably passed more time in the woods than any man who is not a woodcutter by trade, I have not been a collector of specimens, nor a dissector of birds and flowers, nor a measurer of trees, nor a hammerer of rocks. I know the value of this kind of research, but my observations are of a different character. . . . My book differs from learned works as Lavater's *Physiognomy* differs from Cheselden's *Anatomy*, or as a lover's description of his lady's hand would differ from Bell's anatomical description of it. I mention these things, not with any vulgar

depreciation of technical science, but that the reader may not seek in this volume for matters it does not contain." Yet the reader who has merely a passing acquaintance with the roadsides and trees of New England will find much valuable information in these pages, the manner of which is not unknown to those familiar with this magazine. It is not necessary here for us to say how charmingly and sensibly the author writes on the various aspects of rural scenery in the Eastern States. His hints on landscape gardening, and his severe strictures on the false taste that directs the ornamentation of our suburban cemeteries, are worthy of all the serious attention which they will not be likely to get. The glaring white headstone with which Americans delight to mark their departure for Paris is Mr. Flagg's especial detestation. But even in his wrath he is graceful, and does not, so to speak, drop too many of his leaves. Imagine an amiable Thoreau,—if you can. And there are many things to vex him. To clip a glorious, full-flowing tree into the shape of a pyramid, is to Mr. Flagg a custom as barbarous as that of the Hottentots,—if it is the Hottentots; we believe it is not,—who flatten the heads of their progeny. Nature, unadorned by the man-milliner, is quite good enough for him. In his dealings with her he is, as he says, a lover rather than a scientist, though his observation is of the keenest, and is nowhere blunted by sentimentality. His fancy runs along picturesque stone-walls, and clambers up to the mossy eaves of quaint old farm-houses, with vine-like felicity. The pliant parasite that drapes the American elm and makes it the loveliest of trees is not more spontaneous than his love for the natural beauties of meadow, lane, and woodland. To him, the ash, the oak, the pine, the chestnut, and the willow, are so many human beings to be treated with respect and affection according to their individual merits; and he draws the reader into his mood. Yet we find ourselves constantly quitting this leafy company, to turn back to that page of the volume where Mr. Flagg gives us a glimpse of human character a great deal more interesting than anything in the *American flora*. It is the page where the writer speaks of himself with a simplicity and modesty that would be difficult to simulate. "My life," he says, "has been passed with my family in almost entire seclusion, hardly interrupted by a small circle of friends and kinsmen, who, being

engaged in trade, have not been my companions; for men of letters and commercial men, however so much they may hold each other in esteem, are seldom intimate. And as I had no social intercourse with any person who is distinguished in science, literature, the fine arts, or by wealth, politics, or civil position, I have lived almost alone in the world. . . . I have studied Nature more than the library, employing my time in observing her aspects and interpreting her problems more than in reading or hearing the observations of others. . . . I have not been drawn into society by a taste for its amusements or its vices; I have not joined the crowd either of its saints or its sinners; I have pursued my tasks alone, except as I have read and conversed with my wife and children. She and they have been the only companions of my studies and recreations during all the prime of my life. But, perhaps from this cause alone, I have been very happy. The study of nature and my domestic avocations have yielded me a full harvest of pleasures, though it was barren of honors." We are certain that this will send the reader to the volume itself, with its wild-wood odors. Books of this kind are not likely to multiply, for the conditions under which they can alone be produced are becoming every day less possible in New England. Our rural districts are rapidly losing their primitive beauty and seclusion. Elegant Anglo-Gothic villas with Ionic columns and mansard roofs spring up along the byways, and the trail of the railroad is over us all.

— Mr. Kroeger appears not to anticipate an adequate reception of his book from what, in the opening, he calls "a public so clannish in its literary pursuits as that which speaks the English language." Notwithstanding this, we are disposed to believe that his small but compendious volume will find many and appreciative readers. He has certainly done our literature a considerable service, in adding to it the best book on this subject which has yet appeared in English. The subject of the Minnesinger is one which can hardly ever lose its interest for students of poetry and romance, offering as it does a finished and beautiful system of lyricism contemporary with that of the troubadours and *trouvères*, and connected with the earliest flowerings of poetry in England. Under it is included all that flourishing period known as the Suabian, from the time of Barbarossa, — in the middle of the twelfth century, when Veldig, or Vel-

deke, first struck the lyre destined to make its sound heard again in these late times, — until the reign of Rudolph of Hapsburg, when poetry began to fall into the hands of mechanics in the now rising cities, and was by them reduced to a trade, with Meister and Lehrling, — a powerful guild of which the masters and apprentices were alike uninspired. It is little more than a century ago, however, that the productions of this period were brought clearly into notice even in Germany; and not until 1838 did Von der Hagen reproduce from the manuscript the entire Manessian collection of songs, lays, and epics (these latter being a later outgrowth of that period) made towards the close of the Suabian era. It is perhaps not surprising, then, that English writers should have effected but little in this direction. However, it was high time for the appearance of some satisfactory treatise, before Mr. Kroeger supplied our want. A small octavo, published anonymously in 1825, written chiefly by Edgar Taylor, was all that had hitherto been extant. In it, however, the poems are rendered with very little of the fresh grace and variety marking the original forms. One of the chief points of significance in this species of poetry is the indication it affords of the relation between poetry and music at a particular stage of development in language. Von der Hagen points out, in this connection, the tendency to a single-toned accentuation of polysyllables in German, and a similar movement is certainly to be detected in the growth of English. Such words, however, used formerly to be more flexible; so that, while language has gained in force and precision, it has lost in the singing quality. In relation to this it is interesting to observe that Mr. Kroeger often finds himself obliged to go back to antiquated forms of English, in order to produce effects corresponding with those of his originals.

The translator maintains throughout a most musical consciousness of the relation between words and time, almost tuning his lines, it would seem, to some imaginary melody, — quite in the spirit of his originals, who invariably composed with music, except in the case of *Sprüche*. As is natural, Mr. Kroeger exaggerates a little the importance and beauty of the minne-song; for it is true, as Bouterwek says, that we miss in it the classic culture in the true sense, "that thoughtful avoidance of the paradoxical and clumsy, that clearness and certainty of thought and expression, that exemplary

purity and firmness of æsthetic forms," which neither the minnesinger nor the troubadour could bring about, but with which the Italian, later on, crowned the labors of both. Browning and Tennyson are somewhat slighted by the author, who subjects the latter's treatment of the Arthurian legends to a rather damaging criticism, — apropos of a translation from parts of Gottfried von Strasburg's *Tristan and Isolde*, — a perusal of which, it must be confessed, strengthens the impression against the laureate's handling of that story.

— Islam, common enemy of civilization and Christianity, has been our friend in this one thing, that it has kept for our time and a future time a preserve of voyage and adventure, where tourists will not swarm, and where there will, for a long time yet, be something to explore and discover. And J. Lewis Farley, Consul of the Sublime Porte at Bristol, who writes of Modern Turkey, is not the explorer or the storyteller to diminish the limits of our conserve. After the profuse eulogies of climate and natural advantages with which he opens, and a brief and trifling chapter on the scenery about Beyrout and Lebanon, he engages in a long and labored apology for the Turkish Empire, and the politics, ethics, and social status which it has developed, and to a serious attempt to induce his countrymen to emigrate to the East!

Mr. Farley has a comforting faith in Islam, and a candid preference for it to Christianity, which is refreshing; and he is one of a great many Englishmen — and not very few of other nations — who are incapable of distinguishing varnish from polish, and Turkish laxity from true liberality, and who, measuring the civilization of the world by its deference or subserviency to themselves, individually, find in weakened and sycophantic Stamboul a city of delights and the acme of political goodness, just as another class, mainly of our own people, found Paris the city of the true life. Despotism, corruption, venality, and government by favoritism are all very fine when we are the favorites and *protégés*; and the friends of Turkey are generally those who accept the bounty, and make no question whence it came.

Mr. Farley defends polygamy. "Another popular belief is that polygamy is a bar to all human progress," which he disproves by these "facts": "that Islamism marched for ten centuries at the head of humanity"; "polygamy did not prevent Greece from creating her masterpieces of art"; "while

as to the exact sciences, and that which is so proudly called liberty of thought, we owe them to Islamism"; "drunkenness and gambling are the destruction of domestic peace, and, in cursing them, Islamism procures for the wife those positive guaranties which are in reality much more efficacious than the platonic recommendation of Christian preachers."

To this curious line of argument it is needless to append a comment; but there are certain statements which make one doubt if the author recognizes any measure of mendacity, or if he really knows nothing of Turkey. "Adultery is exceedingly rare, and there is no divorce court in Turkey," is one of these; the fact being that adultery in the cities and with wives of the wealthier Mussulmans is the rule and not the exception, and that there is no divorce court because a husband may divorce his wife at any time, without any kind of legal process.

Of all rottenness and dead men's bones that the world ever saw, the Mohammedan state contains the worst and most. Except under the immediate eye of foreign representatives, there is no law which avails the weak; the civil service is *worse than our own*; public affairs are regulated by bribery, and justice is sold in the eyes of the whole world; the Mussulman peasantry are honest and truthful, but so are the Christians in most Christian countries; while the Turk, as he rises in politics, becomes generally the most accomplished of liars, believing no one, and never telling the truth; brigandage and Bedouinage divide the greater part of the empire between them; and out of the cities no man dare grow rich, because, between the Pasha and the brigand, a small amount of money would endanger his existence. In every province of the empire population diminishes in proportion to its subjection to the government at Constantinople, and every element of prosperity fades and decays day by day, except those which it is the interest of European capital to maintain and cause to be protected. Mr. Farley's chapter on the British interests in Turkey gives the clew to the intense interest England takes in the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. "Apart from political considerations, our interests in Turkey consist in the fact that she is one of the best customers we have for our products and manufactures, and that, besides, we are her creditors for loans to a considerable extent." "In 1869 they (British exports to Turkey) amounted to about £ 8,000,000."

These are the "interests Great Britain has in the stability and progress of the Ottoman Empire."

— At various times we have seen fears expressed that the old-time American traveller was disappearing from the face of the earth, or at least from the face of Europe, and that he had been succeeded by a race infallible in its judgment of works of art, bearing no trace of republican simplicity, hardly to be distinguished from those born beneath the demoralizing influences of monarchy or despotism. To refute these fears we will let Mr. Harmon himself, by means of extracts, tell the story of his journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. On reaching Queenstown, "the passengers seemed delighted with the sight of land, and even those who lived on the sea rejoiced to see the land, their native element." On landing at Dieppe, "we were right in the midst of the French, who were chattering their '*Parlez-vous.*' After getting some bread and coffee, I took cars for Paris at twenty minutes past six o'clock A. M. In the morning it began to snow, and before we reached Paris, at noon, the ground was covered. The train stopped for some time at Rouen. I asked a Frenchman whether it was usual to have snow, so early; he replied, '*Non, non,*'—No, no." The doctor visited the Louvre, "a kind of museum. Here I saw numberless magnificent paintings, in the examining of which I grew weary." Florence is vividly described: "Florence has a population of about one hundred and thirty thousand. The houses are white, with green window-shutters. The streets are paved with flagstones." On the way to Rome, "in the car was an Irishwoman, servant in the family of an Italian count who had married an American lady. I saw on my right, miles before reaching Rome, a river; half asleep, I interrogated our Hibernian fellow-traveller as to the name of the river. She answered, '*Tiber.*' Strange feelings did the sound of this name produce. What classic associations cluster around this river! It could not but remind me that I was rapidly approaching 'the Eternal City.'" At Alexandria, one "Saturday afternoon, I mounted a donkey, for the novelty of the thing, to ride to the bazaar. It seemed to me that I cut a ridiculous figure. A large man, more than six feet high, riding a little donkey! I looked around on all sides to see if any one laughed. But it seemed strange to nobody. An American lady, however, who

saw me from the hotel-window, laughed, as she afterwards told me." The historical parts are worth reading: "Jerusalem next fell into the hands of the celebrated Caliph Omar, after a long siege. He entered the city in his garment of camel's hair, and conducted himself with much generous forbearance." The last sentence of the book is this: "I have not been detained on my journey a single day through sickness. The medicines I took abroad—blue mass and quinine pills—at the advice of my friend, Dr. Henry M. Wilson of Baltimore, I brought back; had no necessity to use them. A merciful Providence had preserved me."

— In general, the works which Mr. Fiske's abridgment of Taine's English literature is intended to replace are very hasty compends with a few biographical facts about each author, a word more or less of criticism, and two or three pages of extracts, for which we have to trust to the taste of the editor or very often of his predecessors in similar undertakings. A student is often stimulated by the passages quoted, but for the practical purpose of giving a broad sketch of English literature they are as ill-adapted for their purpose as would be a specimen brick from the various buildings of the world to teach one architecture. Mr. Taine, in this abridged version of his work, with judicious teachers to select the extracts to be read by the scholars, his ingenious criticism, his novel method and eloquent discussion, will be sure to rouse some interest in even the dulllest breast. The others will find so much that is suggestive, they will be able to learn so clearly the difference between receiving a word of criticism applied to some remote author which shall be hallowed with age, and the possibility of making up their minds for themselves, that, by the very method which they will acquire from Taine, they will be able to differ from him, and to differ intelligently. This we think one of the greatest merits of the volume: that it teaches the young reader how to think, how to form his opinion; it is very far removed from the easy utterance of final judgments. We see everywhere Taine's mode of thinking; here we follow him, there we do not; but he continually claims that you should make clear to yourself the reasons of the difference. Mr. Fiske has done his work with taste and judgment, removing obnoxious passages, curtailing some of the longer historical discussions, and bringing the vol-

ume down to a very convenient size. The chronological table adds to the utility of the volume.

— In "Modern Leaders," a collection of short papers which have appeared in the "Galaxy" at intervals during the past three years, Mr. Justin McCarthy defiles before us a number of notable men and women of our time. The selection is made somewhat at haphazard; but nearly all the persons treated of in the book are those whose lives have not yet been formally written, and about whom we are all anxious to hear what we can. This popular desire is a thing which Mr. McCarthy makes a business of meeting; and in this case his readiness will no doubt bring success to a book not otherwise entitled to much notoriety or endurance. The author is a skilful collector of opinions, up with the times in the way of knowing something about everything and everybody, and understands how to present his information in a readable fashion. The persons sketched are still living, and naturally but incomplete accounts of them can be furnished. In the way of facts, indeed, little more is presented than may be found in recent editions of the cyclopædias. From this, and from the gossipy mode of treatment, it follows that the articles hardly justify the description of "biographical sketches" given on the title-page, falling as they do rather under the head of brilliant and amplified newspaper notices. As presenting some of the current opinions of average intelligent men about their illustrious contemporaries, they may be taken for "a fair contribution to history." Each subject, however, is dealt with, not according to its importance, but primarily with the view of working up a magazine paper of a given length; so that, of course, nothing like independent investigation is to be found in them. There is too much of the "everybody knows" tone in the book to admit of this. Perhaps the article on John Ruskin is the most disagreeable of all, as illustrating how a clever magazinist of not too sensitive fibre may give wide circulation to an utterly inappreciative view of a man of genius, and to a vulgar mistake as to the importance of a movement in art like that known as the pre-Raphaelite.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

WE have two volumes, each written by a personal friend, giving a brief history of the life of Henri Regnault, a young French

painter of promise, who fell one of the last victims of the war with Germany. Both books are inspired by keen affection, and with the aid of copious extracts from Regnault's letters they set before us the picture of a very charming, lovable young man. Of his merits as a painter we on this side of the water have to take our opinions from hearsay. Judging from Théophile Gautier's account, no words of praise could be too high for him; while Paul de Saint-Victor, on the other hand, while giving him credit for great excellence, is by no means blind to what he considers notable faults. It was in 1867 that he was sent to Rome by the *École des Beaux Arts*; and in his letters he gives us an account of the disappointment which is so often the first feeling of the enthusiastic visitor who has built for himself an imaginary Rome, all picturesque ruins, without the continuous squalor and mean Italian modernness which mar so sadly our romantic ideal. He says in a letter to a friend: "You will doubtless experience the impression as I did in my walk, when you come to see me. No one can help walking with a certain religious respect through the streets and the places where every stone tells the story of a triumph or a murder; but one is continually surprised at the meagre dimensions of all these buildings, to which the imagination had lent a grandeur proportionate to the memories it awakened. The Arch of Titus is but a toy by the side of the Arch of Titus which one had constructed in his head. The *Via triumphalis* . . . is only surprising by reason of its narrowness and many windings. . . . We can hardly understand how the Roman people, who ruled half of the earth, could content themselves with their little Forum, which was still further crowded by the surrounding temples; nor how these conquerors, these gigantic heroes, could pass beneath

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Henri Regnault. Sa Vie et son œuvre. Par HENRI CAZALIS. Paris. 1872.

Correspondance de Henri Regnault. Annotée et recueillie. Par ARTHUR DUPARE. Paris. 1872.

Le Travail des Femmes au XIX^e Siècle. Par PAUL LEROY-BEAULIEU. Ouvrage couronné par l'académie des sciences, morales, et politiques. Paris. 1873.

Tableau de la Littérature Russe depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. Par CONSTANTIN PÉTROV. Traduit par ALEXANDRE ROMALD. Saint Pétersbourg. 1872. J. Bandey. Paris.

Les Temps Nouveaux. Par HENRI NADAULT DE BUFFON. Paris. 1873.

such triumphal arches without striking their heads against them, and without crushing against their walls the trophies and the troops of slaves attached to their chariots." Of St. Peter's he says: "One can only appreciate its true grandeur from the Campagna." All this life at Rome he enjoyed, not only by hasty visits to neighboring places, and sight-seeing within the city, but also by hard work at his painting.

In 1868 he was seriously injured by an accident, and in order to facilitate his recovery he went to Spain. In Madrid he found the pictures of a master whom he thoroughly worshipped, Velasquez. His whole busy life in Madrid, his many hours in the magnificent gallery, his acquaintance with the *gitanos*, his work over his portrait of Prim, one of the best of his pictures, is all told in a series of delightful letters. Later we find him in Granada, living in the garden of the Alhambra, and enjoying keenly the semi-tropical glow and splendor of that fascinating ruin. He had always felt a warm devotion for the East, and for a time this outlying piece of Orientalism contented him. Soon, however, he goes over to Tangiers, where he remained till he felt himself called upon to leave for duty in Paris, then about to be besieged. He enrolled himself at once as a private, and, refusing all proposals of advance, remained in the ranks until his death, at the end of the last *sortie* of the war. We can most warmly recommend to our readers both of these volumes which are put at the head of our list, but more especially the second, that of M. Dupare. Every one of the letters of Cazalis is interesting, and the whole story of his life, of which we have given the most shadowy outline, is very touching. It shows us how rich in enjoyment life is.

— M. Leroy-Beaulieu's *Le Travail des Femmes au XIXe Siècle* shows us, on the other hand, how much misery there is in life for which no relief has yet been found. He discusses in the first of these parts more especially the wages paid women, with the following remarks upon the inferiority of their pay to that received by men. After disproving the explanation of the difference which ascribes it to the difference between the sums needed by each, he repeats the well-known principle of political economy that work is a species of merchandise which is paid higher in proportion of the greatness of the demand and the lack of supply. Men can be employed in almost all varieties of work. In Belgium

young men make lace, in Switzerland embroidery, and in the South of France there are nearly as many men employed in the manufacture of silk as there are women. Women, on the other hand, have but a limited field for their activity. Physically hard work is beyond their power; they can only apply themselves to more delicate labor, *travaux d'adresse*. So that hitherto fewer fields have been open to them. Then, too, they have been less thoroughly educated. The positions in which they could work being few in number, they have overcrowded some, and are too ignorant to succeed in others for which they would seem naturally fitted. The main reason is that the market is over-stocked. As for the future, with science daily replacing machinery for the physical work of strong men, with a greater call for skilled labor, for which women have often more aptitude than men, it would seem that, with careful management and a thorough education, this inconsistency should cease to exist. Women and men being equally able to do good work, they would be paid alike; and what seems gross injustice could no longer be charged against the capitalist, who, as it is, is merely following one of the simplest economical laws. In the second part the author discusses legal interference with regard to the regulation of the work of women, with an interesting review of the dangers which beset their physical and moral health. In the third part he treats of certain modifications of industry which result from the introduction of sewing and other machines. There is no pretension on the part of the writer that he has solved one of the knottiest questions which embarrass those who study social laws. He has brought together a great deal of information, and by his earnest appeal for a more general education of working-women to fit them for higher grades of employment he points out one of the surest ways to serve morality and to help the state. All who take an interest in social questions would do well to read the volume, which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

— A book which may be of interest to some of our readers is Professor Pétrow's *Tableau de la Littérature Russe*, translated into French by Alexandre Romald. It is by no means an entertaining volume; his manner is about as dry as his subject, but his information is of a sort on which one would not be ready at all times to lay one's hand. He seems to have done his work

with great thoroughness, and any one who has taken any interest in Russian novels will be glad to see the connection they have with the rest of the literature of that country, instead of regarding them as perfectly isolated phenomena.

— In *Les Temps Nouveaux*, M. Henri Nadault de Buffon mourns the misfortunes of his country, and not with the dapper nod with which almost every Frenchman used to refer before the war to recent historical events. Far from it, our writer wrote one book about ten years ago in which he de-

nounced the increasing luxury, and now, like a modern prose Juvenal, armed with statistics, he attacks the wide-spread laxity and points out the better way. He may not be the wisest of counsellors, for he demands first of all obedient, right-loving hearts of all Frenchmen; such people generally go right of themselves: it is the evil-minded who make all the trouble; but if he errs in this, he is at least entirely and unselfishly in earnest, and that is more than can be said of a great many people who are trying to set the world right.

A R T.

THE final volume of Winckelmann's History of Ancient Art* will be read, we imagine, with more satisfaction than any other portion of the work, excepting that section of the second volume relating to the "essential" of Greek art. As we have intimated in a previous notice, it is in this particular branch of his subject that Winckelmann is excellent. His details and conjectures regarding the remote work of other nations are sometimes tedious to the general reader, and have been to a certain extent superseded by the investigations of more recent authors. No greater mistake may be made than to consider Winckelmann merely as an archaeologist, in the limited sense of the term. Great as is his merit in this respect, he was apparently too much moulded by local influences and too lacking in scientific method to achieve what we now rate the highest success in this department. As an antiquarian his great erudition is often squandered in the discussion of minor matters. Twelve years' work, however, of such a man in Rome at that time, and under the protection of a Cardinal Albani, is no indifferent matter in archaeology henceforth. But the moment he touches Greek art, or, properly, Greek sculpture, in its flower, he attains a complete mastery of the subject: the gods and heroes are of his own household and all about him; he knows them equally in marble, in bronze, cut in agate, or stamped in the

precious metals. Given a fragment, a leg or an arm or a bit of drapery, he invokes the complete figure, and assigns its school and period. He strips off the shreds and patches of the restorers, and shows us what is genuine beneath them. He has little respect for names; the relics of the great time have been too freely "baptized"; but he gives us to know what this fragment or that figure could have been and what it could not have been. No one is more familiar with details and measurements, no one more conversant with symbols. No one discriminates more closely in technical matters, or recognizes more fully relative value in execution. He follows the chisel and the graver, he complains of the drill on the under cuttings, he will not have the eyebrows too much rounded off, he insists upon the recognition of the material in the design, he analyzes and exalts the archaic, the architectonic, and the natural styles. He is an enthusiast, with a foot-rule in his hand. This he drops only in the presence of the loftiest work. Then indeed he subjects himself, or rather exalts himself, in his admiration and reverence for the sublime soul of antiquity. His patient study of the exterior of the temple has fitted him to enter and commune with the deities themselves. It is his thorough training, his accumulated knowledge, which have made him capable of such ecstasy. We feel that we may safely share his enthusiasm; it is the harvest from a wide sowing of facts. One may see through his description of the Apollo the ardor of his spirit, and how inadequate language appears to him in ren-

* The History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann. By G. Henry Lodge, M. D. Vol. IV. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

dering an idea of its beauty. With him we gain a new perception of the wonderful massing and modelling of the Torso. In the presence of these perfect works he is no longer objective ; his foot-rule is forgotten. For him, as for us, the best products of Greek art belong to the infinite ; one can no longer define, he must worship.

The chief attraction of this closing volume to the general reader lies in its detailed comments upon well-known antique statues and groups, among which are the Laocoön, the Torso of Hercules, the Antinoüs and the Cleopatra, in the Belvedere ; the Discobuli, the famous Pompey in the Spada Palace, the Borghese Gladiator, the Dying Herald (see *frontispiece*), and others, forming, with the works cited in the second volume, a nearly complete record of notable Greek sculpture existing at Rome in Winckelmann's time. Many beautiful statues have been since exhumed, some of which take rank in merit and fame with those mentioned ; but they do not illustrate any period or style not described in the History. Certainly much that is valuable concerning these discoveries has been published, and much has been added to Winckelmann's labor ; but his judgment has been reversed in no essential matters, and with all the handbooks and dictionaries and essays in various languages, the Ancient Art is still indispensable to the connoisseur in Rome, and wherever a relic of Greek art appears.

The first two parts of the fourth volume (Books IX. and X.), are given in consideration of "art in its relation to the external circumstances of the times among the Greeks." This elaborate title goes for very little, so far as the times are concerned. The author gives the dates of certain schools and artists, and says, at such a time the Greeks were free and art consequently flourished ; at another time they were enslaved and art languished. The description of the work is the main thing. He is very emphatic in joining all good art with liberty, but he develops his "external circumstances" no further. He is no Taine. We see the majesty of the work, but we do not see what the artist had for his dinner, nor how, having eaten such a dinner in such a climate, with the wind in such a quarter, he *must* have modelled the hair or the cheek just in this way. But one may see too much : the primary object of art is to please. The concluding division of the volume and of the History (Books

XI. and XII. "Greek Art among the Romans") is more completely within Winckelmann's scope. Here he traces art (with him sculpture), from its highest point off external glory, under the Republic and the earlier Cæsars, through its decline to its utter extinction, as he believes, in the times of Constantine. The number of works cited and described is very great, and includes very nearly all of those belonging to the period in which the reader can take an interest, excepting, of course, those of recent discovery. The detail of the great renaissance under Hadrian is particularly interesting and valuable ; and, in our opinion, this concluding division is one of the finest portions of the whole History.

The reader must not omit the "notes" because they are placed at the close of the volume and bothersome to get at : those of the German editor are full of erudition. The engravings of the last volume are numerous and as good as those of the first and third, and perhaps answer the purpose ; but the frontispiece, the so-called Dying Gladiator, seems hardly worthy of its place. The outline is tolerably correct, but the modelling is enfeebled and falsified, the face and hair ruined. The work of translation, so far as we can see, is well and carefully done, and the thanks of American art-lovers are certainly due for so considerable an undertaking. The division of the Ancient History is obscure, and Dr. Lodge would render an additional service to art by a thorough index to a work which ought to be commonly used for reference.

To Winckelmann, more than any other writer, is due the reaction toward simplicity and purity in modern ideal sculpture. The influence which his work has already exerted in Europe can hardly be overestimated ; it seems to us desirable that it should be extended in this country, where, we believe, there is a better soil for its development. There is here, in sculpture, so far, no determination toward any "school," and consequent degeneration. We are yet uncontaminated by the elaborate barbarity of the French style, and the puerility of Roman manufacture is more dangerous to our pockets than our æsthetics. Naturally so young a nation has produced but few sculptors ; but there are indicated, in the effort of those few, possibilities of the highest achievement. Prominent among the indications are a certain restraint and dignity, showing that the intent is toward es-

sentials, not surfaces. (We are not now thinking of sculpture at the capital!) Perhaps we cannot yet claim any exceptional success, but the tendency now is everything. It is not so much what has been done as what is likely to be done that concerns us. There is a broad, handsome manner of treating forms in Ward's statues that approaches more nearly the Greek, without copying it, than anything we have hitherto seen. Several American sculptors have accomplished portraiture in marble which loses nothing by comparison with the best work of antiquity. Calverly's medallions are noted for an extraordinary refinement of form and surface finish. No work of any time excels them in these characteristics. Story and other of our countrymen residing in Italy have produced work of a high character, though it can hardly be called American. Rome, being our greatest friend, is also our worst enemy. Artists are denationalized there; and, scanning the product, we soon find traces of the shop. The transition should be from Rome hither, and not hence to Rome. There is, perhaps, some danger of

too much copying Greek forms. It is the spirit of a noble art that is wanted, not its methods. Towards this lofty intent Winckelmann is one of the surest guides. To those of our modellers and carvers who do not go to Rome he is a compensation; and we are not sure but he may be even more. If, as we believe, the conditions in America are favorable to the development of a great formative art, our sculptors will build up their art-life here rather than yonder among the ghosts and ruins. Whether here or there, the artist will find the History of Ancient Art a lamp to his feet. Like its immortal themes, it is unique. We close the volume with a strong impression of Winckelmann's personality. The words of Schelling are strikingly appropriate: "Winckelmann during his entire life stood in lofty solitude, like a mountain. No answering sound, no emotion, no throb in the entire wide domain of knowledge, kindly encouraged his exertions. At the very moment when trusty companions were gathering around this excellent man, he was hurried away. And yet how much he accomplished!"

MUSIC.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF and her company of artists have given some very interesting concerts here this season, besides appearing with the Handel and Haydn Society in the oratorios of Elijah and Judas Maccabæus. Madame Rudersdorff still impresses us as formerly by her consummate artistic faculty, although throughout the latter part of the season her voice, from a severe temporary affection of the vocal chords, has not been entirely under her control. But all those who heard her sing Haydn's grand scena *Arianne a Naxos* in the early part of the winter at one of the Symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, and later in the season Handel's fiery *Vanne, sorella ingrata!* from *Radamisto*, and his famous Harpsichord Song, *Vo far guerra*, at her own concerts, must count these performances among their most inspiring musical experiences. The song from *Radamisto* was in particular a splendid exhibition of a passionate dramatic force and well-sustained, masterly vocaliza-

tion. Some critics have taken exception to her altering the final cadences of Handel's songs. Let us say emphatically that, according to the best authorities, this free ending of a song does not in anyway do violence either to Handel's intention or to the musical spirit of his time. In England, where all the old Handel traditions are most zealously preserved, the hold $\curvearrowright$ over the penultimate note in his songs is accepted as having the same significance that it has in instrumental concertos, namely, as indicating a *free cadenza* at the performer's pleasure. The same is true of this sign in the final cadences of Mozart's songs. One day when a singer was reading a new song with Mozart, she stopped at the hold, saying, "What shall I do here?" The composer answered, "Wo ich das Ding hinklext, da machen Sie was Sie wollen!"* Be it remembered that these changes are only admissible in final cadences when marked

* Wherever I splash that thing upon the paper, do what you please!

by a hold. Other alterations of the printed music we do not remember to have heard Madame Rudersdorff make. She is a true artist, and has evidently arrived at her high position by no royal road. Only a genuine musical organization perfected by a long and arduous course of training can produce such results. Miss Alice Fairman has a rich, penetrating contralto, of great beauty and evenness of *timbre* throughout its compass. She has, moreover, that refined musical perception that instinctively leads her to sing good music for its own high sake and her own enjoyment. We have never heard any one sing those nobly tender airs of Sebastian Bach with more genuine gusto, in spite of the inevitable feeling that she was, so to speak, singing over the heads of most of her hearers. This indicates a great power of concentration. She sings with great sentiment, although as yet her self-dependent Anglo-Saxon nature does not seem to have quite acquired that radiating power of expression which is a necessary attribute of a public performer. But this will no doubt come with time; and this absorbed, introspective quality is no bad sign in a young artist, with whom greater demonstrativeness is as often a sign of weakness and superficiality as of genuine force of sentiment. Mr. Nelson Varley is without doubt the finest Handelian tenor that this country has heard for a long while. His voice is of a fine, brilliant timbre, running easily up to the high tenor notes, and of better quality in the lower register than is usual with tenor voices. He rides over the long, trying Handel *roulades* with triumphant firmness and vigor, making them really telling musical phrases, full of strength and passion, instead of the rambling remnants of a by-gone fashion that we are in these days too prone to consider them. His elocution and lyric declamation are alike superb, and in the tenderer songs, like *Waft her, Angels*, he evinces great sentiment and poetic feeling.

Miss Liebe, the young violinist, well maintains the satisfying impression she made at her first appearance. This young lady's high artistic gifts and thorough, conscientious training, together with that indescribable Teutonic *Innigkeit*, that feminine forgetfulness of self in her absorption in what she is playing, make everything that she does entirely enjoyable from even the highest artistic point of view. It is seldom that one so young exhibits such a capacity for true, heartfelt sentimental expres-

sion unalloyed by callow sentimentality. To say that she exhausts the possibilities of modern violin-playing would be ridiculous, as it would be absurd to expect such things of a young girl of nineteen; but she shows *that* in her playing which we have not found in many older violinists even of world-wide renown, and which is not to be acquired by any amount of study, — a sincere reverence for and enjoyment of the highest music, such as precludes the toleration of anything trivial or æsthetically unworthy.

— We have for some time hesitated to fulfil our promise, made in a former number, of saying something definite about Mr. John K. Paine's oratorio of St. Peter, partly because it is impossible to form any adequate notion of a work of this class from the piano-forte score alone, partly because so much of very doubtful value has been written about the work by musicians and would-be musicians, who, although differing somewhat from one another in their expressions of opinion, all agree in claiming to know all about the oratorio itself, and to have, by some means or other, succeeded in dropping salt on the tails of all its musical and dramatic subtleties. To judge from what they say, these critics know more about the work than even the composer himself can fairly assume to know, for he has not yet heard his work performed. Although at times we might feel like crying out, *Save Mr. Paine from his friends!* — for these notices have been mostly in the admiring vein, — we have thought best to hold our peace, feeling pretty sure that, as soon as the oratorio came to be performed, its own merits would of themselves dispel any unfavorable prejudice that these ill-timed panegyrics might have raised in the minds of real musicians. But there has appeared in *The Nation* of February 13 an article on American Oratorios, in which particular, and not altogether favorable, mention is made of Mr. Paine's St. Peter; and on this article it does not seem altogether idle to comment, especially as it bears marks of being written by a man of cultivation, whose opinion is worth something. *The Nation* says: "No one can turn over the pages of Mr. Paine's St. Peter, and not see everywhere the work of an excellent musician. It is without doubt the most important musical work yet produced in this country." So far good. We heartily concur in the opinion. This is a very condensed criticism of almost the only point in a musical

work of this class that a piano-forte score gives the material for forming a final opinion upon, namely, the composer's technical musicianship. Exceptional men, gifted with exceptional musical insight, may find hints of something beyond this in a piano-forte score, and may arrive inductively at very shrewd conclusions as to the æsthetic value of a work. Thus Robert Schumann was enabled, by studying Liszt's piano-forte arrangement of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, to see the real nature and quality of the work even more clearly than Fétis, with his drudgeline cast of mind, did after hearing it actually performed. But Schumann was a very exceptional man, and the world has perhaps never seen his peer as a musical critic. All that the average critic can do, over and above judging the musical form and mere technical part of the work, from a piano-forte arrangement, resolves itself into comparing the work with some ideal standard in his own mind of what an oratorio ought to be,—into an attempt to find out what the composer aimed at in his music, which is to a certain extent possible. How nearly and well he has hit his mark must remain in great part an unanswerable question until the work is adequately performed.

The Nation goes on to say: "Nevertheless, one must be very much in love with Bach, and very little influenced by the modern taste for lyric forms, not to find a certain dryness in St. Peter. The real false step in the book, it appears to us, is the text,—the libretto. It ought to be a mere truism to say that the first essential quality of text for musical illustration is *emotion*. Music is emotional if it *is* music. True, a Schubert or Mozart can write tunes for any words, however matter-of-fact they may be. But modern taste requires of vocal music something more than melody; it imperatively demands a true interpretation of the dramatic element in the text. This, in its fullest extent, one finds in the admirable little songs by Franz and Robert Schumann, and in the operas of Wagner, though with perhaps less regard to the exclusively *musical*." True to a certain extent, if rightly understood, except that little bit about Schubert's and Mozart's faculty of writing tunes, concerning which the following may be suggestive:—

"How little did this most richly gifted of all musicians (Mozart) know the feat of our modern music-makers,—of building up gold-glistering music-towers upon a shal-

low, unworthy foundation, of playing the inspired enthusiast, where all poetry was hollow and empty, just to show that, after all, the musician was the real cock-of-the-walk and could do anything, even to creating something out of nothing,—just like the good God! O, how dear to me and highly to be honored is Mozart, that he found it impossible to compose music to *Titus* like that to *Don Juan*, to *Così fan tutte*, like that to *Figaro*; how shamefully would this have dishonored music! Mozart made music incessantly; but he never could write *fine* music except when he was inspired."*

This is only in passing, and has not much to do with the subject in hand, but we do not like to see flings of this flippant sort made at Mozart. As for the text of St. Peter being wanting in emotional qualities, we cannot agree with The Nation. Take the very first chorus, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent, and believe the glad tidings of God." These words The Nation calls "very unpromising"! Hardly a happy epithet, we think. Take again Peter's first air, "My heart is glad, and my spirit rejoiceth; for thou wilt show me the path of life. In thy presence, O Lord, is the fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

The following chorus, the last of the first division of the oratorio, ends with, "It is marvellous in our eyes." What more of emotion in a religious work can the soul of man desire? In the Denial and Repentance there is surely enough of an emotional nature, and enough of intense dramatic interest, culminating in the chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." Unemotional! Has The Nation's appetite for emotion become so jaded that these things leave it calm and unmoved? It goes on to say, "The great objection to the entire last part of the work is the undue length and dryness of the recitatives." This may apply either to the text or to the musical treatment. We cannot see how the text can be considered dry. Take, for instance, the tenor recitative, No. 27, "And when the day of Pentecost was come, the apostles were all together in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind; and it filled all the house where they were sitting; and there appeared unto them

* Richard Wagner, *Oper und Drama*, p. 29.

cloven tongues as of fire ; and it sat upon each of them. And they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." What better chance for dramatic musical writing could the veriest sensational effect-seeker desire ? As to the music of Mr. Paine's oratorio, we do not as yet consider ourselves competent to give an opinion of any value, and although nobody can carefully study such a work as we have done, without at least forming an approximate notion of the genius, talent, and general musical and dramatic power displayed in its composition, yet we can form no decided opinion as to its merits that we might not be forced to retract after hearing the whole work performed. Suffice to say that the work impresses us as one of great power and beauty, and we have found in it no sign of weakness or sentimentalism. The Nation has criticised the musical part of the oratorio entirely on general principles, and upon principles that do not seem to us entirely sound. It says : "The old oratorio was too devotional, too monotonous in its emotional range, to serve as an amusement." But who ever thought of an oratorio in the light of an *amusement* ? Let it be said to Mr. Paine's honor, that, at all events, he has not tried to be amusing in his work, to make his oratorio something to be listened to *entre le café et le cigare* ! Passing over The Nation's disparaging estimate of Bach's oratorios, we find this about Mendelssohn : "To whatever extent Mendelssohn carried the melodious in his oratorios, it is always chaste and religious in tone." And again about Mr. Paine : "It is very unfortunate that the text does not include words suitable for at least one genuine musical chorus in each part." We suppose The Nation means choruses of the so-called *melodious* stamp, like "He watching over Israel," and "Blessed are the men that fear Him," in Elijah. That these choruses of Mendelssohn are musically beautiful to a high degree, no one will undertake to deny, but we can see nothing of the distinctly *religious* element in them. In both these choruses, and to a still greater degree in the latter part of the Whirlwind Chorus in the same oratorio, at the words, "And in that still voice onward came the Lord," we can see nothing but the purely sensu-

ous development of a sensuously beautiful melody. Mendelssohn has done much toward enlarging the oratorio form, but we insist that this intensely lyric melody, this *Lied ohne Worte* element which runs through almost all his music, and which in light compositions, like his concert overtures and Midsummer Night's Dream music, is nothing but charming, has only served to weaken and impoverish his great religious works. We can only congratulate Mr. Paine upon having made a manly stand against this tendency to purely sensuous melody, which is one of the greatest blemishes in the prevailing religious school of music of our day. The Nation says : "The lyric element is one of the most vital. By lyric forms in music are meant those song-like strains where the melodic ideas fall into symmetrical sequences of phrases. . . . The song is comprehensible without study. And so the lyric moment in an oratorio is at once the moment of greatest passion to the singer and most complete repose to the listener ; complete repose, because the often-returning melodic phrases convey their own interpretation, and the conviction that the singer has at last quit 'fooling around' in recitative, and settled down to a good steady pull at singing, is especially reassuring to the average listener." Very true ; but earnest musicians do not write music for the "average listener." An artist does not work for years, putting his whole heart, soul, and being into his work, merely to furnish people with an æsthetic-intellectual anodyne, — to give them music which they can passively enjoy without the exertion of thinking. Rossini did that, and heartily laughed at himself for doing it ; but few people would call Rossini an earnest musician, however much of a genius he might have been. Mendelssohn certainly *was* an earnest musician, and did what he did with a serious purpose ; but we cannot but find his tendency to the purely sensuous an excessive one, and all the less excusable from the fact that the sensuous character of his melodies seems rather of the indolent, sentimental, day-dreamer sort than the result of an over-passionate nature. Throughout the whole of Mr. Paine's St. Peter the music is persistently of a religious character, never inclining to sentimentality. What other characteristics it may have, we must await a performance of the work to decide.

POLITICS.

THE war against the liquor-dealer bids fair to spread over the surface of the habitable globe. Beginning a generation ago in an obscure community on this side of the Atlantic, it rapidly extended itself throughout most of the Northern States of America, then through England, and now we hear of devotees of the cause making their appearance even in Russia. The length of time during which the cause has maintained itself, the ardor of the prohibitionists, and the importance of the subject itself, all show that the popular feeling is no momentary whim, but a genuine and deep sentiment, which must be taken into grave consideration by all those who are interested in government. It has been laughed at, reasoned against, and voted against for a generation, and it is to-day stronger than ever. The parallel which we have just suggested — between the zeal which now animates the vast legions of the “Alliance” in England, of the prohibitionists in America, and their new allies in Russia, and the zeal which a thousand years ago animated the hosts which marched out of Europe under Peter the Hermit to rescue the Holy Land from the Paynim — though curious, is not in reality very far-fetched. The early crusades were religious; this crusade, though directed to a moral end, is guided by religious leaders. The early crusades manifested a reckless disregard of consequences; and so do also the hosts of Neal Dow and Dr. Miner. If the Holy Land could be rescued from the infidel, that was enough. Whether it ever could be held by the Christians was a question which troubled no one. And so to-day it is not prevention, but prohibition, which is demanded.

At the present moment, parliamentary bodies all over the world are engaged in enacting laws for the prohibition or restriction of the sale of intoxicating liquors. In Massachusetts a controversy is raging, now in the Legislature and now in the courts, over the exception of malt liquors from the prohibitory statute in force. In New Jersey a constitutional war over the “local-option clause” has been going on. In many of the other States some legislation will probably be had during the next few months. Under these circumstances it cannot be inappropriate if we call attention to one or two

considerations connected with the subject which are habitually overlooked, and which yet have a direct bearing upon its ultimate decision.

It is not with the old question of license or prohibition that we propose to deal. We take it to be settled by a long and painful experience, in the minds of all those who are not actually engaged in the struggle itself, that absolute prevention is out of the question; that men will drink, if not openly, then secretly; and that the effect of prohibitory laws is thoroughly bad. Restriction by way of license is the only other means left, and the license system is now in vogue in some States. The theory on which the license system rests is, that, though the sale of liquors cannot be prevented, it may be placed by the government in good or bad hands, and that it is the duty of the government to see that it is in good hands; that if the licensee makes a bad use of his license, it is the duty of the government to revoke his authority.

It cannot be denied that licensing has generally proved a failure. The effect of it has not been to restrict sales, but really to throw the business open to all. Licenses have proved no guaranty for the character of public houses, bars, hotels, or restaurants. In Massachusetts the license system and the prohibitory system have each alternately proved the best argument in favor of the introduction of the other. No doubt this has been mainly due to the generally low tone of political character throughout the country: it is idle to expect a good license system, when the hands which issue the licenses are corrupt or clumsy, and the eyes which inspect the licensees are blinded by partisanship or something worse. But this does not exhaust the matter. There are other difficulties connected with the subject which will have to be removed before a good licensing system can be obtained.

The radical defect in all the plans which have yet been proposed is that no provision has been made in any of them for the responsibility of the seller for violation of his license. In theory he is always responsible to somebody, either the selectmen or the supervisors or the judges. In theory, too, this responsibility is enforced in cases

of violation by the revocation of the license. But who ever heard of a liquor license being revoked? Those who are in theory charged with the duty of supervising the seller never do supervise him. And the question is, whether this difficulty can be surmounted. If we assume at the outset, as the theorists of thirty years ago did, that the only means of securing official responsibility is universal suffrage, the difficulty is at an end. But few people, after the experience of this method which we have had, can be induced to make the necessary assumption. The alternative generally proposed is a long and secure tenure of office. Once give officials confidence, it is said, that their reputation is in their own hands, that their tenure of office depends, not on the necessities of party, but on their own good behavior, and the natural desire of every man to make the most of his opportunities will be a quite sufficient motive to keep him in the straight path. If he goes wrong, let him be removed from office. And there can be little doubt that, of the two plans for securing efficiency and honesty in administration, both reason and experience point to the latter. But it is not at this point that the difficulty arises. We are all agreed that the first step in administrative reform must be by making the tenure of office different from what it is now. But when that is done, when we have a reformed civil service and a judiciary appointed for life, much will remain uneffected. When we have secured these reforms, we shall only be in the same position in which our predecessors stood in 1846; and even in 1846 the world was not perfect.

The question, then, which we think is yet in need of a solution, and which will remain unsolved, even with a reformed civil service and a reformed judiciary, is this: how to secure official responsibility for negligence, incapacity, or malfeasance. The reforms we are interested now in carrying through have in view the admirable object of getting into office good men; the question will still remain how to get bad men out. The question is an old one, and has often arisen in political debates, but it has always been answered in an unsatisfactory and feeble manner.

The most ancient and familiar method is that of impeachment. The danger of a solemn trial and removal from office, it was once supposed, was enough to terrify the most brazen official into rectitude. But we have ample evidence that this did not prove so, even in those early times in which the pen-

alty, on conviction of high crimes and misdemeanors, was not infrequently the scaffold. In England, certainly down to a very late period, the danger of impeachment has been so remote that it has had no deterrent effect whatever. In this country, since the trial of Andrew Johnson, impeachment proceedings have been a farce. There has been at least one impeachment trial in almost every Southern State; and each trial has been more ridiculously partisan than the one preceding.

The reason why impeachment has failed is a simple one: it has hardly ever been for any one's interest to move in honest impeachment. The official against whom accusations are made is almost always of the same party with the court which tries him; when he is not, the proceedings merely become partisan. And this will remain so, as long as the spoils of office include the distribution of official positions among the dominant party. It may be supposed that this danger will, with a reformed civil service, be removed: on the contrary, it will be increased. What slight sense of responsibility there may now be for acts committed by party adherents will then be gone, for the civil servants of the government will not any longer be party adherents. And the inertia of public bodies is always so great that houses of representatives will be but little likely to take measures for the impeachment of an official whom they had no share in appointing, and whose removal will bring with it no patronage. Under the present system it may occasionally be for some one's interest to move an impeachment: with a reformed service, it will be for no one's interest. Even as an attack on the administration, the impeachment of subordinate officials, to whom alone the competitive system will apply, is never likely to become popular, partly because of the cumbrous and antique character of the proceeding. A "ventilation" or "exposure" through the press will be a far simpler means of making party capital; and there will always be something too laughable for serious politics in the preference of articles of impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors against an obscure collector of internal revenue or a country postmistress.

One other method has been tried; and that is the one which the civil-service commissioners propose to retain, — the right of removal by the executive. The commissioners are of the opinion that, in order to

Increase official responsibility for misconduct, it is of the last importance that this power should remain where it is. The President, they say, under the new system, will have no inducement to continue improper appointments, and every motive of patriotism and reputation will impel him in such cases to revoke commissions.

This brings us at once to the principle which, in discussions on this subject, has been always overlooked, and is yet the one on which the whole matter hinges. This principle is that *the only means of securing official responsibility is by placing the power of effecting a removal from office in the hands of those who have a direct interest in the faithful performance of the duties of the office.*

This principle is one which rests, not on tradition, but on fundamental facts. It would hold good under any form of government. To be sure, under a monarchy or an empire, the means of carrying it into effect might be different from the methods which the conditions of democracy would necessitate; but the principle would still hold good, because in all forms of government the fact upon which it rests would still exist. That fact is the inertia of salaried officials and public bodies, and the routine of political life. That the employees of government always do their work with less zeal than those engaged in private employment, that they make it their aim to establish a minimum of efficient work, instead of throwing themselves heart and soul into their occupation, is a fact which has long been admitted by all who have given attention to the scientific study of government. This is a necessary consequence of the system of salaries, and it was in order to get over this difficulty that the fee-system was first introduced. But the evil of the fee-system, at all events as we see it practised by the Leets and Stockings of the present day, seems to outweigh the disadvantage on the other side; and we are much more likely to see the system of salaries extended and perfected than any other. The salaried official, as we have said, whether he be congressman, judge, president, or postmaster, works in a rut, and prefers to work in a rut, and does his work far better in than out of his rut. The business of enforcing official responsibility by removal from office, however, is not one of routine; it is not, or ought not to be, a matter of every day; it is a solemn and disagreeable duty. There is probably no task more irksome or odious to the vast

majority of mankind than that of preferring charges against their fellow-men. The man who should habitually undertake the work would acquire, as the professional informer does, a reputation too odious to be borne. Yet it is a business which must be performed; it is to the last degree unlikely that any of the ordinary motives of patriotism or duty will induce superior officials to move in the matter. Some extraordinary motive must be brought into play. And the only motive which can be confidently relied upon is interest.

To some of our readers this argument may seem vague; an application of it to some of the practical questions of the day may serve to render it more plain.

The responsibility of such officials as mayors and aldermen for official misconduct under the present system in most of the United States is theoretically secured in two ways. Officials who have been guilty of misconduct may be removed, either by impeachment or, at the end of their term, by a new election. The value of these constitutional provisions we have recently had the opportunity of testing in the struggle with the ring in New York. The antiquated and unpractical character of impeachment has rendered this remedy not only out of the question, but ludicrously impossible. The only resource left is election. And it is true that, by means of a spasmodic exercise of public virtue, such as a community is capable of making once in a generation, men like Hall, Tweed, Conolly, and Sweeney may be got out of office, and a legislature elected which may, possibly, prevent the creation of a new ring, and on the other hand is almost as likely to create a ring of its own. Considering the open robbery by which New York was plundered, and the close approach of the city to actual bankruptcy, it cannot be denied that the election of a legislature and municipal government for which the most that can be said is, that their character is doubtful, is rather a lame and impotent beginning for reform, whatever conclusion the good luck of New York may bring. And, moreover, it cannot be said that the means of removal afforded by election is of much value; as the careers of Tweed and his confederates have proved that a single term of office is quite enough to give opportunity for the most profitable rascality.

Suppose that, instead of the antiquated machinery of the present Constitution of New York, provision for the removal of

delinquent mayors, aldermen, or commissioners had been made by placing the means of removal in the hands of those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the good administration of such officers, — in the hands of the tax-payers. Suppose that it had been required that, on the petition of a certain proportion of the tax-payers of the city, a corrupt mayor should be peremptorily tried in a court of justice, like any other suspected felon, and, if found guilty, removed. Can any one doubt that Hall and his confederates would have found their vile careers much more perilous than they actually proved? No doubt it will be objected to this plan, that it opens the door to intriguing petitions, — petitions designed with a view, not to getting rid of dishonest or incompetent officials, but to making an office vacant for the petitioners' friends. This objection, however, has really nothing in it. To imagine that any considerable number of tax-payers (of course it would have to be provided that they should not be office-holders) would make a combination for political ends of this kind, is to imagine a capacity for political chicane which the non-political classes are far from possessing. Men actively engaged in commerce and trade have little time for political intrigue; the history of New York shows that such little time as they can be induced to devote to politics is mainly given because of their fear of the effect of maladministration upon their property.

As to Federal offices, the civil-service commissioners have, as we said above, recommended that the power of removal be retained where it now is, that is, in the hands of the President. The head of the administration, it is said, as he appoints, ought to have the power of removal. Undoubtedly with a reformed civil service, the President's power of removal would not be so dangerous as it is now. But it may certainly be doubted whether the heads of departments have not a far more direct interest in the faithful performance of their duties by their subordinates than the President. The true system would seem to be, responsibility of the subordinate officials to the heads of departments; the latter, of course, being responsible to the President. If, in addition to this, some plan could be devised by which charges could, at any time, be preferred by a certain number of those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the administration of these offices, the machinery would be made still better.

To return now to the liquor question, let us see whether the principle cannot be applied to license. As we said before, the reason the license system always breaks down is that the supervision of the licensees is purely theoretic and never takes place. But it would take place, if we could place the right of inspection in the hands of those who have a direct interest in the faithful execution of the authority of the license. Those who have this direct interest are not the supervisors or selectmen, to whom the duty is usually intrusted. There is, however, a class in every community to whom the sale of liquor is a matter of vital interest, inasmuch as it not infrequently involves them in beggary and ruin. This class consists of the married women. And it is in the hands of the married women that we would place the right of inspection. That is to say, we would have the law provide, as in the other cases, a judicial investigation into the licensee's conduct, upon the motion of a certain number of the married women of the community, and we would have the proof of his misconduct peremptorily followed by the withdrawal of his license. A dim perception of the necessity of some provision of this kind has before now occurred to legislators; but the idea has only found expression in the enactment, in some States, that a married woman may forbid the sale of liquor to her husband. But this provision is useless; because, although she may forbid it, if she is an unusually brave and independent woman, she cannot prevent it. A perpetual supervision of men's habits by their wives would break up family life in a very short time. But a supervision of liquor-dealers would not.

These suggestions we have made rather for the purpose of calling attention to the principle which ought to govern in all constitutional arrangements providing for the removal of delinquent officials, not because we are wedded to any of the details proposed. The principle is a fundamental and eternal one in politics; the method of using it must be governed by circumstances. It will be seen that the changes we propose would all tend to increase the power of the judiciary: there may be some people who think this is a dangerous experiment. Of course we suppose in all our changes a pure judiciary, and we would have judges themselves subjected to the same tests which we have proposed for other officials.